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THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE:

VOLUME the EIGHTH.

CONTAINING,

ROMEO *and* JULIET.
HAMLET.
OTHELLO.
An INDEX.

LONDON:

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ROMEO AND JULIET.

PROLOGUE.

TWO Houſholds, both alike in Dignity,
In fair Verona, *(where we lay our Scene)*
From ancient Grudge break to new mutiny;
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of theſe two foes,
A pair of ſtar-croſt lovers take their life;
Whoſe miſ-adventur'd piteous Overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their Parents' ſtrife.
The fearful paſſage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their Parents' rage,
Which but their childrens' End nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffick of our ſtage:
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here ſhall miſs, our Toil ſhall ſtrive to mend.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

ESCALUS, *Prince of* Verona.
Paris, *a young Nobleman in love with* Juliet, *and kinſman to the Prince.*
Montague, } *Two Lords of ancient families, Enemies to*
Capulet, } *each other.*
Romeo, *Son to* Montague.
Mercutio, *Kinſman to the Prince, and Friend to* Romeo.
Benvolio, *Kinſman and Friend to* Romeo.
Tybalt, *Kinſman to* Capulet.
Friar Lawrence.
Friar John.
Balthaſar, *Servant to* Romeo.
Page to Paris.
Sampſon, } *Servants to* Capulet.
Gregory, }
Abram, *Servant to* Montague.
Apothecary.
Simon Catling, }
Hugh Rebeck, } 3 *Muſicians.*
Samuel Soundboard, }
Peter, *Servant to the Nurſe.*

Lady Montague, *Wife to* Montague.
Lady Capulet, *Wife to* Capulet.
Juliet, *Daughter to* Capulet, *in love with* Romeo.
Nurſe to Juliet.

CHORUS.

Citizens of Verona, *ſeveral men and women relations to* Capulet, *Maskers, Guards, Watch, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE, *in the beginning of the fifth Act, is in* Mantua; *during all the reſt of the Play, in and near* Verona.

ROMEO and *JULIET.*

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Street, in* Verona.

Enter Sampſon *and* Gregory, (*with ſwords and bucklers,*) *two ſervants of the* Capulets.

SAMPSON.

GREGORY, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

Greg. No, for then we ſhould be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an' we be in Choler, we'll draw.

Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your Neck out of the Collar.

Sam. I ſtrike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to ſtrike.

Sam. A dog of the Houſe of *Montague* moves me.

Greg. To move, is to ſtir; and to be valiant, is to ſtand: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'ſt away.

Sam. A dog of that Houſe ſhall move me to ſtand: I will take the wall of any man, or maid of *Montague*'s.

Greg. That ſhews thee a weak ſlave; for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

Sam. True, and therefore women, being the weakeſt, are ever thruſt to the wall: —— therefore I will puſh *Montague*'s men from the wall, and thruſt his maids to the wall.

Greg. The quarrel is between our maſters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will ſhew my ſelf a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or the maidenheads, take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Greg. They muſt take it in ſenſe, that feel it.

Sam. Me they ſhall feel, while I am able to ſtand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of fleſh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fiſh: if thou hadſt, thou hadſt been *Poor John*. Draw thy tool, here comes of the Houſe of the *Montagues*.

Enter Abram *and* Balthaſar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Greg. How, turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry: I fear thee! ——

Sam. Let us take the law of our ſides: let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I paſs by, and let them take it as they liſt.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a diſgrace to them if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. Is the law on our ſide, if I ſay, ay?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir: but I bite my thumb, Sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, Sir?

Abr.

Abr. Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

Sam. If you do, I am for you; I ſerve as good a man, as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, Sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Greg. Say, better: here comes one of my maſter's kinſmen.

Sam. Yes, better, Sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy ſwaſhing blow. [*They fight.*

Ben. Part, fools, put up your ſwords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among theſe heartleſs hinds?
Turn thee, *Benvolio*, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy ſword,
Or manage it to part theſe men with me.

Tyb. What drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all *Montagues* and thee:
Have at thee, coward. [*Fight.*

Enter three or four citizens with clubs.

Offic. Clubs, bills, and partiſans! ſtrike! beat them down!
Down with the *Capulets*, down with the *Montagues!*

Enter old Capulet *in his gown, and lady* Capulet.

Cap. What noiſe is this? give me my long ſword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch: a crutch: —— why call you for a ſword?

Cap. My ſword, I ſay: old *Montague* is come,
And flouriſhes his blade in ſpight of me.

Enter old Montague, *and Lady* Montague.

Mon. Thou villain, *Capulet* ——— Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince with attendants.

Prin. Rebellious Subjects, enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-stained steel ——
Will they not hear? what ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins:
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved Prince.
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old *Capulet*, and *Montague*,
Have thrice disturb'd the Quiet of our streets;
And made *Verona*'s antient Citizens
Cast by their grave, beseeming, ornaments;
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cankred with peace, to part your cankred hate;
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away,
You *Capulet*, shall go along with me;
And, *Montague*, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place:
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince and* Capulet, *&c.*

La. Mon. Who set this antient quarrel new abroach;
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting, ere I did approach;
I drew to part them: In the instant came
The fiery *Tybalt*, with his sword prepar'd,
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds:
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.

While

While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
'Till the Prince came, who parted either Part.
La. Mon. O where is *Romeo!* Saw you him to day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd Sun
Peer'd through the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad:
Where underneath the grove of sycamour,
That westward rooteth from the City side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Tow'rds him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood.
I, measuring his affections by my own,
(That most are busied when they're most alone,)
Pursued my humour, not pursuing him;
And gladly shun'd, who gladly fled from me.
Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen
With tears augmenting the fresh morning-dew;
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering Sun
Should, in the farthest East, begin to draw
The shady curtains from *Aurora*'s bed;
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.
Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?
Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.
Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?
Mon. Both by my self and many other friends;
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself, I will not say, how true;
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery;
As is the bud bit with an envious worm, (1)

Ere

(1) *As is the Bud, bit with an envious Worm,*
Ere he can spread his sweet Leaves to the Air;

Or

Ere he can ſpread his ſweet wings to the Air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the Sun.
Could we but learn from whence his ſorrows grow,
We would as willingly give Cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See, where he comes: ſo pleaſe you, ſtep aſide,
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.
Mon. I would, thou wert ſo happy by thy ſtay
To hear true ſhrift. Come, Madam, let's away. [*Exe.*
Ben. Good morrow, couſin.
Rom. Is the day ſo young?
Ben. But new ſtruck nine.
Rom. Ah me, ſad hours ſeem long!
Was that my father that went hence ſo faſt?
Ben. It was: what ſadneſs lengthens *Romeo*'s hours?
Rom. Not having That, which, having, makes them ſhort.
Ben. In love?
Rom. Out ——
Ben. Of love?
Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.
Ben. Alas, that love, ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tyrannous and rough in proof!
Rom. Alas, that love, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without eyes ſee path-ways to his will!
Where ſhall we dine? —— O me! —— What fray was here?

Or dedicate his Beauty to the Same.] *To the* ſame?——Sure, all the Lovers of *Shakeſpeare* and Poetry will agree, that this is a very idle, dragging *Paraplerematic*, as the Grammarians ſtyle it. But our Author generally in his *Similes* is accurate in the *cloathing* of them, and therefore, I believe, would not have overcharg'd this ſo *inſipidly*. When we come to conſider, that there is ſome power elſe beſides *balmy Air*, that brings forth, and makes the tender Buds ſpread themſelves, I do not think it improbable that the Poet wrote;

Or dedicate his Beauty to the Sun.

Or, according to the more obſolete Spelling, *Sunne*; which brings it nearer to the Traces of the corrupted Text.

Ye

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
Oh, any thing of nothing firſt create!
O heavy lightneſs! ſerious vanity!
Miſ-ſhapen chaos of well-ſeeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fire, ſick health!
Still-waking ſleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Doſt thou not laugh?
Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart's oppreſſion.
Rom. Why, ſuch is love's tranſgreſſion. ——
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breaſt;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have them preſt
With more of thine; this love, that thou haſt ſhewn,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a ſmoke rais'd with the fume of ſighs,
Being purg'd, a fire ſparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vext, a ſea nouriſh'd with lovers' tears;
What is it elſe? a madneſs moſt diſcreet,
A choaking gall, and a preſerving ſweet:
Farewel, my couſin. [*Going.*
Ben. Soft, I'll go along.
And if you leave me ſo, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have loſt my ſelf, I am not here;
This is not *Romeo*, he's ſome other where.
Ben. Tell me in ſadneſs, who ſhe is you love?
Rom. What, ſhall I groan and tell thee?
Ben. Groan? why, no; but ſadly tell me, who.
Rom. Bid a ſick man in ſadneſs make his will? ——
O word, ill urg'd to one that is ſo ill! ——
In ſadneſs, couſin, I do love a woman.
Ben. I aim'd ſo near, when I ſuppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good marks-man; —— and ſhe's fair, I love.
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is ſooneſt hit.
Rom. But, in that hit, you miſs; — ſhe'll not be hit
With *Cupid*'s arrow; ſhe hath *Dian*'s wit:

And,

And, in ſtrong proof of chaſtity well arm'd,
From love's weak childiſh bow, ſhe lives unharm'd.
She will not ſtay the ſiege of loving terms,
Nor 'bide th' encounter of aſſailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to ſaint-ſeducing gold.
O, ſhe is rich in beauty; only poor,
That when ſhe dies, with her dies Beauty's Store.

Ben. Then ſhe hath ſworn, that ſhe will ſtill live chaſte?

Rom. She hath, and in that Sparing makes huge waſte.

For beauty, ſtarv'd with her ſeverity,
Cuts beauty off from all poſterity.
She is too fair, too wiſe; wiſely too fair,
To merit bliſs by making me deſpair;
She hath forſworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I ſhould forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other Beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers (exquiſite) in queſtion more;
Thoſe happy masks, that kiſs fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is ſtrucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt.
Shew me a miſtreſs, that is paſſing fair;
What doth her beauty ſerve, but as a note,
Where I may read, who paſs'd that paſſing fair?
Farewel, thou canſt not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Capulet, Paris, *and Servant.*

Cap. And *Montague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard
For men ſo old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you Both,
And, pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds ſo long:

But

But now, my lord, what ſay you to my Suit?

Cap. But ſaying o'er what I have ſaid before:
My child is yet a ſtranger in the world,
She hath not ſeen the Change of fourteen years;
Let two more ſummers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than ſhe are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too ſoon marr'd are thoſe ſo early made:
The earth hath ſwallow'd all my hopes but ſhe.
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her conſent is but a part;
If ſhe agree, within her ſcope of choice
Lies my conſent, and fair according voice:
This night, I hold an old-accuſtom'd Feaſt,
Whereto I have invited many a gueſt,
Such as I love; and you, among the ſtore,
One more, moſt welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor houſe, look to behold this night
Earth-treading ſtars that make dark heaven's light.
Such comfort as do luſty young men feel,
When well-apparel'd *April* on the heel
Of limping Winter treads, even ſuch delight
Among freſh female-buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe; hear all, all ſee,
And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall be:
Which on more view of many, mine, being one,
May ſtand in number, tho' in reck'ning none.
Come, go with me. Go, ſirrah, trudge about,
Through fair *Verona*; find thoſe perſons out,
Whoſe names are written there; and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome on their pleaſure ſtay.

[*Exeunt* Capulet *and* Paris.

Ser. Find them out, whoſe names are written here?—It is written, that the Shoe-maker ſhould meddle with his Yard, and the Tailor with his Laſt, the Fiſher with his Pencil, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am ſent to find thoſe Perſons, whoſe names are here writ; and can never find what names the writing perſon hath here writ. I muſt to the Learned. ——— In good time, ——

Enter

Enter Benvolio *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is leſſen'd by another's Anguiſh:
Turn giddy, and be help'd by backward turning;
One deſperate grief cure with another's Languiſh:
Take thou ſome new infection to the eye,
And the rank poyſon of the old will die.
Rom. Your plantan leaf is excellent for That.
Ben. For what, I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken ſhin.
Ben. Why, *Romeo*, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is:
Shut up in priſon, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented: and——Good-e'en, good fellow. [*To the Servant.*
Ser. God gi' good e'en: I pray, Sir, can you read?
Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my miſery.
Ser. Perhaps, you have learn'd it without book: but, I pray,
Can you read any thing you ſee?
Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.
Ser. Ye ſay honeſtly, reſt you merry.——
Rom. Stay, fellow, I can read.

[He reads the letter.]

SIgnior Martino, *and his wife and daughters: Count* Anſelm *and his beauteous ſiſters; the lady widow of* Vitruvio; *Signior* Placentio, *and his lovely neices*; Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine; *mine uncle* Capulet, *his wife and daughters*; *my fair neice* Roſaline; Livia; *Signior* Valentio, *and his couſin* Tybalt; Lucio, *and the lively* Helena.
A fair aſſembly; whither ſhould they come? (2)

(2) *A fair Aſſembly: Whither ſhould they come?*
Serv. *Up.*
Rom. *Whither?* to Supper?
Serv. *To our Houſe.*] *Romeo* had read over the Liſt of invited Gueſts; but he muſt be a Prophet, to know they were invited to Supper. This comes much more aptly from the *Servant*'s Anſwer, than *Romeo*'s Queſtion; and muſt undoubtedly be placed to him. Mr. *Warburton.* *Ser.*

Ser. Up. ——
Rom. Whither?
Ser. To ſupper, to our houſe.
Rom. Whoſe houſe?
Ser. My maſter's.
Rom. Indeed, I ſhould have askt you that before.
Ser. Now I'll tell you without asking. My maſter is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the Houſe of *Montagues*, I pray, come and cruſh a cup of wine. Reſt you merry. [*Exit.*

Ben. At this ſame antient Feaſt of *Capulet*'s
Sups the fair *Roſaline*, whom thou ſo lov'ſt;
With all th' admired beauties of *Verona*.
Go thither, and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee think thy Swan a Crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains ſuch falſehoods, then turn tears to fires!
And theſe, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Tranſparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! th' all-ſeeing Sun
Ne'er ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.

Ben. Tut! tut! you ſaw her fair, none elſe being by;
Her ſelf pois'd with her ſelf, in either eye:
But in thoſe cryſtal ſcales, let there be weigh'd
Your Lady-love againſt ſome other maid, (3)
That I will ſhew you, ſhining at this feaſt;
And ſhe will ſhew ſcant well, that now ſhews beſt.

Rom. I'll go along, no ſuch ſight to be ſhewn;
But to rejoice in ſplendor of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

(3) —— *let there be weigh'd*
Your Lady's Love *againſt ſome other Maid.*] But the Compariſon was not betwixt the Love that *Romeo*'s Miſtreſs paid him, and the Perſon of any other young Woman: but betwixt *Romeo*'s Miſtreſs herſelf, and ſome other that ſhould be match'd againſt her. The Poet therefore muſt certainly have wrote;
Your Lady-love *againſt ſome other Maid.*
So the Compariſon ſtands right, and ſenſibly.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady Capulet, *and Nurſe.*

La. Cap. NURSE, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurſe. Now (by my maiden-head, at twelve Years old) I bade her come; what, lamb,—what, lady-bird, God forbid! —— where's this girl? what, *Juliet?*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurſe. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here, what is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter —— Nurſe, give leave a while, we muſt talk in ſecret; Nurſe, come back again, I have remember'd me, thou ſhalt hear our counſel: thou know'ſt, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurſe. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurſe. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, (and yet to my teen be it ſpoken, I have but four;) ſhe's not fourteen; how long is it now to *Lammas*-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurſe. Even or odd, of all days in the year, come *Lammas*-eve at night, ſhall ſhe be fourteen. *Suſan* and ſhe (God reſt all chriſtian ſouls!) were of an age. Well, *Suſan* is with God, ſhe was too good for me. But as I ſaid, on *Lammas*-eve at night ſhall ſhe be fourteen, that ſhall ſhe, marry, I remember it well. 'Tis ſince the earthquake now eleven years, and ſhe was wean'd; I never ſhall forget it, of all the days in the year, upon that day; for I had then laid worm-wood to my dug, ſitting in the Sun under the Dove-houſe wall, my lord and you were then at *Mantua* ——— nay, I do bear a brain. But, as I ſaid, when it did taſte the worm-wood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool, to ſee it teachy, and fall out with the dug. Shake, quoth the Dove-houſe ——— 'twas no need, I trow, to bid me

me trudge; and since that time it is eleven years, for then she could stand alone; nay, by th' rood, she could have run, and waddled all about; for even the day before she broke her brow, and then my husband, (God be with his soul, a' was a merry man;) took up the child; yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not, *Julé?* and by my holy dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and said, ay; To see now, how a jest shall come about. ——— I warrant, an' I should live a thousand years, I should not forget it: Wilt thou not, *Julé*, quoth he? and, pretty fool, it stinted, and said, ay.

La. Cap. Enough of this, I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, Madam; yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to think it should leave crying, and say, ay; and yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow a bump as big as a young cockrel's stone: a perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age, wilt thou not, *Julé?* it stinted, and said, ay.

Jul. And stint thee too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done: God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest Babe, that e'er I nurst.
An' I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. And that same marriage is the very theam
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter *Juliet*,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour? were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you
Here in *Verona*, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;

The

The valiant *Paris* seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady, lady, such a man
As all the world —— Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you, can you like the Gentleman?
This Night you shall behold him at our Feast;
Read o'er the Volume of young *Paris*' Face,
And find Delight writ there with Beauty's pen;
Examine ev'ry sev'ral Lineament,
And see, how one another lends Content:
And what obscur'd in this fair Volume lies,
Find written in the Margent of his Eyes.
This precious book of Love, this unbound Lover,
To beautify him only lacks a Cover.
The fish lives in the Sea, and 'tis much pride,
For Fair without the Fair within to hide.
That Book in many Eyes doth share the Glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden Story.
So, shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making your self no less.

Nurse. No less? Nay, bigger; Women grow by Men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of *Paris*' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move.
But no more deep will I indart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse curst in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow strait.

La. Cap. We follow thee. *Juliet*, the County stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *a Street before* Capulet's *houſe.*

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, *with five or ſix other maskers, torch-bearers, and drums.*

Rom. WHAT, ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without apology?
Ben. The date is out of ſuch prolixity.
We'll have no *Cupid*, hood-wink'd with a ſcarf,
Bearing a *Tartar*'s painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper:
Nor a without-book prologue faintly ſpoke
After the prompter, for our entrance.
But let them meaſure us by what they will,
We'll meaſure them a meaſure, and be gone.
Rom. Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling.
Being but heavy, I will bear the Light.
Mer. Nay, gentle *Romeo*, we muſt have you dance.
Rom. Not I, believe me; you have dancing ſhoes
With nimble ſoles; I have a ſoul of lead,
So ſtakes me to the ground, I cannot move.
Mer. You are a Lover; borrow *Cupid*'s Wings,
And ſoar with them above a common Bound.
Rom. I am too ſore enpearced with his Shaft,
To ſoar with his light Feathers: and ſo bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull Woe:
Under Love's heavy burthen do I ſink.
Mer. And to ſink in it, ſhould you burthen Love:
Too great Oppreſſion for a tender Thing!
Rom. Is Love a tender Thing? It is too rough,
Too rude, too boiſt'rous; and it pricks like Thorn.
Mer. If Love be rough with you, be rough with Love;
Prick Love for pricking, and you beat Love down.
Give me a Caſe to put my viſage in;
[*Pulling off his Mask.*
A Viſor for a Viſor! —— what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?

Here

Here are the beetle-brows ſhall bluſh for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter; and no ſooner in,
But ev'ry man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me. Let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the ſenſeleſs ruſhes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandſire-phraſe;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.
The game was ne'er ſo fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouſe, the conſtable's own word,
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire;
Or, ſave your reverence, Love, wherein thou ſtickeſt
Up to thine ears: come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not ſo.

Mer. I mean, Sir, in delay
We burn our lights by light, and lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment ſits
Five times in That, ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this maſk;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to night.

Mer. And ſo did I.

Rom. Well; what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. — In bed aſleep; while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then I ſee, Queen *Mab* hath been with you. (4)

She

(4) *O, then I ſee, Queen* Mab *hath been with you: She is the* Fairies' *Midwife.*] Thus begins that admirable Speech upon the Effects of the Imagination in Dreams. But, Queen *Mab* the Fairies' Midwife? What is ſhe then Queen of? Why, the Fairies. What! and their *Midwife* too? Sure, this is a wonderful Condeſcenſion in her Royal Highneſs. But this is not the greateſt of the Abſurdities. Let us ſee upon what Occaſion ſhe is introduced, and under what Quality. Why, as a Being that has great Power over human Imaginations. But then, according to the Laws of common Senſe, if ſhe has any Title given her, muſt not that Title have refe-

rence

She is the Fancy's mid-wife, and ſhe comes
In ſhape no bigger than an agat-ſtone
On the fore-finger of an alderman;
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart mens' noſes as they lie aſleep:
Her waggon-ſpokes made of long ſpinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of graſhoppers;
The traces, of the ſmalleſt ſpider's web;
The collars, of the moonſhine's watry beams;
Her whip, of crickets' bone; the laſh, of film;
Her waggoner a ſmall grey-coated gnat,
Not half ſo big as a round little worm,
Prickt from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joyner ſquirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers:
And in this State ſhe gallops night by night,
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on curtſies ſtrait:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who ſtrait dream on fees:
O'er ladies lips, who ſtrait on kiſſes dream,
Which oft the angry *Mab* with bliſters plagues,
Becauſe their breaths with ſweet-meats tainted are.
Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a lawyer's noſe,
And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit:

rence to the Employment ſhe is put upon? Firſt, then, ſhe is called Queen: which is very pertinent; for that deſigns her Power: Then ſhe is called the Fairies' Midwife; but what has that to do with the Point in hand? If we would think that *Shakeſpeare* wrote Senſe, we muſt ſay, he wrote ——— *the* Fancy's *Midwife*: and this is a Title the moſt *à propos* in the World, as it introduces all that is ſaid afterwards of her *Vagaries*. Beſides, it exactly quadrates with theſe Lines:

——— *I talk of* Dreams;
Which are the Children of an Idle Brain,
Begot of nothing but vain Fantaſie.

Theſe Dreams are begot upon *Fantaſie*, and *Mab* is the Midwife to bring them forth. And *Fancy*'s *Midwife* is a Phraſe altogether in the Manner of our Author. Mr. *Warburton*.

And

And ſometimes comes ſhe with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling the parſon as he lies aſleep;
Then dreams he of another Benefice.
Sometimes ſhe driveth o'er a ſoldier's neck,
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuſcadoes, *Spaniſh* blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ears, at which he ſtarts and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, ſwears a prayer or two,
And ſleeps again. This is that very *Mab*,
That plats the manes of horſes in the night,
And cakes the elf-locks in foul ſluttiſh hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That preſſes them, and learns them firſt to bear;
Making them women of good carriage:
This is ſhe ———

Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio*, peace;
Thou talk'ſt of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing, but vain phantaſie;
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the air,
And more unconſtant than the wind; who wooes
Ev'n now the frozen boſom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping ſouth.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourſelves;
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind miſgives,
Some conſequence, yet hanging in the Stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a deſpiſed life clos'd in my breaſt,
By ſome vile forfeit of untimely death.
But he, that hath the ſteerage of my courſe,
Direct my ſuit! On, luſty Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*They march about the Stage, and Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Hall in* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Servants, with Napkins.

1 *Ser.* WHERE's *Potpan*, that he helps not to take away; he ſhift a trencher! he ſcrape a trencher!

2 *Ser.* When good manners ſhall lie all in one or two mens' hands, and they unwaſh'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Ser.* Away with the joint-ſtools, remove the court-cup-board, look to the plate: good thou, ſave me a piece of march-pane; and as thou loveſt me, let the porter let in *Suſan Grindſtone*, and *Nell*. *Antony*, and *Potpan*———

2 *Ser.* Ay, boy, ready.

1 *Ser.* You are look'd for, call'd for, ask'd for, and ſought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Ser.* We cannot be here and there too; cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. [*Exeunt.*

Enter all the Gueſts and Ladies, with the maskers.

1 *Cap.* Welcome, Gentlemen. Ladies, that have your feet
Unplagu'd with corns, we'll have a bout with you.
Ah me, my miſtreſſes, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? ſhe that makes dainty,
I'll ſwear, hath corns; am I come near you now?
Welcome, all, Gentlemen; I've ſeen the day
That I have worn a viſor, and could tell
A whiſpering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would pleaſe: 'tis gone; 'tis gone; 'tis gone!
[*Muſick plays, and they dance.*
More light, ye knaves, and turn the tables up;
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, Sirrah, this unlook'd-for ſport comes well.
Nay, ſit; nay, ſit, good couſin *Capulet*,
For you and I are paſt our dancing days:
How long is't now ſince laſt your ſelf and I

Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much;
'Tis since the nuptial of *Lucentio*,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years, and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more; his son is elder, Sir:
His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's That, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Ser. I know not, Sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright;
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an *Æthiop*'s ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of Stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love 'till now? forswear it, sight;
I never saw true beauty 'till this night.

Tyb. This by his voice should be a *Montague*.
Fetch me my rapier, boy: what! dares the slave
Come hither cover'd with an antick face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman, wherefore storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a *Montague*, our foe:
A villain, that is hither come in spight,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young *Romeo*, is't?

Tyb. That villain *Romeo*.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly Gentleman:
And, to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,

To

To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my houſe, do him diſparagement.
Therefore be patient, take no note of him;
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a fair preſence, and put off theſe frowns,
An ill-beſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.

Tyb. It fits, when ſuch a villain is a gueſt.
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He ſhall be endur'd.
What, goodman boy—I ſay, he ſhall. Go to ——
Am I the maſter here, or you? go to——
You'll not endure him! God ſhall mend my ſoul,
You'll make a mutiny among my gueſts!
You will ſet cock-a-hoop? you'll be the man?

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a ſhame.

Cap. Go to, go to.
You are a ſawcy boy—is't ſo, indeed? ——
This trick may chance to ſcathe you; I know what.
You muſt contrary me! Marry, 'tis time.
Well ſaid, my hearts: —— You are a Princox, go: —
Be quiet, or (more light, more light, for ſhame)
I'll make you quiet—What? cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce, with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different Greeting.
I will withdraw; but this intruſion ſhall,
Now ſeeming ſweet, convert to bitter gall.

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand (5)
[*To* Juliet.

(5) *If I profane with my unworthy hand*
This holy Shrine, the gentle Sin *is this,*
My Lips, two bluſhing Pilgrims, &c.] All Profanations are ſuppos'd to be expiated either by ſome meritorious Action, or by ſome Penance undergone and Puniſhment ſubmitted to. So, *Romeo* would here ſay, if I have been profane in the rude Touch of my Hand, my Lips ſtand ready, as two bluſhing Pilgrims, to take off that Offence, to atone for it, by a ſweet Penance. Our Poet therefore muſt have wrote,

—— *the gentle* Fine *is this.* Mr. *Warburton.*

This holy ſhrine, the gentle Fine is this;
My lips, two bluſhing pilgrims, ready ſtand,
To ſmooth that rough Touch with a tender kiſs.
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion ſhews in this;
For Saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiſs.
Rom. Have not ſaints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they muſt uſe in prayer.
Rom. O then, dear ſaint, let lips do what hands do:
They pray, (grant thou) leſt faith turn to deſpair.
Jul. Saints do not move, yet grant for prayers' ſake.
Rom. Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by thine, my ſin is purg'd.
[*Kiſſing her.*
Jul. Then have my lips the ſin that late they took.
Rom. Sin from my lips! O treſpaſs, ſweetly urg'd!
Give me my ſin again.
Jul. You kiſs by th' book.
Nurſe. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother? [*To her Nurſe.*
Nurſe. Marry, batchelor,
Her mother is the lady of the houſe,
And a good lady, and a wiſe and virtuous.
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talkt withal:
I tell you, he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chink.
Rom. Is ſhe a *Capulet?*
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away, be gone, the ſport is at the beſt.
Rom. Ay, ſo I fear, the more is my unreſt.
Cap. Nay, Gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a triſling fooliſh banquet towards.
Is it e'en ſo? why, then, I thank you all.
I thank you, honeſt Gentlemen, good night:
More torches here—come on, then let's to bed,
Ah, ſirrah, by my fay, it waxes late.
I'll to my Reſt. [*Exeunt.*
Jul. Comè hither, nurſe. What is yon gentleman?
Nurſe. The ſon and heir of old *Tiberio.*

Jul.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?
Nurſe. That, as I think, is young *Petruchio.*
Jul. What's he, that follows here, that would not dance?
Nurſe. I know not.
Jul. Go, ask his name.—If he be married,
My Grave is like to be my wedding-bed.
Nurſe. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Montague*,
The only ſon of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love ſprung from my only hate!
Too early ſeen, unknown; and known too late;
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I muſt love a loathed enemy.
Nurſe. What's this? what's this?
Jul. A rhime I learn'd e'en now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within*, Juliet.
Nurſe. Anon, anon ——
Come, let's away, the ſtrangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

Now old Deſire doth on his death-bed lie,
And young Affection gapes to be his heir:
That Fair, for which love groan'd ſore, and would die,
With tender *Juliet* match'd, is now not fair.
Now *Romeo* is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks:
But to his foe ſuppos'd he muſt complain,
And ſhe ſteal love's ſweet bait from fearful hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have acceſs
To breathe ſuch vows as lovers uſe to ſwear;
And ſhe, as much in love, her means much leſs,
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But Paſſion lends them power, Time means, to meet;
Temp'ring extremities with extream ſweet.
[*Exit* Chorus.

ACT II.

SCENE, *The STREET.*

Enter Romeo *alone.*

ROMEO.

CAN I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.
[*Exit.*

Enter Benvolio, *with* Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my couſin *Romeo.*
Mer. He is wiſe,
And, on my life, hath ſtoln him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard-wall.
Call, good *Mercutio.*
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.
Why, *Romeo!* humours! madman! paſſion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeneſs of a Sigh,
Speak but one Rhime, and I am ſatisfied.
Cry but *Ah me!* couple but *love* and *dove*,
Speak to my goſſip *Venus* one fair word,
One nick-name to her pur-blind ſon and heir:
(Young *Abraham Cupid*, he that ſhot ſo true,
When King *Cophetua* lov'd the beggar-maid——)
He heareth not, he ſtirreth not, he moveth not,
The ape is dead, and I muſt conjure him.
I conjure thee by *Roſaline*'s bright eyes,
By her high fore-head, and her ſcarlet lip,
By her fine foot, ſtraight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demeaſns that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeneſs thou appear to us.
Ben. An' if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him,

To

To raiſe a ſpirit in his miſtreſs' circle,
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
'Till ſhe had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were ſome ſpight. My invocation is
Honeſt and fair, and, in his miſtreſs' name,
I conjure only but to raiſe up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelf among theſe trees,
To be conſorted with the hum'rous night:
Blind is his love, and beſt befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he ſit under a medlar-tree,
And wiſh his miſtreſs were that kind of fruit,
Which maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good-night; I'll to my truckle-bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to ſleep:
Come, ſhall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain
To ſeek him here that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. HE jeſts at ſcars, that never felt a wound—
But, ſoft! what light thro' yonder window breaks?
It is the Eaſt, and *Juliet* is the Sun!
[Juliet *appears above, at a window.*
Ariſe, fair Sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already ſick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than ſhe.
Be not her maid, ſince ſhe is envious:
Her veſtal livery is but ſick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; caſt it off—
She ſpeaks, yet ſhe ſays nothing; what of that?
Her eye diſcourſes; I will anſwer it—
I am too bold, 'tis not to me ſhe ſpeaks:
Two of the faireſt ſtars of all the heav'n,
Having ſome buſineſs, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their ſpheres 'till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightneſs of her cheek would ſhame thoſe ſtars,
As day-light doth a lamp; her eyes in heav'n
Would through the airy region ſtream ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and think it were not night:
See, how ſhe leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She ſpeaks.

Oh, ſpeak again, bright angel! for thou art (6)
As glorious to this Sight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged meſſenger from heav'n,
Unto the white-upturned, wondring, eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him;
When he beſtrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And ſails upon the boſom of the air.

Jul. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*—wherefore art thou *Romeo?*
Deny thy father, and refuſe thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but ſworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a *Capulet.*

Rom. Shall I hear more, or ſhall I ſpeak at this?
[*Aſide.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
Thou art thy ſelf, though not a *Montague.*
What's *Montague?* it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face——nor any other part.
What's in a name? that which we call a roſe,
By any other name would ſmell as ſweet.
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd,

(6) *O, ſpeak again, bright Angel! for thou art*
As glorious to this night,] Tho' all the printed Copies concur in this Reading, yet the latter part of the *Simile* ſeems to require,
As glorious to this Sight;
and therefore I have ventur'd to alter the Text ſo. *i. e.* Thou appear'ſt, over my Head, as glorious to my Eyes, as an Angel in the Clouds to Mortals that ſtare up at him with Admiration.

Retain

Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title; *Romeo*, quit thy name;
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I never will be *Romeo*.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus, beſcreen'd in night,
So ſtumbleſt on my counſel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear Saint, is hateful to my ſelf,
Becauſe it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Montague?*

Rom. Neither, fair Saint, if either thee diſlike.

Jul. How cam'ſt thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch theſe walls,
For ſtony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.

Jul. If they do ſee thee, they will murther thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their ſwords; look thou but ſweet,
And I am proof againſt their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world, they ſaw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whoſe direction found'ſt thou out this place?

Rom. By love, that firſt did prompt me to enquire;
He lent me counſel, and I lent him eyes:

I am no Pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vaſt ſhore, waſh'd with the fartheſt ſea,
I would adventure for ſuch merchandiſe.

Jul. Thou know'ſt, the mask of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden-bluſh bepaint my cheek
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeak to night.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain, deny
What I have ſpoke——but farewel compliment!
Doſt thou love me? I know, thou wilt ſay, *ay*;
And I will take thy word——yet if thou ſwear'ſt,
Thou may'ſt prove falſe; at lovers' perjuries,
They ſay, *Jove* laughs. Oh, gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if you think, I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverſe, and ſay thee *nay*,
So thou wilt wooe: but, elſe, not for the world.
In truth, fair *Montague*, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'ſt think my 'haviour light:
But truſt me, Gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than thoſe that have more cunning to be ſtrange.
I ſhould have been more ſtrange, I muſt confeſs,
But that thou over-heard'ſt, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's Paſſion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath ſo diſcovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed moon I vow,
That tips with ſilver all theſe fruit-tree tops——

Jul. O ſwear not by the moon, th' inconſtant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Leſt that thy love prove likewiſe variable.

Rom. What ſhall I ſwear by?

Jul. Do not ſwear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, ſwear by thy gracious ſelf,
Which is the God of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart's love——

Jul. Well, do not ſwear — although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to night;
It is too raſh, too unadvis'd, too ſudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth ceaſe to be,

Ere

Ere one can say, it lightens——Sweet, good night.
This bud of love by summer's ripening breath
May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet:
Good night, good night—as sweet Repose and Rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine, before thou did'st request it:
And yet I would, it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!
[*Nurse calls within.*
Anon, good nurse: —— Sweet *Montague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afraid,
Being in night, all this is but a dream;
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear *Romeo*, and good night, indeed:
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.
[*Within:* Madam.
I come, anon—but if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee —— [*Within:* Madam.] By and by,
I come ——
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.

To

To morrow will I ſend.

Rom. So thrive my ſoul, ——

Jul. A thouſand times, good night. [*Exit.*

Rom. A thouſand times the worſe, to want thy light.
Love goes tow'rd love, as ſchool-boys from their books;
But love from love, tow'rds ſchool with heavy looks.

Enter Juliet *again.*

Jul. Hiſt! *Romeo*, hiſt! O for a falkner's voice,
To lure this Taſſel gentle back again ——
Bondage is hoarſe, and may not ſpeak aloud;
Elſe would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarſe than mine,
With repetition of my *Romeo.*

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name,
How ſilver-ſweet ſound lovers' tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt muſick to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My Sweet!

Jul. At what o' clock to morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty years 'till then,—
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me ſtand here 'till thou remember it.

Jul. I ſhall forget, to have thee ſtill ſtand there;
Remembring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll ſtill ſtay to have thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almoſt morning. I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a Wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor priſoner in his twiſted gyves,
And with a ſilk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, ſo would I;
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing.
Good night, good night. Parting is ſuch ſweet ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay good night, 'till it be morrow. [*Exit.*

Rom.

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breaſt!
'Would I were ſleep and peace, ſo ſweet to reſt!
Hence will I to my ghoſtly Friar's cloſe Cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Monaſtery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence, *with a basket.*

Fri. THE grey-ey'd morn ſmiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the eaſtern clouds with ſtreaks of light:
And darkneſs flecker'd, like a drunkard, reels
From forth day's path, and *Titan*'s burning wheels.
Now ere the Sun advance his burning eye,
The day to chear, and night's dank dew to dry,
I muſt fill up this oſier-cage of ours
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's Nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying Grave, that is her womb;
And from her womb children of divers kind
We ſucking on her natural boſom find:
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In plants, herbs, ſtones, and their true qualities.
Nor nought ſo vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth ſome ſpecial good doth give:
Nor aught ſo good, but, ſtrain'd from that fair uſe,
Revolts from true Birth, ſtumbling on abuſe.
Virtue it ſelf turns vice, being miſapplied;
And vice ſometime by action's dignified.
Within the infant rind of this ſmall flower
Poiſon hath reſidence, and medicine power:
For this being ſmelt, with that ſenſe chears each part;
Being taſted, ſlays all ſenſes with the heart.
Two ſuch oppoſed foes encamp them ſtill
In man, as well as herbs, Grace and rude Will:
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full-ſoon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father.
Fri. Benedicite!
What early tongue ſo ſweet ſaluteth me?
Young ſon, it argues a diſtemper'd head
So ſoon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And, where care lodgeth, ſleep will never lye:
But where unbruiſed youth with unſtuft brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden ſleep doth reign.
Therefore thy earlineſs doth me aſſure,
Thou art uprouz'd by ſome diſtemp'rature;
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to night.
Rom. That laſt is true, the ſweeter Reſt was mine.
Fri. God pardon ſin! waſt thou with *Roſaline?*
Rom. With *Roſaline*, my ghoſtly father? no.
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.
Fri. That's my good ſon: but where haſt thou been then?
Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again;
I have been feaſting with mine enemy;
Where, on a ſudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy phyſick lies;
I bear no hatred, bleſſed man, for, lo,
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.
Fri. Be plain, good ſon, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confeſſion finds but riddling ſhrift.
Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is ſet
On the fair daughter of rich *Capulet*;
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine;
And all combin'd; ſave what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we paſs; but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marry us this day.
Fri. Holy ſaint *Francis*, what a change is here!
Is *Roſaline*, whom thou didſt love ſo dear,

So

So soon forsaken? young mens' love then lyes
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath washt thy sallow cheeks for *Rosaline?*
How much salt-water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste?
The Sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my antient ears:
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear, that is not wash'd off yet.
If e'er thou wast thy self, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline.*
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving *Rosaline.*

Fri. For doating, not for loving, Pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a Grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:
The other did not so.

Fri. Oh, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come and go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be:
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your household-rancour to pure love.

Rom. O let us hence, I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely and slow; they stumble, that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* STREET.

Enter Benvolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. WHERE the devil should this *Romeo* be? came he not home to night?

Ben. Not to his father's, I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale, hard-hearted, wench, that

that *Rosaline*, torments him so, that he will, sure, run mad.

Ben. *Tybalt*, the kinsman to old *Capulet*,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dar'd.

Mer. Alas, poor *Romeo*, he is already dead! stabb'd with a white wench's black eye, run through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's but-shaft; and is he a man to encounter *Tybalt?*

Ben. Why, what is *Tybalt?*

Mer. More than prince of cats?—Oh, he's the courageous captain of compliments; he fights as you sing prick-songs, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests his minum, one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause; ah, the immortal passado, the punto reverso, the, hay!

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antick, lisping, affected phantasies, these new tuners of accents:— "Jesu! a very "good blade!——a very tall man!——a very good "whore!——Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moy's*, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bon's* their *bon's!* (7)

Enter

(7) *O, their* bones! *their* bones!] *Mercutio* is here ridiculing those *frenchified* fantastical Coxcombs whom he calls *pardonnez-moy's*: and therefore, I suspect, here he meant to write *French* too.

O, their *bon's!* their *bon's!*

i. e. How

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flowed in: *Laura* to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, ſhe had a better love to berime her: *Dido* a dowdy, *Cleopatra* a gipſie, *Helen* and *Hero* hildings and harlots: *Thisbé* a grey eye or ſo, but not to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo*, *bonjour*; there's a *French* ſalutation to your *French* Slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly laſt night.

Rom. Good morrow to you Both: What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The ſlip, Sir, the ſlip: can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good *Mercutio*, my buſineſs was great; and, in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtrain courteſy.

Mer. That's as much as to ſay, ſuch a caſe as yours conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to curt'ſie.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Rom. A moſt courteous expoſition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courteſie.

Rom. Pink for flower. ———

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Sure wit — follow me this jeſt, now, till thou haſt worn out thy pump, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worn, the jeſt may remain, after the wearing, ſolely-ſingular.

Rom. O ſingle-ſol'd jeſt,
Solely ſingular, for the ſingleneſs!

Mer. Come between us, good *Benvolio*, my wit faints.

Rom. Switch and ſpurs,

i. e. How ridiculous they make themſelves in crying out *Good*, and being in Ecſtaſies with every Trifle: as he has juſt deſcrib'd them before,

——— Jeſu! *a very good blade!* &c.

Switch

Switch and ſpurs, or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-gooſe chaſe, I am done: for thou haſt more of the wild-gooſe in one of thy wits, than, I am ſure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the gooſe?

Rom. Thou waſt never with me for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jeſt.

Rom. Nay, good gooſe, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter ſweeting,
It is a moſt ſharp ſawce.

Rom. And is it not well ſerv'd in to a ſweet gooſe?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that ſtretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom. I ſtretch it out for that word broad, which added to the gooſe, proves thee far and wide a broad gooſe.

Mer. Why, is not this better, than groaning for love? Now thou art ſociable; now art thou *Romeo*; now art thou what thou art, by art, as well as by nature; for this driveling love is like a great Natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſireſt me to ſtop in my tale, againſt the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldſt elſe have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it ſhort; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Enter Nurſe, *and* Peter *her Man.*

Rom. Here's goodly Geer: a Sayle! a Sayle!

Mer. Two, two, a Shirt and a Smock.

Nurſe. Peter,——

Peter. Anon?

Nurſe. My Fan, *Peter.*

Mer. Do, good *Peter*, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurſe. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurſe. Is it good den?

Mer.

Mer. 'Tis no leſs, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurſe. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himſelf to mar.

Nurſe. By my troth, it is well ſaid: for himſelf to mar, quotha? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young *Romeo*.

Rom. I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, than he was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.

Nurſe. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea, is the worſt well?

Very well took, i'faith, wiſely, wiſely.

Nurſe. If you be he, Sir,

I deſire ſome confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to ſome ſupper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho! ——

Rom. What haſt thou found?

Mer. No hare, Sir, unleſs a hare, Sir, in a lenten pye, that is ſomething ſtale and hoar ere it be ſpent.

An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar, is very good meat in *Lent*.

But a hare, that is hoar, is too much for a ſcore, when it hoars ere it be ſpent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, antient lady:

Farewel, lady, lady, lady. [*Exeunt* Mercutio, Benvolio.

Nurſe. I pray you, Sir, what ſaucy merchant was this, that was ſo full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurſe, that loves to hear himſelf talk, and will ſpeak more in a minute, than he will ſtand to in a month.

Nurſe. An a ſpeak any thing againſt me, I'll take him down an' he were luſtier than he is, and twenty ſuch *Jacks:* and if I cannot, I'll find thoſe that ſhall. Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-

skains-mates. And thou muſt ſtand by too, and ſuffer every knave to uſe me at his pleaſure? [*To her man.*

Pet. I ſaw no man uſe you at his pleaſure: if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as ſoon as another man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarrel, and the law on my ſide.

Nurſe. Now, afore God, I am ſo vext, that every part about me quivers——Scurvy knave! Pray you, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out; what ſhe bid me ſay, I will keep to my ſelf: but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould lead her into a fool's paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſs kind of behaviour, as they ſay, for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore if you ſhould deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady and miſtreſs, I proteſt unto thee——

Nurſe. Good heart, and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, ſhe will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurſe? thou doſt not mark me.

Nurſe. I will tell her, Sir, that you do proteſt; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her deviſe ſome means to come to ſhrift this afternoon;
And there ſhe ſhall at friar *Lawrence*' Cell
Be ſhriv'd and married: here is for thy pains.

Nurſe. No, truly, Sir, not a penny.

Rom. Go to, I ſay, you ſhall.

Nurſe. This afternoon, Sir? well, ſhe ſhall be there.

Rom. And ſtay, good nurſe, behind the abby-wall:
Within this hour my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee cords, made like a tackled ſtair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Muſt be my convoy in the ſecret night.
Farewel, be truſty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Nurſe. Now, God in heav'n bleſs thee! hark you, Sir.

Rom. What ſayeſt thou, my dear nurſe?

Nurſe. Is your man ſecret? did you ne'er hear ſay,

Two

Two may keep counſel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as ſteel.

Nurſe. Well, Sir, my miſtreſs is the ſweeteſt lady; lord, lord! when 'twas a little prating thing — O, —— there is a noble man in town, one *Paris*, that would fain lay knife aboard; but ſhe, good ſoul, had as lieve ſee a toad, a very toad, as ſee him: I anger her ſometimes, and tell her, that *Paris* is the properer man; but I'll warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe looks as pale as any clout in the varſal world. Doth not Roſemary and *Romeo* begin both with a letter.

Rom. Ay, nurſe, what of that? both with an R. (8)

Nurſe. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R. is for Thee? No; I know, it begins with another letter; and ſhe hath the prettieſt ſententious of it, of you and roſemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady —— [*Exit* Rom.

(8) Rom. *Ay, Nurſe, what of That? Both with an* R.

Nurſe. *Ah mocker! that's the Dog's Name. R. is for* the no, *I know it begins with* no *other Letter,*] I believe, I have rectified this odd Stuff; but it is a little mortifying, that the Senſe, when 'tis found out, ſhould hardly be worth the pains of retrieving it. The *Nurſe* is repreſented as a prating ſilly Creature; She ſays, She will tell *Romeo* a good Joke about his Miſtreſs, and asks him, whether *Roſemary* and *Romeo* do not begin both with a Letter: He ſays, Yes, an R. She, who, we muſt ſuppoſe, could not read, thought he had mock'd her, and ſays, No, ſure, I know better: our Dog's name is *R.* Yours begins with another Letter. This is natural enough, and very much in Character for this inſipid prating Creature. *R.* put her in mind of that Sound which is made by Dogs when they ſnarl: and therefore, I preſume, ſhe ſays, that is the Dog's Name. A Quotation from *Ben Johnſon*'s *Alchemiſt* will clear up this Alluſion.

—— *He ſhall have a Bell, that's* Abel;
And, by it, ſtanding One whoſe Name is D
In a rug *Gown*; *there's* D *and* rug, *that's* Drug;
And right anenſt him a dog ſnarling, —— err;
There's Drugger, Abel Drugger. Mr. *Warburton.*

Nurſe.

Nurſe. Ay, a thouſand times. *Peter,* ——
Pet. Anon?
Nurſe. Take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. THE clock ſtruck nine, when I did ſend the nurſe:
In half an hour ſhe promis'd to return.
Perchance, ſhe cannot meet him — That's not ſo —
Oh, ſhe is lame: love's heralds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glide than the ſun-beams,
Driving back ſhadows over lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-ſwift *Cupid* wings.
Now is the Sun upon the highmoſt hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine 'till twelve
Is three long hours — and yet ſhe is not come;
Had ſhe affections and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as ſwift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my ſweet love,
And his to me;

Enter Nurſe, *with* Peter.

O God, ſhe comes. O honey Nurſe, what news?
Haſt thou met with him? ſend thy man away.
Nurſe. Peter, ſtay at the gate. [*Exit* Peter.
Jul. Now, good ſweet Nurſe, ——
O lord, why look'ſt thou ſad?
Tho' news be ſad, yet tell them merrily:
If good, thou ſham'ſt the muſick of ſweet news,
By playing 't to me with ſo ſowre a face.
Nurſe. I am a weary, let me reſt a while;
Fy, how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had?
Jul. I would, thou hadſt my bones, and I thy news!
Nay, come, I pray thee, ſpeak —— Good, good nurſe, ſpeak.

Nurſe.

Nurſe. Jeſu! what haſte? Can you not ſtay a while?
Do you not ſee, that I am out of breath?
Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breath
To ſay to me, that thou art out of breath?
Th' Excuſe, that thou doſt make in this delay,
Is longer than the Tale thou doſt excuſe.
Is thy news good or bad? anſwer to that;
Say either, and I'll ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, is't good or bad?
Nurſe. Well, you have made a ſimple choice; you know not how to chuſe a man: *Romeo*, no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his legs excel all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, tho' they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are paſt compare. He is not the flower of courteſie, but, I warrant him, as gentle as a lamb —— Go thy ways, wench, ſerve God —— What, have you dined at home?
Jul. No, no — but all this did I know before:
What ſays he of our marriage? what of that?
Nurſe. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' th' other ſide — O my back, my back:
Beſhrew your heart, for ſending me about
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.
Jul. I'faith, I am ſorry that thou art ſo ill.
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet nurſe, tell me, what ſays my love?
Nurſe. Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handſome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous — where is your mother?
Jul. Where is my mother? — why, ſhe is within;
Where ſhould ſhe be? how odly thou reply'ſt
Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman: ——
Where is your mother? ——
Nurſe. O, God's lady dear,
Are you ſo hot? marry come up, I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones?
Hence-forward do your meſſages your ſelf.
Jul. Here's ſuch a coil; come, what ſays *Romeo?*
Nurſe. Have you got leave to go to ſhrift to day?

Jul.

Jul. I have.

Nurſe. Then hie you hence to friar *Laurence'* cell,
There ſtays a husband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in ſcarlet ſtraight at any news.
Hie you to church, I muſt another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Muſt climb a bird's-neſt ſoon, when it is dark.
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you ſhall bear the burthen ſoon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune; —— honeſt nurſe, farewel.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Monaſtery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence, *and* Romeo.

Fri. SO ſmile the heav'ns upon this holy Act,
That after-hours with ſorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy,
That one ſhort minute gives me in her ſight:
Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough, I may but call her mine.

Fri. Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they meet, conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſome in its own deliciouſneſs,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite;
Therefore love mod'rately, long love doth ſo:
Too ſwift arrives as tardy as too ſlow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady. O, ſo light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlaſting flint;
A lover may beſtride the goſſamour,
That idles in the wanton ſummer air,
And yet not fall, ſo light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghoſtly Confeſſor.

Fri.

Fri. *Romeo* ſhall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, elſe are his thanks too much.

Romeo. Ah! *Juliet*, if the meaſure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air; and let rich muſick's tongue
Unfold th' imagin'd happineſs, that Both
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars, that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to ſuch Exceſs,
I cannot ſum up one half of my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort work;
For, by your leaves, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
'Till Holy Church incorp'rate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *The STREET.*

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, *and Servants.*

BENVOLIO.

I Pray thee, good *Mercutio*, let's retire;
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad;
And, if we meet, we ſhall not 'ſcape a brawl;
For now theſe hot days is the mad blood ſtirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of thoſe fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his ſword upon the table, and ſays, God ſend me no need of thee! and, by the operation of the ſecond cup, draws it on the Drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a *Jack* in thy

mood as any in *Italy*; and as ſoon mov'd to be moody, and as ſoon moody to be mov'd,

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an' there were two ſuch, we ſhould have none ſhortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair leſs in his beard, than thou haſt: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reaſon but becauſe thou haſt haſel eyes; what eye, but ſuch an eye, would ſpy out ſuch a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling: thou haſt quarrel'd with a man for coughing in the ſtreet, becauſe he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain aſleep in the Sun. Didſt thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before *Eaſter?* with another, for tying his new ſhoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

Ben. If I were ſo apt to quarrel as thou art, any man ſhould buy the fee-ſimple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-ſimple? O ſimple!

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, *and others.*

Ben. By my head, here come the *Capulets.*

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeak to them. Gentlemen, good-den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with ſomething, make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You ſhall find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you will give me occaſion.

Mer. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou conſort'ſt with *Romeo* ——

Mer. Conſort! what doſt thou make us minſtrels! if thou make minſtrels of us, look to hear nothing but diſcords: here's my fiddleſtick; here's That, ſhall make you dance. Zounds! conſort!

[*Laying his hand on his ſword.*

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men:

Either

Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, Sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go first to field, he'll be your follower;
Your Worship in that sense may call him man.

Tyb. Romeo, the love, I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this, thou art a villain.——

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a Greeting: villain I am none,
Therefore, farewel; I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the Injuries
That thou hast done me, therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise;
'Till thou shalt know the reason of my love.
And so, good *Capulet*, (whose name I tender
As dearly as my own,) be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Ah! la Stoccata carries it away.
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good King of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal; and as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your passado.

[Mercutio *and* Tybalt *fight.*

Rom. Draw, *Benvolio*——beat down their weapons—
Gentlemen——for ſhame, forbear this outrage ——
Tybalt——*Mercutio*——the Prince expreſly hath
Forbidden bandying in *Verona* ſtreets.
Hold, *Tybalt* —— good *Mercutio.* [*Exit* Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt——
A plague of both the houſes! I am ſped:
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a ſcratch, a ſcratch; marry, 'tis enough.
Where is my page? go, villain, fetch a ſurgeon.

Rom. Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not ſo deep as a well, nor ſo wide as a church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill ſerve: ask for me to morrow, and you ſhall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world: a plague of both your houſes! What? a dog, a rat, a mouſe, a cat, to ſcratch a man to death? a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick? why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the beſt.

Mer. Help me into ſome houſe, *Benvolio,*
Or I ſhall faint; a plague o' both your houſes!
They have made worms-meat of me,
I have it, and ſoundly too. Plague o' your houſes!
[*Exeunt* Mer. Ben.

Rom. This Gentleman, the Prince's near allie,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation ſtain'd
With *Tybalt*'s ſlander; *Tybalt*, that an hour
Hath been my couſin: O ſweet *Juliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftned valour's ſteel.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio*'s dead;
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did ſcorn the earth.

Rom.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days does depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* back again.
Rom. Alive? in Triumph? and *Mercutio* slain?
Away to heav'n, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!
Now, *Tybalt*, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for *Mercutio*'s soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Or thou or I, or both, must go with him.
Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This shall determine that.
[*They fight*, Tybalt *falls*.
Ben. *Romeo*, away, begone:
The citizens are up, and *Tybalt* slain ——
Stand not amaz'd; the Prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.
Rom. O! I am fortune's fool.
Ben. Why dost thou stay? [*Exit* Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd *Mercutio?*
Tybalt, that murtherer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lyes that *Tybalt*.
Cit. Up, Sir, go with me:
I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, Montague, Capulet, *their Wives*, &c.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble Prince, I can discover all
Th' unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young *Romeo*,
That slew thy kinsman, brave *Mercutio*.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my couſin! O my brother's child!—
Unhappy ſight! alas, the blood is ſpill'd
Of my dear kinſman—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, ſhed blood of *Montague*.

Prin. Benvolio, who began this fray?

Ben. Tybalt here ſlain, whom *Romeo's* hand did ſlay:
Romeo, that ſpoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high diſpleaſure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly ſpleen
Of *Tybalt*, deaf to peace; but that he tilts
With piercing ſteel at bold *Mercutio*'s breaſt;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And with a martial ſcorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It back to *Tybalt*, whoſe dexterity
Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, ſwifter than his tongue,
His agil arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them ruſhes; underneath whoſe arm
An envious thruſt from *Tybalt* hit the life
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled;
But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertain'd Revenge,
And to't they go like lightning: for ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout *Tybalt* ſlain;
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turn to fly:
This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* die.

La. Cap. He is a kinſman to the *Montague*.
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black ſtrife,
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for juſtice, which thou, Prince, muſt give;
Romeo ſlew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* muſt not live.

Prin. Romeo ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio*;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

La. Mont. Not *Romeo*, Prince, he was *Mercutio's* friend;
His fault concludes but what the law ſhould end,

The

The life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an intereſt in your hearts' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lye a bleeding:
But I'll amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſs of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuſes,
Nor tears nor prayers ſhall purchaſe out abuſes;
Therefore uſe none; let *Romeo* hence in haſte,
Elſe, when he's found, that hour is his laſt. (9)
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
" Mercy but murthers, pardoning thoſe that kill."

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Juliet *alone.*

Jul. GALLOP apace, you fiery-footed ſteeds,
Tow'rds *Phœbus'* manſion; ſuch a waggoner,
As *Phaeton*, would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe curtain, love-performing night, (10)
That

(9) *Elſe, when* he is *found, that* hour *is his laſt.*] It is wonderful that Mr. *Pope* ſhould retort the *Want* of *Ear* upon any body, and paſs ſuch an inharmonious, unſcanning, Verſe in his own Ear: a Verſe that cannot run off from the Tongue with any Cadence of Muſick, the ſhort and long Syllables ſtand ſo perverſely. We muſt read,

Elſe, when he's *found, that* Hour *is his laſt.*

Every diligent and knowing Reader of our Poet muſt have obſerv'd, that *Hour* and *Fire* are almoſt perpetually *diſſyllables* in the Pronunciation and Scanſion of his Verſes.

(10) *Spread thy cloſe Curtain, love-performing Night,*

That runaways *Eyes may wink*;] What Runaways are theſe, whoſe Eyes *Juliet* is wiſhing to have ſtopt? *Macbeth*, we may remember, makes an Invocation to Night, much in the ſame Strain:

That th' Run-away's eyes may wink; and *Romeo*
Leap to these arms, untalkt of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their am'rous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Plaid for a pair of stainless maidenheads.
Hood my unmann'd blood baiting in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; 'till strange love, grown bold,
Thinks true love acted, simple modesty.
Come, night, come, *Romeo!* come, thou day in night!
For thou wilt lye upon the wings of night,
Whiter than snow upon a raven's back:
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night!
Give me my *Romeo*, and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heav'n so fine,
That all the world shall be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd; so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival,
To an impatient child that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse!

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
But *Romeo*'s name, speaks heav'nly eloquence;

——— *Come, feeling Night,*
Scarf *up the tender* Eye *of pitiful* day, &c.

So *Juliet* here would have Night's Darkness obscure the great Eye of the Day, the *Sun*; whom considering in a poetical Light as *Phœbus*, drawn in his Car with *fiery-footed* Steeds, and *posting* thro' the Heav'ns, She very properly calls him, with regard to the Swiftness of his Course, the *Runaway*. In the like Manner our Poet speaks of the *Night*, in the *Merchant of* Venice.

For the close Night doth play the Runaway. Mr. *Warburton.*

Now,

Now, nurſe, what news? what haſt thou there?
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?
Nurſe. Ay, ay, the cords.
Jul. Ah me, what news?
Why doſt thou wring thy hands?
Nurſe. Ah welladay, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone.——
Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.
Jul. Can heaven be ſo envious?
Nurſe. Romeo can,
Though heav'n cannot. O *Romeo! Romeo!*
Who ever would have thought it, *Romeo?*
Jul. What devil art thou, that doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be roar'd in diſmal hell.
Hath *Romeo* ſlain himſelf? ſay thou but, I;
And that bear vowel, I, ſhall poiſon more (11)
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.
Nurſe. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,
(God ſave the mark,) here on his manly breaſt.
A piteous coarſe, a bloody piteous coarſe;
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood; I ſwooned at the ſight.
Jul. O break, my heart! —— poor bankrupt, break at once!
To priſon, eyes! ne'er look on liberty;
Vile earth to earth reſign, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſs one heavy bier!
Nurſe. O *Tybalt, Tybalt,* the beſt friend I had:
O courteous *Tybalt,* honeſt gentleman,
That ever I ſhould live to ſee thee dead!

(11) *And that bare vowel,* ay, *ſhall poiſon more*
Than the death-darting Eye of Cockatrice.] I queſtion much whether the Grammarians will take this new *Vowel* on Truſt from Mr. *Pope,* without ſuſpecting it rather for a *Diphthong.* In ſhort, we muſt reſtore the Spelling of the Old Books, or We loſe the Poet's Conceit. At his time of day, the affirmative Adverb *Ay* was generally written, *I:* and by this means it both becomes a *Vowel,* and anſwers in Sound to *Eye,* upon which the Conceit turns in the Second Line.

Jul. What ſtorm is this, that blows ſo contrary!
Is *Romeo* ſlaughter'd? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My dear-lov'd couſin, and my dearer lord?
Then let the trumpet ſound the general Doom,
For who is living, if thoſe two are gone?

Nurſe. *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is baniſhed.

Jul. O God! did *Romeo*'s hand ſhed *Tybalt's* blood?

Nurſe. It did, it did, alas, the day! it did.

Jul. O ſerpent-heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep ſo fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! Wolviſh-rav'ning Lamb! (12)
Deſpiſed ſubſtance, of divineſt ſhow!
Juſt oppoſite to what thou juſtly ſeem'ſt,
A damned Saint, an honourable villain!
O nature! what hadſt thou to do in hell,
When thou didſt bower the Spirit of a fiend
In mortal Paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?
Was ever book, containing ſuch vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous palace!

Nurſe. There's no truſt,
No faith, no honeſty, in men; all perjur'd;
All, all forſworn; all naught; and all diſſemblers.
Ah, where's my man? give me ſome *Aqua vitæ*——
Theſe griefs, theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old!

(12) *Ravenous Dove, feather'd Raven,*
Wolviſh ravening Lamb.] This paſſage Mr. *Pope* has thrown out of the Text, partly, I preſume, becauſe theſe two noble *Hemiſtichs* are, indeed, inharmonious: [But chiefly, becauſe they are obſcure and unintelligible at the firſt view.] But is there no ſuch thing as a Crutch for a labouring, halting, Verſe? I'll venture to reſtore to the Poet a Line that was certainly his, that is in his own Mode of Thinking, and truly worthy of him. The firſt word, *ravenous*, I have no Doubt, was blunderingly coin'd out of *Raven* and *ravening*, which follow; and, if we only throw it out, we gain at once an harmonious Verſe, and a proper Contraſt of Epithets and Images.

Dove-feather'd Raven! Wolviſh-rav'ning Lamb!

Shame

Shame come to *Romeo!*

Jul. Bliſter'd be thy tongue,
For ſuch a wiſh! he was not born to ſhame;
Upon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit:
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the univerſal earth.
O, what a beaſt was I to chide him ſo?

Nurſe. Will you ſpeak well of him, that kill'd your couſin?

Jul. Shall I ſpeak ill of him, that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours-wife, have mangled it!
But wherefore, villain, didſt thou kill my couſin?
That villain couſin would have kill'd my husband.
Back, fooliſh tears, back to your native ſpring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, miſtaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that *Tybalt* would have ſlain;
And *Tybalt's* dead, that would have kill'd my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worſer than *Tybalt's* death,
That murther'd me; I would forget it, fain;
But, oh! it preſſes to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to ſinners' minds:
Tybalt *is dead, and* Romeo *baniſhed!*
That *baniſhed*, that one word *baniſhed*,
Hath ſlain ten thouſand *Tybalts*: *Tybalt's* death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or if ſow'r woe delights in fellowſhip,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when ſhe ſaid *Tybalt's dead*,
Thy *Father* or thy *Mother*, nay, or *both?*
But with a rear-ward following *Tybalt's* death,
Romeo *is baniſhed*——to ſpeak that word,
Is, father, mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,
All ſlain, all dead! ——— Romeo *is baniſhed!*
There is no end, no limit, meaſure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe ſound.
Where is my father, and my mother, nurſe?

Nurſe. Weeping and wailing over *Tybalt's* coarſe.

Will

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for *Romeo*'s banishment.
Take up those Cords;——poor Ropes, you are beguil'd;
Both You and I; for *Romeo* is exil'd.
He made You for a high-way to my Bed:
But I, a maid, dye Maiden widowed.
Come, Cord; come, Nurse; I'll to my wedding-Bed:
And Death, not *Romeo*, take my Maidenhead!
Nurse. Hie to your chamber, I'll find *Romeo*
To comfort you. I wot well, where he is.
Hark ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night;
I'll to him, he is hid at *Lawrence*' cell.
Jul. Oh find him, give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Monastery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Romeo.

Fri. ROMEO, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man,;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
Rom. Father, what news? what is the Prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sow'r company.
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.
Rom. What less than dooms-day is the Prince's doom?
Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.
Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death. Do not say, banishment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without *Verona*'s walls,

But

But purgatory, torture, hell it ſelf.
Hence baniſhed, is baniſh'd from the world;
And world-exil'd, is death. That baniſhed
Is death miſ-term'd: calling death baniſhment,
Thou cut'ſt my head off with a golden ax,
And ſmil'ſt upon the ſtroak that murthers me.

Fri. O deadly ſin! O rude unthankfulneſs!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath ruſht aſide the law,
And turn'd that black word death to baniſhment.
This is dear mercy, and thou ſeeſt it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heav'n is here,
Where *Juliet* lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouſe, every unworthy thing,
Lives here in heaven, and may look on her;
But *Romeo* may not. More validity,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip lives
In carrion flies, than *Romeo:* they may ſeize
On the white wonder of dear *Juliet*'s hand,
And ſteal immortal bleſſings from her lips;
(Which even in pure and veſtal modeſty
Still bluſh, as thinking their own kiſſes ſin.)
This may flies do, when I from this muſt fly;
(And ſay'ſt thou yet, that exile is not death?)
But *Romeo* may not; —— he is baniſhed.
Hadſt thou no Poiſon mixt, no ſharp-ground knife,
No ſudden mean of death, tho' ne'er ſo mean,
But baniſhed to kill me? baniſhed?
O Friar, the Damned uſe that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how haſt thou the heart,
Being a Divine, a ghoſtly Confeſſor,
A ſin-abſolver, and my friend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word, baniſhment?

Fri. Fond mad-man, hear me ſpeak. ——

Rom. O, thou wilt ſpeak again of baniſhment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word,
Adverſity's ſweet milk, philoſophy,
To comfort thee, tho' thou art baniſhed.

Rom. Yet, baniſhed? hang up philoſophy:
Unleſs philoſophy can make a *Juliet*,

Diſ-

Diſplant a town, reverſe a Prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more——

Fri. O, then I ſee that mad-men have no ears.

Rom. How ſhould they, when that wiſe men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.

Rom. Thou canſt not ſpeak of what thou doſt not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy love,
An hour but married, *Tybalt* murthered,
Doating like me, and like me baniſhed;
Then might'ſt thou ſpeak, then might'ſt thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an unmade grave.

[*Throwing himſelf on the ground.*

Fri. Ariſe, one knocks; good *Romeo*, hide thy ſelf.

[*Knock within.*

Rom. Not I, unleſs the breath of heart-ſick Groans,
Miſt-like, infold me from the Search of Eyes. [*Knock.*

Fri. Hark, how they knock! — (who's there?) — *Romeo*, ariſe.
Thou wilt be taken—— (ſtay a while)—— ſtand up;

[*Knocks.*

Run to my Study—— (By and by) —— God's will!
What willfulneſs is this? —— I come, I come. [*Knock.*
Who knocks ſo hard? whence come you; what's your will?

Nurſe. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you ſhall know my errand:
I come from lady *Juliet*.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. O holy Friar, oh, tell me, holy Friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's *Romeo?*

Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurſe. O he is even in my miſtreſs' caſe,
Juſt in her caſe, O woful ſympathy!
Piteous predicament! even ſo lies ſhe,

Blubb'ring

Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, ſtand up;——Stand, an' you be a Man:
For *Juliet*'s Sake, for her Sake, riſe and ſtand.
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an oh!——

Rom. Nurſe!——

Nurſe. Ah Sir! ah Sir!—Death is the end of all.

Rom. Speak'ſt thou of *Juliet?* how is it with her?
Doth not ſhe think me an old murtherer,
Now I have ſtain'd the child-hood of our joy
With blood, remov'd but little from her own?
Where is ſhe? and how does ſhe? and what ſays
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurſe. O, ſhe ſays nothing, Sir; but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed, and then ſtarts up;
And *Tybalt* cries, and then on *Romeo* calls,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murther her, as that name's curſed hand
Murther'd her kinſman.—Tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may ſack
The hateful manſion. [*Drawing his Sword.*

Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand:
Thy tears are womaniſh, thy wild acts denote
Th' unreaſonable fury of a beaſt.
Unſeemly Woman in a ſeeming Man!
And ill-beſeeming Beaſt in ſeeming Both!
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy Order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temper'd.
Haſt thou ſlain *Tybalt?* wilt thou ſlay thy ſelf?
And ſlay thy lady, that in thy life lives,
By doing damned Hate upon thy ſelf?
Why rail'ſt thou on thy Birth, the Heav'n, and Earth,
Since Birth, and Heav'n, and Earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which Thou at once would'ſt loſe?
Fie! fie! thou ſham'ſt thy Shape, thy Love, thy Wit,
Which, like an Uſurer, abound'ſt in all,
And uſeſt none in that true uſe indeed,
Which ſhould bedeck thy Shape, thy Love, thy Wit.

Thy

Thy noble Shape is but a Form of Wax,
Digreſſing from the Valour of a Man;
Thy dear Love ſworn, but hollow Perjury,
Killing that Love, which thou haſt vow'd to cheriſh.
Thy Wit, that Ornament to Shape and Love,
Miſ-ſhapen in the Conduct of them Both,
Like Powder in a skill-leſs Soldier's Flask,
Is ſet on Fire by thine own Ignorance,
And thou diſmember'd with thine own Defenſe.
What, rouſe thee, man, thy *Juliet* is alive,
For whoſe dear ſake thou waſt but lately dead:
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſlew'ſt *Tybalt*; there thou'rt happy too.
The law, that threatned death, became thy friend,
And turn'd it to exile; there art thou happy;
A pack of bleſſings light upon thy back,
Happineſs courts thee in her beſt array,
But, like a misbehav'd and ſullen wench,
Thou pout'ſt upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for ſuch die miſerable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Aſcend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But, look, thou ſtay not 'till the Watch be ſet;
For then thou canſt not paſs to *Mantua:*
Where thou ſhalt live, 'till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thouſand times more joy,
Than thou went'ſt forth in lamentation.
Go before, nurſe; commend me to thy lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heavy ſorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is coming.

Nurſe. O lord, I could have ſtaid here all night long,
To hear good counſel: oh, what Learning is!
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do ſo, and bid my Sweet prepare to chide.

Nurſe. Here, Sir, a ring ſhe bid me give you, Sir:
Hie you, make haſte, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Exi.

Fri. Sojourn in *Mantua*; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewel, good night.
Rom. But that a joy, past joy, calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Capulet's *House.*

Enter Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, *and* Paris.

Cap. THings have fallen out, Sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearly;
And so did I.—Well, we were born to die.——
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to night.
I promise you, but for your Company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.
Par. These times of woe afford no time to wooe:
Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.
La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to morrow:
To night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.
Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here with my son *Paris*' love,
And bid her, mark you me, on *Wednesday* next,——
But, soft; what day is this?
Par. *Monday*, my lord.
Cap. *Monday?* Ha! ha! well, *Wednesday* is too soon,
On *Thursday* let it be: o' *Thursday*, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble Earl.
Will you be ready? Do you like this Haste?
We'll keep no great a-do—a friend or two——
For, hark you, *Tybalt* being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelesly,

Being

Being our kinſman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have ſome half a dozen friends,
And there's an end. But what ſay you to *Thurſday?*

Par. My lord, I would that *Thurſday* were to morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone—on *Thurſday* be it then:
Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed, [*To lady* Cap.
Prepare her, wife, againſt this wedding-day.
Farewel, my lord——light to my chamber, hoa!
'Fore me, it is ſo very late, that we
May call it early by and by. Good night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Juliet's *Chamber looking to the Garden.*

Enter Romeo *and* Juliet, *above at a window; a ladder of ropes ſet.*

Jul. WIlt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly ſhe ſings on yon pomgranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the Lark, the herald of the morn,
No Nightingale. Look, love, what envious ſtreaks
Do lace the ſevering clouds in yonder eaſt:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the miſty mountains' tops.
I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it well:
It is ſome meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*;
Then ſtay a while, thou ſhalt not go ſo ſoon.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death,
I am content, if thou wilt have it ſo.
I'll ſay, yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of *Cynthia*'s brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whoſe notes do beat
The vaulty heav'ns ſo high above our heads.
I have more care to ſtay, than will to go.

Come

Come death, and welcome: *Juliet* wills it so.
How is't, my Soul? let's talk, it is not day.
Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away:
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so: for she divideth us.
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
O now be gone, more light and light it grows.
Rom. More light and light? — More dark and dark our Woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam, ——
Jul. Nurse?
Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke, be wary, look about. [*Exit* Nurse.
Jul. Then, Window, let Day in, and let Life out.
Rom. Farewel, farewel; one Kiss, and I'll descend.
[*Romeo* descends.
Jul. Art thou gone so? love! lord! ah husband! friend!
I must hear from thee ev'ry day in th' hour,
For in a minute there are many days.
O, by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my *Romeo.*
Rom. Farewel: I will omit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
Jul. O think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?
Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses, in our time to come.
Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul.——
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.
Rom. And trust me, love, in mine eye so do you:
Dry Sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu.
[*Exit* Romeo.
Jul. Oh fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle:

If

If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But ſend him back.

Enter lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Ho, daughter, are you up?

Jul. Who is't, that calls? is it my lady mother?
What unaccuſtom'd cauſe procures her hither?

La. Cap. Why, how now, *Juliet?*

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your couſin's death?
What, wilt thou waſh him from his Grave with tears?
An' if thou could'ſt, thou could'ſt not make him live;
Therefore, have done. Some Grief ſhews much of Love;
But much of Grief ſhews ſtill ſome want of Wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for ſuch a feeling loſs.

La. Cap. So ſhall you feel the Loſs, but not the Friend
Which you do weep for.

Jul. Feeling ſo the Loſs,
I cannot chuſe but ever weep the Friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'ſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the villain lives which ſlaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, Madam?

La. Cap. That ſame villain, *Romeo.*

Jul. Villain and he are many miles aſunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my Heart:
And, yet, No Man like He doth grieve my Heart.

La. Cap. That is, becauſe the Traytor lives.

Jul. I, Madam, from the Reach of theſe my hands:—
'Would, None but I might venge my Couſin's Death!

La. Cap. We will have Vengeance for it, fear Thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll ſend to one in *Mantua*,
Where That ſame baniſh'd Runagate doth live,
Shall give him ſuch an unaccuſtom'd Dram,
That he ſhall ſoon keep *Tybalt* Company.
And then, I hope, thou wilt be ſatisfy'd.

Jul.

Jul. Indeed, I never ſhall be ſatisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him —— dead ——
Is my poor heart ſo for a Kinſman vext.
Madam, if You could find out but a Man
To bear a poyſon, I would temper it;
That *Romeo* ſhould upon receipt thereof
Soon ſleep in Quiet. —— O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd, —— and cannot come to him ——
To wreak the Love I bore my ſlaughter'd Couſin,
Upon his body that hath ſlaughter'd him.

La. Cap. Find Thou the Means, and I'll find ſuch a Man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful Tidings, Girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in ſuch a needful time.
What are they, I beſeech your ladyſhip?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou haſt a careful father, child;
One, who, to put thee from thy heavineſs,
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of joy,
That thou expects not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is this?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next *Thurſday* morn,
The gallant, young and noble Gentleman,
The County *Paris*, at St. *Peter*'s church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by St. *Peter*'s church, and *Peter* too,
He ſhall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haſte, that I muſt wed
Ere he, that muſt be husband, comes to wooe.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, Madam,
I will not marry yet: and when I do,
It ſhall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate,
Rather than *Paris*. —— Theſe are news, indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father, tell him ſo your ſelf,
And ſee, how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet, *and Nurſe.*

Cap. When the Sun ſets, the Air doth drizzle Dew;
But for the Sunſet of my Brother's Son
It rains downright. ——

How

How now? a conduit, girl? what, ſtill in tears?
Evermore ſhow'ring? in one little body
Thou counterfeit'ſt a bark, a ſea, a wind;
For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the ſea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this ſalt flood: the winds thy ſighs,
Which, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a ſudden calm, will overſet
Thy tempeſt-toſſed body——How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, Sir; but ſhe will none, ſhe gives you thanks:

I would, the fool were married to her Grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.

How, will ſhe none? doth ſhe not give us thanks?
Is ſhe not proud, doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
Unworthy as ſhe is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have.

Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now! Chop Logick? What is This?

Proud! and I thank you! and I thank you not!
And yet not proud!—— Why, Miſtreſs Minion, You,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But ſettle your fine joints 'gainſt *Thurſday* next,
To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peter*'s church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-ſickneſs-carrion! Out, you baggage!
You Tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie, what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beſeech you on my knees,
Hear me with Patience, but to ſpeak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! diſobedient wretch!
I tell thee what, get thee to church o' *Thurſday*,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not anſwer me;

My

My fingers itch. Wife, we ſcarce thought us bleſt,
That God had ſent us but this only child;
But now I ſee this One is one too much,
And that we have a Curſe in having her:
Out on her, hilding! ———
Nurſe. God in heaven bleſs her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her ſo.
Cap. And why, my lady Wiſdom? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, ſmatter with your goſſips, go.
Nurſe. I ſpeak no treaſon—O, god-ye-good-den—
May not one ſpeak?
Cap. Peace, peace, you mumbling fool;
Utter your gravity o'er a goſſip's bowl,
For here we need it not.
La. Cap. You are too hot.
Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or ſleeping, ſtill my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demeaſns, youthful, and nobly allied,
Stuff'd, as they ſay, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wiſh a man:
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's Tender,
To anſwer, I'll not wed,—I cannot love,——
I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me——
But, if you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me;
Look to't, think on't, I do not uſe to jeſt.
Thurſday is near; lay hand on heart, adviſe;
If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend:
If you be not, hang, beg, ſtarve, die i'th' ſtreets;
For by my ſoul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall ever do thee good:
Truſt to't, bethink you, I'll not be forſworn. [*Exit.*
Jul. Is there no pity ſitting in the clouds,
That ſees into the bottom of my grief?
O, ſweet my mother, caſt me not away,

Delay

Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where *Tybalt* lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not ſpeak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*

Jul. O God! O Nurſe, how ſhall this be prevented?
My Husband is on Earth; my Faith in Heav'n;
How ſhall that Faith return again to Earth,
Unleſs that Husband ſend it me from Heav'n,
By leaving Earth! — Comfort me, counſel me.
Alack, alack, that heav'n ſhould practiſe ſtratagems
Upon ſo ſoft a ſubject as myſelf!
What ſay'ſt thou? haſt thou not a word of Joy?
Some Comfort, Nurſe. ———

Nurſe. Faith, here it is:
Romeo is baniſh'd; all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands, as now it doth,
I think it beſt, you married with the Count.
Oh, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a diſh-clout to him; an eagle, Madam,
Hath not ſo green, ſo quick, ſo fair an eye
As *Paris* hath. Beſhrew my very heart,
I think you happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt; or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here, and you no uſe of him.

Jul. Speak'ſt thou from thy heart?

Nurſe. And from my Soul too,
Or elſe beſhrew them both.

Jul. Amen.

Nurſe. What?

Jul. Well, thou haſt comforted me marvellous much;
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having diſpleas'd my father, to *Lawrence*' cell,
To make confeſſion, and to be abſolved.

Nurſe. Marry, I will; and this is wiſely done.
[*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient Damnation! O moſt wicked Fiend!

Is

Is it more ſin to wiſh me thus forſworn,
Or to diſpraiſe my lord with that ſame tongue
Which ſhe hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thouſand times? go, Counſellor, ——
Thou and my boſom henceforth ſhall be twain:
I'll to the Friar, to know his remedy:
If all elſe fail, myſelf have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *the* MONASTERY.

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Paris.

FRIAR.

ON *Thurſday*, Sir! the time is very ſhort.

Par. My father *Capulet* will have it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlow to ſlack his haſte.

Fri. You ſay, you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is this courſe, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately ſhe weeps for *Tybalt*'s death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of tears.
Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That ſhe ſhould give her ſorrow ſo much ſway:
And, in his wiſdom, haſtes our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herſelf alone,
May be put from her by ſociety.
Now do you know the reaſon of this haſte?

Fri. I would, I knew not why it ſhould be ſlow'd. [*Aſide.*
Look, Sir, here comes the lady tow'rds my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Welcome, my love, my lady and my wife!

Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, muſt be, Love, on *Thurſday* next.
Jul. What muſt be, ſhall be.
Fri. That's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this father?
Jul. To anſwer That, were to confeſs to you.
Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.
Jul. I will confeſs to you, that I love him.
Par. So will ye, I am ſure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do ſo, it will be of more price
Being ſpoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor ſoul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
Jul. The tears have got ſmall victory by that:
For it was bad enough before their ſpight.
Par. Thou wrong'ſt it, more than tears, with that report.
Jul. That is no ſlander, Sir, which is but truth,
And what I ſpeak, I ſpeak it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlander'd it.
Jul. It may be ſo, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leiſure, holy father, now,
Or ſhall I come to you at evening maſs?
Fri. My leiſure ſerves me, penſive daughter, now.
My lord, I muſt intreat the time alone.
Par. God ſhield, I ſhould diſturb devotion:
Juliet, on *Thurſday* early will I rowze you:
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiſs.
[*Exit* Paris.
Jul. Go, ſhut the door, and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weep with me, paſt hope, paſt cure, paſt help.
Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know thy grief,
It ſtrains me paſt the Compaſs of my Wits.
I hear, you muſt, and nothing may prorogue it,
On *Thurſday* next be married to this Count.
Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'ſt of this,
Unleſs thou tell me how I may prevent it.
If in thy wiſdom thou canſt give no help,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with this knife I'll help it preſently.
God join'd my heart and *Romeo*'s; thou, our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to *Romeo* ſeal'd,

Shall

Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this ſhall ſlay them both:
Therefore out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me ſome preſent counſel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extreams and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that,
Which the commiſſion of thy years and art
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring:
Be not ſo long to ſpeak; I long to die,
If what thou ſpeak'ſt ſpeak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter, I do 'ſpy a kind of hope,
Which craves as deſperate an execution,
As That is deſp'rate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County *Paris*,
Thou haſt the ſtrength of will to ſlay thyſelf,
Then it is likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this ſhame,
That cop'ſt with death himſelf, to 'ſcape from it:
And if thou dar'ſt, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,
From off the battlements of yonder tower:
Or chain me to ſome ſteepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears and ſavage lions roam;
Or ſhut me nightly in a charnel-houſe,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead mens' rattling bones,
With reeky ſhanks, and yellow chapleſs ſculls;
Or bid me go into a new-made Grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his ſhroud;
(Things, that to hear them nam'd, have made me tremble;)
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unſtain'd wife to my ſweet love.

Fri. Hold, then, go home, be merry, give conſent
To marry *Paris*; *Wedneſday* is to morrow;
To morrow Night, look, that thou lye alone.
(Let not thy Nurſe lye with thee in thy chamber;)
Take thou this vial, being then in Bed,
And this diſtilled liquor drink thou off;
When preſently through all thy veins ſhall run

A cold and drowſie humour, which ſhall ſeize
Each vital ſpirit; for no Pulſe ſhall keep
His nat'ral progreſs, but ſurceaſe to beat.
No warmth, no breath, ſhall teſtify thou liveſt;
The roſes in thy lips and cheeks ſhall fade
To paly aſhes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he ſhuts up the day of life;
Each Part, depriv'd of ſupple Government,
Shall ſtiff, and ſtark, and cold appear like Death:
And in this borrowed likeneſs of ſhrunk death
Thou ſhalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake, as from a pleaſant ſleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rowſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our Country is,
In thy beſt robes uncover'd on the bier,
Be borne to burial in thy kindred's Grave:
Thou ſhalt be borne to that ſame antient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lye.
In the mean time, againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift,
And hither ſhall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy Waking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua*;
And This ſhall free thee from this preſent Shame,
If no unconſtant toy, nor womaniſh fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, oh give me, tell me not of fear.
[*Taking the vial.*

Fri. Hold, get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous
In this Reſolve; I'll ſend a Friar with ſpeed
To *Mantua*, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me ſtrength, and ſtrength ſhall help afford.
Farewel, dear father! —— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, *Nurſe, and two or three Servants.*

Cap. SO many Gueſts invite, as here are writ;
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Ser. You ſhall have none ill, Sir, for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canſt thou try them ſo?

Ser. Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.
We ſhall be much unfurniſh'd for this time:
What, is my daughter gone to Friar *Lawrence?*

Nurſe. Ay, forſooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do ſome good on her:
A peeviſh ſelf-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurſe. See, where ſhe comes from Shrift with merry Look.

Cap. How now, my head-ſtrong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition
To You and your Beheſts; and am enjoin'd
By holy *Lawrence* to fall proſtrate here,
And beg your pardon: Pardon, I beſeech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County, go, tell him of this,
I'll have this knot knit up to morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at *Lawrence'* cell,
And gave him what becoming love I might,
Not ſtepping o'er the bounds of Modeſty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't, this is well, ſtand up;
This is as't ſhould be; let me ſee the County:
Ay, marry, go, I ſay, and fetch him hither.

Now, afore God, this reverend holy Friar, ——
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurſe, will you go with me into my cloſet,
To help me ſort ſuch needful ornaments
As you think fit to furniſh me to morrow?

La. Cap. No, not 'till *Thurſday*, there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurſe, go with her; we'll to Church to morrow. [*Exeunt* Juliet *and Nurſe.*

La. Cap. We ſhall be ſhort in our proviſion;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tuſh, I will ſtir about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to *Juliet*, help to deck up her,
I'll not to bed to night, let me alone:
I'll play the houſewife for this once.—What, ho!
They are all forth; well, I will walk my ſelf
To County *Paris*, to prepare him up
Againſt to morrow. My heart's wondrous light,
Since this ſame way-ward girl is ſo reclaim'd.
[*Exeunt* Capulet *and lady* Capulet.

SCENE *changes to* Juliet's *Chamber.*

Enter Juliet *and Nurſe.*

Jul. AY, thoſe attires are beſt; but, gentle nurſe,
I pray thee, leave me to my ſelf to night:
For I have need of many Oriſons
To move the heav'ns to ſmile upon my State,
Which, well thou know'ſt, is croſs, and full of Sin.

Enter lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you buſie, do you need my help?

Jul. No, Madam, we have cull'd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoveful for our ſtate to morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurſe this night ſit up with you:
For, I am ſure, you have your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſs.

La. Cap. Good night,

Get

Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need. [*Exeunt.*
Jul. Farewel —— God knows, when we ſhall meet again!
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almoſt freezes up the heat of life.
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurſe — what ſhould ſhe do here?
My diſmal ſcene I needs muſt act alone:
Come, vial — What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I of force be marry'd to the Count?
No, no, this ſhall forbid it; lye thou there ——
[*Pointing to a dagger.*
What if it be a poiſon, which the Friar
Subtly hath miniſtred, to have me dead,
Leſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonour'd,
Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo?*
I fear, it is; and yet, methinks, it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill been tried a holy man. —
How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Comes to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be ſtifled in the vault,
To whoſe foul mouth no healthſome air breathes in,
And there be ſtrangled ere my *Romeo* comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
(As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for theſe many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried Anceſtors are packt;
Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but green in earth,
Lies feſtring in his ſhroud; where, as they ſay,
At ſome hours in the night ſpirits reſort ——)
Alas, alas! is it not like, that I
So early waking, what with loathſome ſmells,
And ſhrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad. ——
Or, if I wake, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
(Invironed with all theſe hideous fears,)
And madly play with my fore-fathers' joints,

And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his ſhroud?
And in this rage, with ſome great kinſman's bone,
As with a club, daſh out my deſp'rate brains?
O look! methinks, I ſee my couſin's ghoſt
Seeking out *Romeo*, that did ſpit his Body
Upon a Rapier's Point.——Stay, *Tybalt*, ſtay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herſelf on the bed.*

SCENE *changes to* Capulet's *Hall.*

Enter Lady Capulet *and Nurſe.*

La. Cap. HOLD, take theſe keys and fetch more ſpices, nurſe.

Nurſe. They call for dates and quinces in the paſtry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir, the ſecond cock hath crow'd,
The curphew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:
Look to the bak'd Meats, good *Angelica*.
Spare not for Coſt.

Nurſe. Go, go, you cot-quean, go;
Get you to bed; faith, you'll be ſick to morrow,
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit: what, I have watch'd ere now
All night for a leſs cauſe, and ne'er been ſick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouſe-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you, from ſuch watching, now.

[*Exe. Lady* Capulet *and Nurſe.*

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood———
Now, fellow, what's there?

Enter three or four with ſpits, and logs, and baskets.

Ser. Things for the cook, Sir, but I know not what.

Cap. Make haſte, make haſte; Sirrah, fetch drier logs,
Call *Peter*, he will ſhew thee where they are.

Ser. I have a head, Sir, that will find out logs,

And

And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Cap. 'Mafs, and well faid, a merry horfon, ha!
Thou fhalt be logger-head. — good faith, 'tis day.
[*Play muſick.*
The County will be here with muſick ſtraight,
For ſo, he ſaid, he would. I hear him near.
Nurſe, — wife, — what, ho! what, nurſe, I ſay?

Enter Nurſe.

Go, waken *Juliet*, go and trim her up,
I'll go and chat with *Paris:* hie, make haſte,
Make haſte, the Bride-groom he is come already;
Make haſte, I ſay. [*Ex.* Capulet *and Nurſe, ſeverally.*

SCENE *changes to* Juliet's *Chamber*, Juliet *on a bed.*

Re-enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. MIſtreſs, — what, miſtreſs! *Juliet* — Faſt, I warrant her,
Why, lamb — why, lady — Fie, you ſlug-a bed ——
Why, love, I ſay — Madam, ſweet-heart — why, bride —
What, not a word! you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County *Paris* hath ſet up his Reſt,
That you ſhall reſt but little — God forgive me ——
Marry, and amen! —— How ſound is ſhe aſleep?
I muſt needs wake her: Madam, madam, madam,
Ay, let the County take you in your bed ——
He'll fright you up, i'faith. Will it not be?
What dreſt, and in your cloaths —— and down again!
I muſt needs wake you: Lady, lady, lady ——
Alas! alas! help! help! my lady's dead.
O well-a-day, that ever I was born!
Some *Aqua vitæ*, ho! my lord, my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noiſe is here?
Nurſe. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What's the matter?

Nurſe. Look, ——— oh heavy day!

La. Cap. Oh me, oh me, my child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee;
Help, help! call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For ſhame, bring *Juliet* forth; her lord is come.

Nurſe. She's dead, deceas'd, ſhe's dead: alack the day!

Cap. Ha! let me ſee her — Out, alas! ſhe's cold;
Her blood is ſettled, and her joints are ſtiff;
Life and theſe lips have long been ſeparated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely froſt
Upon the ſweeteſt flow'r of all the field.
Accurſed time! unfortunate old man!

Nurſe. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woeful Time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Tyes up my Tongue, and will not let me ſpeak.

Enter Friar Lawrence, *and* Paris *with Muſicians.*

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.
O ſon, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife: ſee, there ſhe lies,
Flower as ſhe was, deflower'd now by him:
Death is my ſon-in-law. ———

Par. Have I thought long to ſee this morning's face,
And doth it give me ſuch a ſight as this!

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Moſt miſerable hour, that Time e'er ſaw
In laſting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and ſolace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my ſight.

Nurſe. O woe! oh woful, woful, woful day!
Moſt lamentable day! moſt woful day!
That ever, ever, I did yet behold.
Oh day! oh day! oh day! oh hateful day!

Never

Never was seen so black a day as this:
Oh woful day, oh woful day!
Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spighted, slain,
Most detestable Death, by Thee beguil'd,
By cruel, cruel Thee quite over-thrown: ——
O Love, O Life, not Life, but Love in Death! ——
Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd,
Uncomfortable Time! why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our Solemnity?
O Child! O Child! My Soul, and not my Child!
Dead art Thou! dead; alack! my Child is dead;
And, with my Child, my Joys are buried.
Fri. Peace, ho, for Shame! Confusion's Cure lives not (13)
In these Confusions: Heaven and Yourself
Had Part in this fair Maid; now Heav'n hath All;
And All the better is it for the Maid.
Your Part in her you could not keep from Death;
But Heav'n keeps his Part in eternal Life.
The most, you sought, was her Promotion;
For 'twas your Heaven, she should be advanc'd:
And weep you now, seeing she is advanc'd,

(13) *Peace ho for Shame*, confusions: Care *lives not in these Confusions*,] This Speech, tho' it contains good Christian Doctrine, tho' it is perfectly in Character for the Friar, and not the most despicable for its Poetry, Mr. *Pope* has curtail'd to little or nothing, because it has not the Sanction of the first old Copy. By the same Rule, had he pursued it throughout, we might have lost some of the finest additional Strokes in the two Parts of K. *Henry* IV. But there was another Reason, I suspect, for curtailing: Certain Corruptions flatted, which should have requir'd the *indulging* his *private Sense* to make them intelligible, and this was an unreasonable Labour. As I have reform'd the Passage above quoted, I dare warrant, I have restor'd our Poet's Text; and a fine sensible Reproof it contains against immoderate Grief: for the Friar begins with telling them, that the Cure of those Confusions, into which the melancholy Accident had thrown 'em, did not live in the confus'd and inordinate Exclamations which they express'd on that Account.

Above

Above the Clouds, as high as Heav'n himſelf?
Oh, in this Love you love your Child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing, that ſhe is well.
She's not well married, that lives married long;
But ſhe's beſt married, that dyes married young.
Dry up your Tears, and ſtick your Roſemary
On this fair Coarſe; and, as the Cuſtom is,
And in her beſt Array, bear her to Church.
For tho' fond Nature bids us all lament, (14)
Yet Nature's Tears are Reaſon's Merriment.

Cap. All Things, that we ordained feſtival,
Turn from their Office to black Funeral;
Our Inſtruments to melancholy Bells,
Our wedding Chear to a ſad Funeral Feaſt;
Our ſolemn Hymns to ſullen Dirges change,
Our bridal Flow'rs ſerve for a buried Coarſe;
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in, and, Madam, go with him;
And go, Sir *Paris*; ev'ry one prepare
To follow this fair Coarſe unto her Grave.
The Heav'ns do low'r upon you, for ſome Ill;
Move them no more, by croſſing their high Will.

[*Exeunt* Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, Paris, *and* Friar.

Manent Muſicians, and Nurſe.

Muſ. Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nurſe. Honeſt good fellows: ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful caſe.

[*Exit Nurſe.*

Muſ. Ay, by my troth, the caſe may be amended.

(14) *For tho'* ſome *Nature bids us all lament,*] *Some* Nature? Sure, it is the *general* Rule of Nature, or ſhe could not bid us *all* lament. I have ventur'd to ſubſtitute an Epithet, which, I ſuſpect, was loſt in the idle, corrupted Word, *Some*; and which admirably quadrates with the Verſe ſucceeding this; that tho' the Fondneſs of Nature lay ſuch an Injunction upon us, yet that Reaſon does but mock our unavailing Sorrow.

Enter

Enter Peter.

Pet. Muſicians, oh muſicians, *heart's eaſe, heart's eaſe:*
Oh, an you will have me live, play *heart's eaſe.*

Muſ. Why, *heart's eaſe.*

Pet. O muſicians, becauſe my heart it ſelf plays, *my heart it ſelf is full of woe.* O, play me ſome merry dump, to comfort me!

Muſ. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Muſ. No.

Pet. I will then give it you ſoundly.

Muſ. What will you give us?

Pet. No mony, on my faith, but the gleek: I will give you the Minſtrell.

Muſ. Then will I give you the Serving Creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the Serving Creature's Dagger on your Pate. I will carry no Crotchets. I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you, do you note me?

Muſ. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Muſ.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit: I will dry-beat you with an iron Wit, and put up my iron dagger: — anſwer me like men:

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
Then muſic with her ſilver ſound ———

Why, *ſilver ſound?* why, *muſick with her ſilver ſound?* What ſay you, *Simon Catling?*

Muſ. Marry, Sir, becauſe ſilver hath a ſweet ſound.

Pet. Pretty! what ſay you, *Hugh Rebeck?*

2 *Muſ.* I ſay, ſilver ſound, becauſe muſicians ſound for ſilver.

Pet. Pretty too! what ſay you, *Samuel Sound-board?*

3 *Muſ.* Faith, I know not what to ſay.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy, you are the *ſinger*, I will *ſay* for you. It is muſick with her ſilver ſound, becauſe ſuch fellows, as you, have no gold for ſounding.

The muſick with her ſilver ſound
Doth lend redreſs. [*Exit ſinging.*

Muſ. What a peſtilent knave is this ſame?

2 *Muſ.* Hang him, *Jack*; come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and ſtay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *in* MANTUA.

Enter ROMEO.

IF I may truſt the flattering Truth of ſleep,
My dreams preſage ſome joyful news at hand:
My boſom's Lord ſits lightly on his Throne,
And, all this day, an unaccuſtom'd ſpirit
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an Emperor.
Ah me! how ſweet is love itſelf poſſeſt,
When but love's ſhadows are ſo rich in joy?

Enter Balthaſar.

News from *Verona* —— How now, *Balthaſar?*
Doſt thou not bring me letters from the Friar?
How doth my lady? is my father well?
How doth my *Juliet?* That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if ſhe be well.

Balth. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body ſleeps in *Capulets'* monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives:
I ſaw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And preſently took poſt to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing theſe ill news,
Since you did leave it for my Office, Sir.

Rom. Is it even ſo? then I defy you, Stars!
Thou know'ſt my lodging, get me ink and paper,
And hire poſt-horſes. I will hence to night.

Balth.

Balth. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not leave you thus.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some miſadventure.
Rom. Tuſh, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Haſt thou no letters to me from the Friar?
Balth. No, my good lord.
Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire thoſe horſes; I'll be with thee ſtraight.
[*Exit* Balthaſar.
Well, *Juliet*, I will lye with thee to night;
Let's ſee for means —— O miſchief! thou art ſwift
To enter in the thought of deſperate men!
I do remember an Apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of ſimples; meager were his looks;
Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy ſhop a tortoiſe hung,
An alligator ſtuft, and other skins
Of ill-ſhap'd fiſhes; about his ſhelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes;
Green earthen pots, bladders, and muſty ſeeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roſes
Were thinly ſcatter'd to make up a ſhow.
Noting this penury, to myſelf, I ſaid,
An if a man did need a poiſon now,
Whoſe ſale is preſent death in *Mantua*,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would ſell it him.
Oh, this ſame thought did but fore-run my need,
And this ſame needy man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember, this ſhould be the houſe.
Being holy-day, the beggar's ſhop is ſhut:
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls ſo loud?
Rom. Come hither, man; I ſee that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poiſon, ſuch ſoon-ſpeeding geer,

As will diſperſe itſelf thro' all the veins,
That the life-weary Taker may fall dead;
And that the Trunk may be diſcharg'd of breath,
As violently, as haſty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but *Mantua*'s law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou ſo bare and full of wretchedneſs,
And fear'ſt to die? famine is in thy cheeks;
Need and oppreſſion ſtare within thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back:
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich,
Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, conſents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and if you had the ſtrength
Of twenty men, it would diſpatch you ſtraight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worſe poiſon to mens ſouls,
Doing more murders in this loathſom world,
Than theſe poor compounds that thou may'ſt not ſell:
I ſell thee poiſon, thou haſt ſold me none. ——
Farewel, buy food, and get thee into fleſh.
Come, cordial, and not poiſon; go with me
To *Juliet*'s grave, for there muſt I uſe thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Monaſtery at* Verona.

Enter Friar John.

John. HOLY *Franciſcan* Friar! brother! ho!

Enter Friar Lawrence *to him.*

Law. This ſame ſhould be the voice of Friar *John.*—
Welcome from *Mantua*; what ſays *Romeo?*
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our Order, to aſſociate me,
Here in this city viſiting the ſick;

And

And finding him, the Searchers of the town,
Suſpecting that we Both were in a houſe
Where the infectious peſtilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my ſpeed to *Mantua* there was ſtaid.
Law. Who bore my letter then to *Romeo?*
John. I could not ſend it; here it is again;
Nor get a Meſſenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.
Law. Unhappy fortune! by my Brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar *John*, go hence,
Get me an iron Crow, and bring it ſtraight
Unto my cell.
John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*
Law. Now muſt I to the Monument alone;
Within theſe three hours will fair *Juliet* wake;
She will beſhrew me much, that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of theſe accidents:
But I will write again to *Mantua*,
And keep her at my cell 'till *Romeo* come.
Poor living coarſe, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Church-yard: In it, a Monument belonging to the* Capulets.

Enter Paris, *and his Page, with a light.*

Par. GIVE me thy torch, boy; hence and ſtand aloof.
Yet put it out, for I would not be ſeen:
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Laying thy ear cloſe to the hollow ground;
So ſhall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being looſe, unfirm, with digging up of Graves)
But thou ſhalt hear it: whiſtle then to me,
As ſignal that thou hear'ſt ſomething approach.
Give me thoſe flow'rs. Do as I bid thee; go.

Page.

Page. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone
Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure. [*Exit.*
Par. Sweet flow'r! with flow'rs thy bridal bed I ſtrew:
[*Strewing flowers.*
Fair *Juliet*, that with angels doſt remain,
Accept this lateſt favour at my hand;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With fun'ral obſequies adorn thy tomb. [*The boy whiſtles.*
—The boy gives warning, ſomething doth approach; —
What curſed foot wanders this way to night,
To croſs my Obſequies, and true love's rite?
What! with a torch? muffle me, night, a while.

Enter Romeo *and* Balthaſar *with a light.* (15)

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter, early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light; upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'ſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I muſt uſe
In dear employment; therefore, hence, be gone:

(15) *Enter* Romeo *and* Peter *with a Light.*] But *Peter* was a Servant of the *Capulets:* beſides, he brings the Mattock and Crow to wrench open *Juliet*'s Grave, an Office hardly to be intruſted with a Servant of that Family. We find a little above, at the very beginning of this Act, *Balthaſar* is the Perſon who brings *Romeo* the News of his Bride's Death: and yet, at the Cloſe of the Play, *Peter* takes upon him to depoſe that He brought thoſe Tidings. *Utri creditis,* Quirites? ------ In ſhort, We heard *Balthaſar* deliver the Meſſage; and therefore *Peter* is a lying Evidence, ſuborn'd by the blundering Editors. We muſt therefore caſhier him, and put *Balthaſar* on his proper Duty. The Source of this Error ſeems eaſy to be accounted for; *Peter*'s Character ending in the fourth Act, 'tis very probable the ſame Perſon might play *Balthaſar*, and ſo be quoted on in the Prompter's Book as *Peter.*

But

But if thou, jealous, doſt return to pry
In what I further ſhall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And ſtrew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs;
The time and my intents are ſavage, wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tygers, or the roaring ſea.
Balth. I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.
Rom. So ſhalt thou ſhew me Friendſhip. —— Take thou that;
Live and be proſp'rous, and farewel, good fellow.
Balth. For all this ſame, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Exit* Balth.
Rom. Thou deteſtable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt morſel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Breaking open the Monument.*
And in deſpight I'll cram thee with more food.
Par. This is that baniſht haughty *Montague*,
That murther'd my love's couſin; (with which grief,
It is ſuppoſed, the fair Creature dy'd,)
And here is come to do ſome villanous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile *Montague:*
Can vengeance be purſu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee;
Obey, and go with me, for thou muſt die.
Rom. I muſt, indeed, and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a deſp'rate man;
Fly hence and leave me: think upon theſe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee, youth,
Pull not another ſin upon my head,
By urging me to fury. Oh be gone!
By heav'n, I love thee better than myſelf;
For I come hither arm'd againſt myſelf.
Stay not, begone; live, and hereafter ſay,
A madman's Mercy bade thee run away.
Par. I do defie thy commiſeration,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.
[*They fight,* Paris *falls.*
Page. Oh lord, they fight! I will go call the Watch.
Par. Oh, I am ſlain; if thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with *Juliet.* [*Dies.*
Rom. In faith, I will: let me peruſe this face——
Mercutio's kinſman! Noble County *Paris!*
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, *Paris* ſhould have married *Juliet.*
Said he not ſo? or did I dream it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of *Juliet,*
To think it was ſo? Oh give me thy hand,
One writ with me in ſour Misfortune's book,
I'll bury thee in a triumphant Grave.
A Grave? O, no; a Lanthorn, ſlaughter'd Youth;
For here lyes *Juliet*; and her beauty makes
This vault a feaſting Preſence full of Light.
Death, lye thou there, by a dead man interr'd:——
[*Laying* Paris *in the Monument.*
How oft, when Men are at the point of Death,
Have they been merry? which their Keepers call
A Lightning before Death. —— O, how may I
Call this a Lightning! —— Oh my love, my wife!
Death, that hath ſuckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's enſign yet
Is crimſon in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, ly'ſt thou there in thy bloody ſheet?
Oh, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand, that cut thy youth in twain,
To ſunder his, that was thy enemy?
Forgive me, couſin. —— Ah dear *Juliet.*
Why art thou yet ſo fair? ſhall I believe
That unſubſtantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monſter keeps
Thee here in dark, to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I ſtill will ſtay with thee;

And

And never from this Palace of dim night (16)
Depart again: Here, here will I remain,
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; oh here
Will I ſet up my everlaſting Reſt;
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtars
From this world-weary'd fleſh. Eyes, look your laſt!
Arms, take your laſt embrace! and lips, oh you
The doors of breath, ſeal with a righteous kiſs
A dateleſs bargain to engroſſing death!
Come, bitter conduct! come unſav'ry guide!
Thou deſp'rate pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing rocks my ſea-ſick, weary, bark:
Here's to my love! oh, true apothecary!
[*Drinks the poiſon.*
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiſs I die. [*Dies.*

(16) *And never from this Palace of dim night*
Depart again. (Come, lye Thou in my Arms;
Here's to thy Health. O true Apothecary!
Thy Drugs are quick)] Mr. *Pope*'s, and ſome other of the worſer, Editions acknowledge abſurdly the Lines which I have put into *Parentheſis* here; and which I have expung'd from the Text, for this Reaſon: *Romeo* is made to confeſs the Effect of the Poiſon, before ever he has taſted it. I ſuppoſe, it hardly was ſo ſavoury that the Patient ſhould chooſe to make two Draughts of it. And, eight Lines after theſe, we find him taking the Poiſon in his Hands and making an *Apoſtrophe* to it; inviting it to perform its Office at once; and then, and not 'till then, does he clap it to his Lips, or can with any Probability ſpeak of its inſtant Force and Effects. Beſides, *Shakeſpeare* would hardly have made *Romeo* drink to the *Health* of his *dead* Miſtreſs. Tho' the firſt *Quarto* in 1599, and the two old *Folio*'s acknowledge this abſurd Stuff, I find it left out in ſeveral latter *Quarto* Impreſſions. I ought to take notice, that tho' Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to ſtick to the old Copies in this Addition, yet he is no fair Tranſcriber; for he has ſunk upon us an Hemiſtich of moſt profound Abſurdity, which poſſeſſes all thoſe Copies.

——— *Come, lye thou in my Arms;*
Here's to thy Health, where-e'er thou tumbleſt in.
O true Apothecary! &c.

Enter

Enter Friar Lawrence *with lanthorn, crow, and ſpade.*

Fri. St. *Francis* be my ſpeed! how oft to night
Have my old feet ſtumbled at graves? who's there?

Enter Balthaſar.

Balth. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. Bliſs be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſs ſculls? as I diſcern,
It burneth in the *Capulets'* Monument.

Balth. It doth ſo, holy Sir,
And there's my maſter, one you dearly love.

Fri. Who is it?

Balth. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Balth. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Balth. I dare not, Sir.
My maſter knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did ſtay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone; fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear ſome ill unlucky thing.

Balth. As I did ſleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt, my maſter and another fought,
And that my maſter ſlew him.

Fri. Romeo!
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which ſtains
The ſtony entrance of this ſepulchre?
What mean theſe maſterleſs and goary ſwords,
To lye diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo! oh pale! who elſe? what *Paris* too?
And ſteep'd in blood? ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?
The lady ſtirs.

Jul. [*awaking.*] Oh comfortable Friar, where is my lord?
I do remember well, where I ſhould be;

And

And there I am; but where is *Romeo?*

Fri. I hear ſome noiſe! Lady, come from that neſt
Of death, contagion, and unnatural ſleep;
A greater Power, than we can contradict,
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away;
Thy husband in thy boſom there lyes dead,
And *Paris* too —— Come, I'll diſpoſe of thee
Among a ſiſterhood of holy Nuns:
Stay not to queſtion, for the Watch is coming.
Come, go, good *Juliet*; I dare no longer ſtay. [*Exit.*

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poiſon, I ſee, hath been his timeleſs end.
Oh churl, drink all, and leave no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiſs thy lips;
Haply, ſome poiſon yet doth hang on them;
To make me dye with a Reſtorative.
Thy lips are warm.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead, boy, which way?

Jul. Yea, noiſe?
Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!
[*Finding a dagger.*
This is thy ſheath, there ruſt and let me die.
[*Kills herſelf.*

Boy. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

Watch. The ground is bloody. Search about the church-yard;
Go, ſome of you, whom e'er you find, attach.
Pitiful ſight! here lyes the County ſlain,
And *Juliet* bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain theſe two days buried.
Go, tell the Prince, run to the *Capulets*,
Raiſe up the *Montagues*; Some others, ſearch ——
We ſee the Ground whereon theſe Woes do lye:
But the true ground of all theſe piteous Woes
We cannot without Circumſtance deſcry.

Enter

Enter ſome of the Watch, with Balthaſar.

2 *Watch.* Here's *Romeo*'s man, we found him in the church-yard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in ſafety, 'till the Prince comes hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar Lawrence.

3 *Watch.* Here is a Friar that trembles, ſighs and weeps:
We took this mattock and this ſpade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard ſide.

1 *Watch.* A great ſuſpicion: ſtay the Friar too.

Enter the Prince, and attendants.

Prince. What miſadventure is ſo early up,
That calls our perſon from our morning's Reſt?

Enter Capulet *and lady* Capulet.

Cap. What ſhould it be, that they ſo ſhriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the ſtreet cry, *Romeo*;
Some, *Juliet*; and ſome, *Paris*; and all run
With open out-cry tow'rd our Monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which ſtartles in your ears?

Watch. Sovereign, here lyes the County *Paris* ſlain,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* (dead before)
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, ſeek, and know, how this foul murther comes.

Watch. Here is a Friar, and ſlaughter'd *Romeo*'s man,
With inſtruments upon them, fit to open
Theſe dead mens tombs.

Cap. Oh, heav'n! oh, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath miſta'en; for, loe! the ſheath
Lies empty on the back of *Montague*,
The point miſ-ſheathed in my daughter's boſom.

La. Cap. Oh me, this ſight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a ſepulchre.

Enter

Enter Montague.

Prince. Come, *Montague*, for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir now early down.
Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopt her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?
Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.
Mon. Oh, thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a Grave?
Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
'Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then I will be General of your woes,
And lead you ev'n to Death. Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.
Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected; as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murther;
And here I stand both to impeach and purge
My self condemned, and my self excus'd.
Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.
Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that *Juliet*;
And she, there dead, that *Romeo*'s faithful wife:
I married them; and their stoln marriage-day
Was *Tybalt*'s dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for *Tybalt*, *Juliet* pined.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce
To County *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage;
Or, in my Cell, there would she kill her self.
Then gave I her (so tutor'd by my art)
A sleeping potion, which so took effect

As I intended; for it wrought on her
The form of death. Mean time I writ to *Romeo*,
That he should hither come, as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrowed Grave;
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar *John*,
Was staid by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back; then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her awaking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's Vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my Cell,
'Till I conveniently could send to *Romeo*.
But when I came, (some minute ere the time
Of her awaking) here untimely lay
The noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I intreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heav'n with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she, too desp'rate, would not go with me:
But, as it seems, did violence on her self.
All this I know, and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy; but if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before the time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for an holy man.
Where's *Romeo*'s man? what can he say to this?

Balth. I brought my master news of *Juliet*'s death,
And then in post he came from *Mantua*
To this same place, to this same Monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threatned me with death, going to the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
Where is the County's page, that rais'd the Watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's Grave,
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And, by and by, my master drew on him;

And

And then I ran away to call the Watch.
Prince. This letter doth make good the Friar's words,
Their courſe of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes, that he did buy a poiſon
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lye with *Juliet.*
Where be theſe enemies? *Capulet! Montague!*
See, what a ſcourge is laid upon your hate,
That heav'n finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your diſcords too,
Have loſt a brace of kinſmen: all are puniſh'd!
Cap. O brother *Montague*, give me thy hand,
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
Can I demand.
Mon. But I can give thee more,
For I will raiſe her Statue in pure gold;
That, while *Verona* by that name is known,
There ſhall no figure at that rate be ſet,
As that of true and faithful *Juliet.*
Cap. As rich ſhall *Romeo*'s by his lady lye;
Poor ſacrifices of our enmity!
Prince. A gloomy Peace this morning with it brings,
The Sun for Sorrow will not ſhew his head;
Go hence to have more talk of theſe ſad things;
Some ſhall be pardon'd, and ſome puniſhed.
For never was a ſtory of more woe,
Than this of *Juliet*, and her *Romeo.* [*Exeunt omnes.*

Hgravelot in Vol: 8. P: 101. G Vander Gucht Scul

HAMLET,

Prince of DENMARK.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

CLAUDIUS, *King of* Denmark.
Fortinbras, *Prince of* Norway.
Hamlet, *Son to the former, and Nephew to the preſent, King.*
Polonius, *Lord Chamberlain.*
Horatio, *Friend to* Hamlet.
Laertes, *Son to* Polonius.
Voltimand, Cornelius, Roſencrantz, Guildenſtern, } *Courtiers.*
Oſrick, *a Fop.*
Marcellus, *an Officer.*
Bernardo, Franciſco, } *two Soldiers.*
Reynoldo, *Servant to* Polonius.
Ghoſt of Hamlet's *Father.*

Gertrude, *Queen of* Denmark, *and Mother to* Hamlet.
Ophelia, *Daughter to* Polonius, *belov'd by* Hamlet.
Ladies attending on the Queen.

Players, Grave-makers, Sailors, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *ELSINOOR.*

HAMLET, Prince *of* DENMARK.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Platform before the Palace.*

Enter Bernardo *and* Franciſco, *two Centinels.*

BERNARDO.

WHO's there?

Fran. Nay, anſwer me: ſtand, and unfold your ſelf.

Ber. Long live the King!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come moſt carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now ſtruck twelve; get thee to bed, *Franciſco.*

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold, And I am ſick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a mouſe ſtirring.

Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,
The rivals of my Watch, bid them make haſte.

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Fran. I think, I hear them. Stand, ho! who is there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liege-men to the *Dane*.
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. Oh, farewel, honeſt ſoldier; who hath reliev'd you?
Fran. *Bernardo* has my place: give you good night.
[*Exit* Franciſco.
Mar. Holla! *Bernardo*,———
Ber. Say, what, is *Horatio* there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, *Horatio*; welcome, good *Marcellus*.
Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to night?
Ber. I have ſeen nothing.
Mar. *Horatio* ſays, 'tis but our phantaſie;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded ſight, twice ſeen of us;
Therefore I have intreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night;
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and ſpeak to it.
Hor. Tuſh! tuſh! 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down a while,
And let us once again aſſail your ears,
That are ſo fortified againſt our ſtory,
What we have two nights ſeen.
Hor. Well, ſit we down,
And let us hear *Bernardo* ſpeak of this.
Ber. Laſt night of all,
When yon ſame Star, that's weſtward from the Pole,
Had made his courſe t'illume that part of heav'n
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and my ſelf,
The bell then beating one,———
Mar. Peace, break thee off:

Enter

Enter the Ghoſt.

Look, where it comes again.

Ber. In the ſame figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a ſcholar, ſpeak to it, *Horatio.*

Ber. Looks it not like the King? mark it, *Horatio.*

Hor. Moſt like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be ſpoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, *Horatio.*

Hor. What art thou, that uſurp'ſt this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the Majeſty of buried *Denmark*
Did ſometime march? by Heav'n, I charge thee, ſpeak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it ſtalks away.

Hor. Stay; ſpeak; I charge thee, ſpeak. [*Ex. Ghoſt.*

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not anſwer.

Ber. How now, *Horatio?* you tremble and look pale.
Is not this ſomething more than phantaſie?
What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the ſenſible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy ſelf.
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he th' ambitious *Norway* combated:
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He ſmote the ſleaded *Polack* on the ice.
'Tis ſtrange ———

Mar. Thus twice before, and juſt at this dead hour,
With martial ſtalk, he hath gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But, in the groſs and ſcope of my opinion,
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to our State.

Mar. Good now ſit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſervant Watch
So nightly toils the Subjects of the Land?
And why ſuch daily caſt of brazen Cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?

Why ſuch impreſs of ſhipwrights, whoſe ſore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this ſweaty haſte
Doth make the night joint labourer with the day:
Who is't, that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;
At leaſt, the whiſper goes ſo. Our laſt King,
Whoſe image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
(Thereto prickt on by a moſt emulate pride)
Dar'd to the fight: In which, our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For ſo this ſide of our known world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbras*: who by ſeal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his life) all thoſe his Lands,
Which he ſtood ſeiz'd of, to the Conqueror:
Againſt the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our King; which had Return
To the inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he been vanquiſher; as by that cov'nant,
And carriage of the articles deſign'd,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now young *Fortinbras*,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway*, here and there,
Shark'd up a liſt of landleſs reſolutes,
For food and diet, to ſome enterprize
That hath a ſtomach in't: which is no other,
As it doth well appear unto our State,
But to recover of us by ſtrong hand,
And terms compulſative, thoſe foreſaid Lands
So by his father loſt: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The ſource of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this poſt-haſte and romage in the Land.

Ber. I think, it be no other, but even ſo:
Well may it ſort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch ſo like the King,
That was, and is, the queſtion of theſe wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the moſt high and palmy State of *Rome*,

A little

A little ere the mightieſt *Julius* fell,
The Graves ſtood tenantleſs; the ſheeted Dead
Did ſqueak and gibber in the *Roman* ſtreets;
Stars ſhone with trains of fire, Dews of blood fell;
Diſaſters veil'd the Sun; and the moiſt Star,
Upon whoſe influence *Neptune*'s Empire ſtands,
Was ſick almoſt to dooms-day with eclipſe.
And even the like precurſe of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding ſtill the fates,
And prologue to the omen'd Coming on, (1)
Have heav'n and earth together demonſtrated
Unto our climatures and country-men.

Enter Ghoſt again.

But ſoft, behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll croſs it, though it blaſt me. Stay, illuſion!
[*Spreading his Arms.*
If thou haſt any ſound, or uſe of voice,
Speak to me.
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do eaſe, and grace to me;
Speak to me.
If thou art privy to thy Country's fate,
Which, happily, Foreknowing may avoid,
Oh ſpeak! ———
Or, if thou haſt uphoorded in thy life
Extorted treaſure in the womb of earth, [*Cock crows.*
For which, they ſay, you Spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it. Stay, and ſpeak — Stop it, *Marcellus.*—
Mar. Shall I ſtrike at it with my partizan?
Hor. Do, if it will not ſtand.
Ber. 'Tis here ———
Hor. 'Tis here ———

(1) *And Prologue to the* Omen *coming on.*] But *Prologue* and *Omen* are merely ſynonymous here, and muſt ſignify one and the ſame Thing. But the Poet means, that theſe ſtrange *Phænomena* are Prologues, and Forerunners, of the Events *preſag'd* by them: And ſuch Senſe the ſlight Alteration, which I have ventur'd to make by a ſingle Letter added, very aptly gives.

Mar.

Mar. 'Tis gone. [*Exit Ghoſt.*
We do it wrong, being ſo majeſtical,
To offer it the ſhew of violence;
For it is as the air, invulnerable;
And our vain blows, malicious mockery.
Ber. It was about to ſpeak, when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it ſtarted like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful Summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding throat
Awake the God of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring Spirit hies
To his Confine: And of the truth herein
This preſent object made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some ſay, that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of Dawning ſingeth all night long:
And then, they ſay, no Spirit walks abroad;
The nights are wholeſome, then no planets ſtrike,
No Fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and ſo gracious is the time.
Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look, the morn, in ruſſet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eaſtern hill;
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have ſeen to night
Unto young *Hamlet*. For, upon my life,
This Spirit, dumb to us, will ſpeak to him:
Do you conſent, we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?
Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we ſhall find him moſt conveniently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter Claudius *King of* Denmark, Gertrude *the Queen*, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, *Lords and Attendants.*

King. THough yet of *Hamlet* our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it fitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole Kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet ſo far hath Diſcretion fought with Nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of our ſelves.
Therefore our ſometime ſiſter, now our Queen,
Th' imperial Jointreſs of this warlike State,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
With one auſpicious, and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal ſcale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife. —— Nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wiſdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along: (for all, our thanks.)
Now follows, that you know, young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weak ſuppoſal of our worth;
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our State to be disjoint and out of frame;
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to peſter us with meſſage,
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe Lands
Loſt by his father, by all bands of law,
To our moſt valiant brother.—So much for him.—
Now for our ſelf, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the buſineſs is. We have here writ
To *Norway*, uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
(Who, impotent and bed-rid, ſcarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpoſe,) to ſuppreſs
His further gate herein; in that the Levies,
The Liſts, and full Proportions are all made

Out

Out of his Subjects: and we here dispatch
You, good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltimand*,
For bearers of this Greeting to old *Norway*;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the King, more than the scope
Which these dilated articles allow.
Farewel, and let your haste commend your duty.

Vol. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewel.
[*Exeunt* Voltimand *and* Cornelius.
And now, *Laertes*, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit. What is't, *Laertes?*
You cannot speak of Reason to the *Dane*,
And lose your voice. What would'st thou beg, *Laertes*,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the Throne of *Denmark* to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, *Laertes?*

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to *France*;
From whence, though willingly I came to *Denmark*
To shew my duty in your Coronation;
Yet now I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again tow'rd *France*:
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? what says *Polonius?*

Pol. He hath, my lord, by labourſome petition,
Wrung from me my slow leave; and, at the last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent.
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, *Laertes*, time be thine; (2) And

(2) *Take thy fair hour*, Laertes, *time be thine,*
And thy fair Graces; ſpend it at thy Will.] This is the Pointing in both Mr. *Pope*'s Editions: but the Poet's Meaning is lost by it, and the Close of the Sentence miserably flatten'd. The Pointing, I have restor'd, is that of the best Copies; and the

And thy beſt Graces ſpend it at thy will.
But now, my couſin *Hamlet*, and my ſon ——
Ham. A little more than kin, and leſs than kind.
[*Aſide.*
King. How is it, that the clouds ſtill hang on you?
Ham. Not ſo, my lord, I am too much i'th' Sun.
Queen. Good *Hamlet*, caſt thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on *Denmark*.
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the duſt;
Thou know'ſt, 'tis common; all, that live, muſt die;
Paſſing through nature to eternity.
Ham. Ay, Madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why ſeems it ſo particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, Madam? nay, it is; I know not *ſeems*:
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor cuſtomary ſuits of ſolemn Black,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the viſage,
Together with all forms, moods, ſhews of grief,
That can denote me true truly. Theſe indeed *ſeem*,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have That within, which paſſeth ſhew:
Theſe, but the trappings, and the ſuits of woe.
King. 'Tis ſweet and commendable in your nature,
Hamlet,
To give theſe mourning duties to your father:
But you muſt know, your father loſt a father;
That father loſt, loſt, his; and the ſurviver bound
In filial obligation, for ſome term,
To do obſequious ſorrow. But to perſevere
In obſtinate condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubbornneſs, unmanly grief.
It ſhews a will moſt incorrect to heav'n,

the Senſe, this; "You have my Leave to go, *Laertes*; make "the faireſt Uſe you pleaſe of your Time, and ſpend it at your "Will with the faireſt Graces you are Maſter of."

A heart

A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient,
An underſtanding ſimple, and unſchool'd:
For, what we know muſt be, and is as common
As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſenſe,
Why ſhould we, in our peeviſh oppoſition,
Take it to heart? fie! 'tis a fault to heav'n,
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
To Reaſon moſt abſurd; whoſe common theam
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cry'd,
From the firſt coarſe, 'till he that died to day,
" This muſt be ſo." We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the moſt immediate to our Throne;
And with't no leſs nobility of love, (3)
Than that which deareſt father bears his ſon,
Do I impart tow'rd you. For your intent
In going back to ſchool to *Wittenberg*,
It is moſt retrograde to our deſire:
And we beſeech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeſt courtier, couſin, and our ſon.

Queen. Let not thy mother loſe her prayers, *Hamlet*:
I pr'ythee, ſtay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt obey you, Madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving, and a fair reply;
Be as our ſelf in *Denmark*. Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my heart, in grace whereof
No jocund Health, that *Denmark* drinks to day,
But the great Cannon to the clouds ſhall tell;
And the King's rowſe the heav'n ſhall bruit again,

(3) *And with no leſs Nobility of Love,*
Than that which deareſt Father bears his Son,
Do I impart towards you.] But what does the King *impart?* We want the Subſtantive govern'd of the Verb. The King had declar'd *Hamlet* his immediate Succeſſor; and with That Declaration, he muſt mean, he imparts to him as noble a Love, as ever fond Father tender'd to his own Son. I have ventur'd to make the Text conform with this Senſe.

Re ſpeak-

Re-ſpeaking earthly thunder. Come, away. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh, that this too-too-ſolid fleſh would melt,
Thaw, and reſolve itſelf into a dew!
Or that the Everlaſting had not fixt (4)
His canon 'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter! Oh God! oh God!
How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uſes of this world!
Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to ſeed; things rank, and groſs in nature,
Poſſeſs it meerly. That it ſhould come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not ſo much; not two;—
So excellent a King, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a Satyr: ſo loving to my mother, (5)

(4) *Or that the Everlaſting had not fix'd*
His Cannon *'gainſt Self-Slaughter!*] The Generality of the Editions read thus, as if the Poet's Thought were, Or *that the Almighty had not planted his* Artillery, *his* Reſentment, *or* Arms *of* Vengeance, *againſt Self-Murther.* But the Word, which I reſtor'd to the Text, (and which was eſpous'd by the accurate Mr. *Hughes*, who gave an Edition of this Play;) is the Poet's true Reading. i. e. *That he had not reſtrain'd Suicide by his* expreſs Law, *and* peremptory Prohibition. Miſtakes are perpetually made in the Old Editions of our Poet, betwixt thoſe two Words, *Cannon* and *Canon.*

(5) ——— *So loving to my Mother,*
That he permitted not *the Winds of Heav'n*
Viſit her Face too roughly.] This is a ſophiſticated Reading, copied from the Players in ſome of the modern Editions, for Want of Underſtanding the Poet, whoſe Text is corrupt in the Old Impreſſions: All of which that I have had the Fortune to ſee, concur in reading;

——— *So loving to my Mother,*
That he might not beteene *the Winds of Heav'n*
Viſit her Face too roughly.

Beteene is a Corruption without Doubt, but not ſo inveterate a one, but that, by the Change of a ſingle Letter, and the Separation of two Words miſtakenly jumbled together, I am verily perſuaded, I have retriev'd the Poet's Reading. —— *That he might not* let e'en *the Winds of Heav'n*, &c.

That

That he might not let e'en the winds of heav'n
Visit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!
Must I remember? ——why, she would hang on him,
As if Increase of Appetite had grown
By what it fed on; yet, within a month, ——
Let me not think—Frailty, thy name is Woman!
A little month! or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like *Niobe*, all tears—Why she, ev'n she,——
(O heav'n! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer ——) married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to *Hercules*. Within a month! ——
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes,
She married. — Oh, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to Good.
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, *and* Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!
Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio, — or I do forget myself?
Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you:
And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio?*
Marcellus!
Mar. My good lord ——
Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even, Sir.
But what, in faith, make you from *Wittenberg?*
Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.
Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it Truster of your own report
Against your self. I know, you are no truant;
But what is your affair in *Elsinoor?*
We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor.

Hor. My lord, I came to ſee your father's funeral,
Ham. I pr'ythee, do not mock me, fellow-ſtudent;
I think, it was to ſee my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*; the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage tables.
'Would, I had met my deareſt foe in heav'n,
Or ever I had ſeen that day, *Horatio!*
My father —— methinks, I ſee my father.
Hor. Oh where, my lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, *Horatio.*
Hor. I ſaw him once, he was a goodly King.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I ſhall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My lord, I think, I ſaw him yeſternight.
Ham. Saw! who? ——
Hor. My lord, the King your father.
Ham. The King my father!
Hor. Seaſon your admiration but a while,
With an attentive ear; till I deliver
Upon the witneſs of theſe gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had theſe gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
In the dead waſte and middle of the night,
Been thus encountred: A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap-à-pe*,
Appears before them, and with ſolemn march
Goes ſlow and ſtately by them; thrice he walk'd,
By their oppreſs'd and fear-ſurprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilſt they (diſtill'd
Almoſt to jelly with the act of fear)
Stand dumb, and ſpeak not to him. This to me
In dreadful ſecrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes. I knew your father:
Theſe hands are not more like.

Ham.

Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My lord, upon the Platform where we watcht.
Ham. Did you not ſpeak to it?
Hor. My lord, I did;
But anſwer made it none; yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did addreſs
It ſelf to motion, like as it would ſpeak:
But even then the morning-cock crew loud;
And at the ſound it ſhrunk in haſte away,
And vaniſht from our ſight.
Ham. 'Tis very ſtrange.
Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to night?
Both. We do, my lord.
Ham. Arm'd, ſay you?
Both. Arm'd, my lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Both. My lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then ſaw you not his face?
Hor. Oh, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.
Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A count'nance more in ſorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?
Hor. Moſt conſtantly.
Ham. I would, I had been there!
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like; ſtaid it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haſte might tell a hundred.
Both. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I ſaw't.
Ham. His beard was griſly?
Hor. It was, as I have ſeen it in his life,
A ſable ſilver'd.
Ham. I'll watch to night; perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor.

Hor. I warrant you, it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, tho' hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be treble in your silence still:
And whatsoever shall befall to night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: so, fare ye well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you.
All. Our duty to your Honour. [*Exeunt.*
Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewel.
My father's Spirit in arms! all is not well:
I doubt some foul play: 'would, the night were come!
'Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise
(Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them) to men's eyes.
[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in* Polonius's *House.*

Enter Laertes *and* Ophelia.

Laer. MY necessaries are imbark'd, farewel;
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And Convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.
Oph. Do you doubt That?
Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, tho' sweet, not lasting;
The perfume, and suppliance of a minute;
No more. ——
Oph. No more but so?
Laer. Think it no more:
For Nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this Temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul

Grows

Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no ſoil, nor cautel, doth beſmerch
The virtue of his will: but you muſt fear,
His Greatneſs weigh'd, his will is not his own:
For he himſelf is ſubject to his Birth;
He may not, as unvalued perſons do,
Carve for himſelf; for on his choice depends
The ſanctity and health of the whole State:
And therefore muſt his choice be circumſcrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he's head. Then, if he ſays, he loves you,
It fits your wiſdom ſo far to believe it,
As he in his peculiar act and place
May give his Saying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of *Denmark* goes withal.
Then weigh, what loſs your Honour may ſuſtain,
If with too credent ear you liſt his ſongs;
Or loſe your heart, or your chaſte treaſure open
To his unmaſter'd importunity.
Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear ſiſter;
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire.
The chariеſt maid is prodigal enough,
If ſhe unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itſelf 'ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes;
The canker galls the Infants of the Spring,
Too oft before their buttons be diſclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be wary then, beſt ſafety lies in fear;
Youth to itſelf rebels, though none elſe near.

Oph. I ſhall th' effects of this good leſſon keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as ſome ungracious paſtors do,
Shew me the ſteep and thorny way to heav'n;
Whilſt, like a puft and careleſs libertine,
Himſelf the primroſe path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own reed.

Laer. Oh, fear me not.

Enter

Enter Polonius.

I ſtay too long; — but here my father comes:
A double Bleſſing is a double grace;
Occaſion ſmiles upon a ſecond leave.
Pol. Yet here, *Laertes!* aboard, aboard for ſhame;
The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſail, (6)
And you are ſtaid for. There; ———
My Bleſſing with you;
[*Laying his hand on* Laertes's *head.*
And theſe few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou haſt, and their Adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy ſoul with hooks of ſteel:
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of Entrance to a quarrel: but being in,
Bear't that the oppoſed may beware of thee.
Give ev'ry Man thine ear; but few thy voice.
Take each man's cenſure; but reſerve thy judgment.

(6) *The Wind ſits in the Shoulder of your Sail, And you are ſtay'd for* there. *My Bleſſing*, &c.] *There*—— where? in the Shoulder of his Sail? For to That muſt this *local* Adverb relate, as 'tis ſituated. Beſides, it is a dragging idle Expletive, and ſeems of no Uſe but to ſupport the Meaſure of the Verſe. But when we come to point this Paſſage right, and to the Poet's Intention in it, we ſhall find it neither unneceſſary, nor improper, in its Place. In the Speech immediately preceding this, *Laertes* taxes himſelf for ſtaying too long; but ſeeing his Father approach, he is willing to ſtay for a ſecond Bleſſing, and kneels down to that end: *Polonius* accordingly lays his hand on his Head, and gives him the ſecond Bleſſing. The Manner, in which a Comic Actor behav'd upon this Occaſion, was ſure to raiſe a Laugh of Pleaſure in the Audience: And the oldeſt *Quarto's*, in the Pointing, are a Confirmation that thus the Poet intended it, and thus the Stage expreſs'd it.

Coſtly

Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſt in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in *France* of the beſt rank and ſtation
Are moſt ſelect and generous, chief in That.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For Loan oft loſes both itſelf and friend:
And Borrowing dulls the edge of Husbandry.
This above all; to thine own ſelf be true;
And it muſt follow, as the night the day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.
Farewel; my Bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee!

Laer. Moſt humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time inveſts you; go, your ſervants tend. (7)

Laer. Farewel, *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I have ſaid.

Oph. 'Tis in my mem'ry lockt,
And you your ſelf ſhall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewel. [*Exit* Laer.

Pol. What is't, *Ophelia*, he hath ſaid to you?

Oph. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the lord *Hamlet*.

Pol. Marry, well bethought!
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you your ſelf
Have of your audience been moſt free and bounteous.
If it be ſo, (as ſo 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I muſt tell you,
You do not underſtand your ſelf ſo clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.

(7) *The Time* invites *You*,——] This Reading is as old as the firſt *Folio*; however I ſuſpect it to have been ſubſtituted by the Players, who did not underſtand the Term which poſſeſſes the elder *Quarto's*:

The Time inveſts *you*,

i. e. beſieges, preſſes upon you on every Side. To *inveſt a Town*, is the *military* Phraſe from which our Author borrow'd his *Metaphor*.

What

What is between you? give me up the truth.
Oph. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection! puh! you ſpeak like a green girl,
Unſifted in ſuch perilous circumſtance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I ſhould think.
Pol. Marry, I'll teach you; think your ſelf a baby;
That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſterling. Tender your ſelf more dearly; (8)
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phraſe,
Wringing it thus) you'll tender me a fool.
Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable faſhion.
Pol. Ay, faſhion you may call't; go to, go to.
Oph. And hath giv'n count'nance to his ſpeech, my lord,
With almoſt all the holy vows of heaven.
Pol. Ay, ſpringes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the ſoul
Lends the tongue vows. Theſe blazes, oh my daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Ev'n in their promiſe as it is a making,
You muſt not take for fire. From this time,
Be ſomewhat ſcanter of your maiden-preſence,
Set your intreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord *Hamlet*,
Believe ſo much in him, that he is young;
And with a larger tether he may walk,
Than may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,

(8) *Tender your ſelf more dearly*;
Or (not to crack the Wind of the poor Phraſe)
Wronging *it thus, you'll tender me a Fool.*] The *Parentheſis* is clos'd at the wrong place; and we muſt make likewiſe a ſlight Correction in the laſt Verſe. *Polonius* is racking and playing on the Word *Tender*, 'till he thinks proper to correct himſelf for the Licence; and then he would ſay —— not farther to crack the Wind of the Phraſe by *twiſting* and *contorting* it, as I have done; *&c.* Mr. *Warburton.*

Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers, (9)
Not of that Die which their investments shew,
But meer implorers of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious Bawds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord *Hamlet*.
Look to't, I charge you, come your way.
Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

(9) *Do not believe his Vows; for they are Brokers;*

Breathing like sanctified and pious Bonds,
The better to beguile.]

Tho' all the Editors have swallow'd this Reading implicitly, it is certainly corrupt; and I have been surpris'd, how Men of Genius and Learning could let it pass without some Suspicion. What Ideas can we form to ourselves of a *breathing Bond*, or of its being *sanctified* and *pious?* As he, just before, is calling amorous Vows *Brokers*, and implorers of unholy Suits; I think, a Continuation of the plain and natural Sense directs to an easy *Emendation*, which makes the whole Thought of a piece, and gives it a Turn not unworthy of our Poet.

Breathing, like sanctified and pious Bawds,
The better to beguile.

Broker, 'tis to be observ'd, our Author perpetually uses as the more modest Synonymous Term for *Bawd*. Besides, what strengthens my Correction, and makes this Emendation the more necessary and probable, is, the Words with which the Poet winds up his Thoughts, *the better to beguile*. It is the sly Artifice and Custom of Bawds to put on an Air and Form of *Sanctity*, to betray the Virtues of young Ladies; by drawing them first into a kind Opinion of them, from their *exterior* and *dissembled* Goodness. And *Bawds* in their Office of *Treachery* are likewise properly *Brokers*; and the *Implorers* and Prompters of *unholy* (that is, unchast) Suits: And so a Chain of the same Metaphors is continued to the End.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Platform before the Palace.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, *and* Marcellus.

Ham. THE Air bites ſhrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is ſtruck.
Hor. I heard it not: it then draws near the ſeaſon,
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walk.
[*Noiſe of warlike muſick within.*
What does this mean, my lord?
Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his rouſe,
Keeps waſſel, and the ſwagg'ring up-ſpring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rheniſh down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a cuſtom?
Ham. Ay, marry, is't:
But, to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a cuſtom
More honour'd in the breach, than the obſervance.
This heavy-headed revel, eaſt and weſt,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations;
They clepe us drunkards, and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for ſome vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chuſe his origin)
By the o'ergrowth of ſome complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reaſon;
Or by ſome habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plauſive manners; that theſe men

Carrying, I ſay, the ſtamp of one defect,
(Being nature's livery, or fortune's ſcar)
Their virtues elſe, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general cenſure take corruption
From that particular fault.——The dram of Baſe (10)
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of Worth out,
To his own ſcandal.

Enter Ghoſt.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blaſts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeak to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royal *Dane:* oh! anſwer me;
Let me not burſt in Ignorance; but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in death,
Have burſt their cearments? why the ſepulchre,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To caſt thee up again? What may this mean?

(10) ——————— *The Dram of* Eaſe
Doth all the noble Subſtance of a Doubt
To his own ſcandal.] I do not remember a Paſſage, throughout all our Poet's Works, more intricate and deprav'd in the Text, of leſs Meaning to outward Appearance, or more likely to baffle the Attempts of Criticiſm in its Aid. It is certain, there is neither Senſe, nor Grammar, as it now ſtands: yet, with a ſlight Alteration, I'll endeavour to cure thoſe Defects, and give a Sentiment too, that ſhall make the Poet's Thought cloſe nobly. The Dram of *Baſe*, (as I have corrected the Text) means the leaſt Alloy of Baſeneſs or Vice. It is very frequent with our Poet to uſe the *Adjective* of *Quality* inſtead of the Subſtantive ſignifying the Thing. Beſides, I have obſerved, that elſewhere, ſpeaking of *Worth*, he delights to conſider it as a Quality that adds *Weight* to a Perſon, and connects the Word with that Idea.

That

That thou, dead coarſe, again, in compleat ſteel,
Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpſes of the moon,
Making night hideous, and us fools of nature
So horribly to ſhake our diſpoſition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſouls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what ſhould we do?
[*Ghoſt beckons* Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means. [*Holding* Hamlet.

Ham. It will not ſpeak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what ſhould be the fear?
I do not ſet my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my ſoul, what can it do to That,
Being a thing immortal as it ſelf?
It waves me forth again.——I'll follow it——.

Hor. What if it tempt you tow'rd the flood, my lord?
Or to the dreadful ſummit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his Baſe into the ſea;
And there aſſume ſome other horrible form,
Which might deprive your ſov'reignty of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſs? think of it.
The very place puts toys of deſperation,
Without more motive, into ev'ry brain,
That looks ſo many fadoms to the ſea;
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me ſtill: go on, I'll follow thee——

Mar. You ſhall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Mar. Be rul'd, you ſhall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the *Nemean* lion's nerve:
Still am I call'd: unhand me, gentlemen——
[*Breaking from them.*

By heaven, I'll make a Ghoſt of him that lets me ——
I ſay, away —— go on —— I'll follow thee ——
[*Exeunt Ghoſt and* Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes deſp'rate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Have after. —— To what iſſue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the State of *Denmark*.
Hor. Heav'n will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a more remote Part of the Platform.*

Re-enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.

Ham. WHERE wilt thou lead me? ſpeak; I'll go no further.
Ghoſt. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghoſt. My hour is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphurous and tormenting flames
Muſt render up my ſelf.
Ham. Alas, poor Ghoſt!
Ghoſt. Pity me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall unfold.
Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Ghoſt. So art thou to revenge, when thou ſhalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghoſt. I am thy father's Spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin'd to faſt in fires;
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe,
I could a tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like ſtars, ſtart from their ſpheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to ſtand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:

But

But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood; list, list, oh list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love ———
Ham. Oh heav'n!
Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murther.
Ham. Murther?
Ghost. Murther most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haste me to know it, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.
Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be, than the fat weed
That roots it self in ease on *Lethe*'s wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, *Hamlet*, hear:
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me. So the whole ear of *Denmark*
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble Youth,
The serpent, that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.
Ham. Oh, my prophetick soul! my uncle?
Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous Queen.
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand ev'n with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heav'n;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate it self in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage ———
But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air ———

Brief let me be; Sleeping within mine orchard,
My cuſtom always of the afternoon,
Upon my ſecure hour thy uncle ſtole
With juice of curſed hebenon in a viol,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous diſtilment; whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That ſwift as quick-ſilver it courſes through
The nat'ral gates and allies of the body;
And, with a ſudden vigour, it doth poſſet
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholſome blood: ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant tetter bark'd about,
Moſt lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt
All my ſmooth body ———
Thus was I ſleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of Crown, of Queen, at once diſpatcht;
Cut off even in the bloſſoms of my ſin,
Unhouſel'd, unappointed, unaneal'd: (11)

No

(11) *Unbouzzled, unanointed, unaneal'd*;] The Ghoſt, having recounted the Proceſs of his Murder, proceeds to exaggerate the Inhumanity and Unnaturalneſs of the Fact, from the Circumſtances in which he was ſurpris'd. But theſe, I find, have been ſtumbling Blocks to our Editors; and therefore, I muſt amend and explain theſe three compound Adjectives in their Order. Inſtead of *unbouzzel'd*, we muſt reſtore, *unhouſel'd*, i. e. *without the Sacrament taken*; from the old *Saxon* Word for the Sacrament, *houſel*. In the next place, *unanointed*, is a Sophiſtication of the Text: the old Copies concur in reading, *diſappointed*. I correct,

Unhouſel'd, unappointed,——

i. e. no Confeſſion of Sins made, no Reconciliation to Heaven, no Appointment of Penance by the Church. *Unaneal'd* I agree to be the Poet's genuine Word; but I muſt take the Liberty to diſpute Mr. *Pope*'s Explication of it, *viz.* No *Knell* rung. The Adjective form'd from *Knell*, muſt have been *unknell'd*, or *unknoll'd*. There is no Rule in Orthography for ſinking the *k* in the Deflection of any Verb or Compound form'd from *Knell*, and melting it into a Vowel. What Senſe does *unaneal'd* then bear? SKINNER, in his *Lexicon* of old and obſolete

Engliſh

No reck'ning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
Oh, horrible! oh, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of *Denmark* be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shews the Matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu; remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. Oh, all you host of heav'n! oh earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? oh, hold my heart———
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old;
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee——
Ay, thou poor Ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe; remember thee——
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter. Yes, by heav'n:

English Terms, tells us, that *Aneal'd* is *unctus*; from the *Teutonick* Prepositon *an*, and *Ole*, i. e. *Oil:* so that *unaneal'd* must consequently signify, *unanointed*, not having the *extreme Unction*. The Poet's Reading and Explication being ascertain'd, he very finely makes his *Ghost* complain of these four dreadful Hardships; That he had been dispatch'd out of Life without receiving the *Hoste*, or Sacrament; without being *reconcil'd* to Heaven and *absolv'd*; without the Benefit of *extreme Unction*; or without so much as a *Confession* made of his Sins. The having no *Knell* rung, I think, is not a Point of equal Consequence to any of these; especially, if we consider, that the *Romish* Church admits the Efficacy *of praying* for the *Dead*.

Oh moſt pernicious woman!
Oh villain, villain, ſmiling damned villain!
My tables,——meet it is, I ſet it down,
That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villain;
At leaſt, I'm ſure, it may be ſo in *Denmark*. [*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are; now to my word;
It is; Adieu, adieu, remember me:
I've ſworn it ———

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Hor. My lord, my lord, ———
Mar. Lord *Hamlet*, ———
Hor. Heav'n ſecure him!
Mar. So be it.
Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come, bird, come.
Mar. How is't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. Oh, wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No, you'll reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heav'n.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How ſay you then, would heart of man once think it?
But you'll be ſecret ———
Both. Ay, by heav'n, my lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all *Denmark*,
But he's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no Ghoſt, my lord, come from the Grave
Te tell us this.
Ham. Why, right, you are i'th' right;
And ſo without more circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands, and part;
You, as your buſineſs and deſires ſhall point you;
(For every man has buſineſs and deſire,
Such as it is) and, for my own poor part,
I will go pray.
Hor. Theſe are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham.

Ham. I'm ſorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence, my lord.
Ham. Yes, by St. *Patrick*, but there is, my lord,
And much offence too. Touching this Viſion here——
It is an honeſt Ghoſt, that let me tell you:
For your deſire to know what is between us,
O'ermaſter it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, ſcholars, and ſoldiers,
Give me one poor requeſt.
Hor. What is't, my lord?
Ham. Never make known what you have ſeen to night.
Both. My lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but ſwear't.
Hor. In faith, my lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my ſword.
Mar. We have ſworn, my lord, already.
Ham. Indeed, upon my ſword, indeed.
Ghoſt. Swear. [*Ghoſt cries under the Stage.*
Ham. Ah ha, boy, ſay'ſt thou ſo? art thou there, true-penny?
Come on, you hear this fellow in the cellaridge.
Conſent to ſwear.
Hor. Propoſe the oath, my lord.
Ham. Never to ſpeak of this that you have ſeen,
Swear by my ſword.
Ghoſt. Swear.
Ham. Hic & ubique? then we'll ſhift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my ſword.
Never to ſpeak of this which you have heard,
Swear by my ſword.
Ghoſt. Swear by his ſword.
Ham. Well ſaid, old mole, can'ſt work i'th' ground ſo faſt?
A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good friends.
Hor. Oh day and night, but this is wondrous ſtrange.
Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger give it welcome.

There

There are more things in heav'n and earth, *Horatio*,
Than are dreamt of in your philoſophy. But come,
Here, as before, never, (ſo help you mercy!)
How ſtrange or odd ſoe'er I bear my ſelf,
(As I, perchance, hereafter ſhall think meet
To put an antick diſpoſition on;)
That you, at ſuch time ſeeing me, never ſhall,
With arms encumbred thus, or this head-ſhake,
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtful phraſe,
As, well —— we know —— or, we could, and if we would ——
Or, if we liſt to ſpeak —— or, there be, and if there might ——
(Or ſuch ambiguous giving out) denote
That you know aught of me; This do ye ſwear,
So grace and mercy at your moſt need help you!
Swear.

Ghoſt. Swear.

Ham. Reſt, reſt, perturbed Spirit. So, Gentlemen,
With all my love do I commend me to you;
And what ſo poor a man as *Hamlet* is
May do t' expreſs his love and friending to you,
God willing, ſhall not lack; let us go in together,
And ſtill your fingers on your lips, I pray:
The Time is out of joint; oh, curſed ſpight!
That ever I was born to ſet it right.
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *An Apartment in* Polonius's *House.*

Enter Polonius, *and* Reynoldo.

POLONIUS.

GIVE him this mony, and these notes, *Reynoldo.*
Rey. I will, my lord.
Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good *Reynoldo,*
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.
Rey. My lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Marry, well said; very well said. Look you, Sir,
Enquire me first what *Danskers* are in *Paris*;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more near;
Then your particular demands will touch it;
Take you, as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
As thus——I know his father and his friends,
And in part him—Do you mark this, *Reynoldo?*
Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.
Pol. And in part him—but you may say—not well;
But if't be he, I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so——and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank,
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey.

Rey. As gaming, my lord ——
Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing —— You may go so far.
Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.
Pol. Faith, no, as you may season it in the Charge;
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty;
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed blood
Of general assault.
Rey. But, my good lord ——
Pol. Wherefore should you do this?
Rey. Ay, my lord, I would know that.
Pol. Marry, Sir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of wit.
You, laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'th' working,
Mark you, your party in converse, he you would sound,
Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes,
The youth, you breathe of, guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence;
Good sir, or so, or friend, or gentleman,
(According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and country.)
Rey. Very good, my lord.
Pol. And then, Sir, does he this;
He does — what was I about to say?
I was about to say something—where did I leave? —
Rey. At, closes in the consequence.
Pol. At, closes in the consequence—Ay, marry.
He closes thus; —— I know the gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, with such and such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'ertook in's rowse,
There falling out at tennis; or, perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
Videlicet, a Brothel, or so forth.——See you now;

Your

Your bait of Falſhood takes this carp of Truth;
And thus do we of wiſdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with aſſays of Byas,
By indirections find directions out:
So by my former lecture and advice
Shall you my ſon; you have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God b'w' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord ———

Pol. Obſerve his inclination in yourſelf.

Rey. I ſhall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his muſick.

Rey. Well, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewel. How now, *Ophelia?* what's the matter?

Oph. Alas, my lord, I have been ſo affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heav'n?

Oph. My lord, as I was ſewing in my cloſet,
Lord *Hamlet*, with his Doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his ſtockings looſe, (12)

(12) ——— *his Stockings* foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved *to his Ancle.*] I have reſtor'd the Reading of the Elder *Quarto's* —— *his Stockings* looſe. —— The Change, I ſuſpect, was firſt from the Players, who ſaw a Contradiction in his Stockings being *looſe*, and yet *ſhackled* down at Ancle. But they, in their Ignorance, blunder'd away our Author's Word, becauſe they did not underſtand it;
Ungarter'd, and down-gyred,
i. e. turn'd down. So, the oldeſt Copies; and, ſo his Stockings were properly *looſe*, as they were *ungarter'd* and *roll'd down* to the Ancle. The *Latins* borrow'd *Gyrus* from the *Greeks*, to ſignify, a *Circle*; as we may find in their beſt Poets and Proſe-Writers: and the *Spaniards* and *Italians* have from thence adopted both the Verb and Subſtantive into their Tongues: ſo that *Shakeſpeare* could not be at a Loſs for the Uſe of the Term.

Un-

Ungarter'd, and down-gyred to his ancle;
Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look ſo piteous in purport,
As if he had been looſed out of hell,
To ſpeak of horrors; thus he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know:
But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What ſaid he?

Oph. He took me by the wriſt, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And with his other hand, thus o'er his brow,
He falls to ſuch peruſal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long time ſtaid he ſo;
At laſt, a little ſhaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a ſigh, ſo piteous and profound,
That it did ſeem to ſhatter all his bulk,
And end his Being. Then he lets me go,
And, with his head over his ſhoulder turn'd,
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the laſt, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me, I will go ſeek the King.
This is the very ecſtaſie of love;
Whoſe violent property foredoes it ſelf,
And leads the will to deſp'rate undertakings,
As oft as any paſſion under heav'n,
That does afflict our natures. I am ſorry;
What, have you giv'n him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and deny'd
His acceſs to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I'm ſorry, that with better ſpeed and judgment
I had not quoted him. I fear'd, he trifl'd,
And meant to wreck thee; but beſhrew my jealouſy;
It ſeems, it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond ourſelves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort

To

To lack discretion. Come; go we to the King.
This must be known; which, being kept close, might
move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter, love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter King, Queen, Rosincrantz, Guildenstern, *Lords and other Attendants.*

King. WELCOME, dear *Rosincrantz,* and *Guildenstern!*
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need, we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something you have heard
Of *Hamlet*'s transformation; so I call it,
Since not th' exterior, nor the inward, man
Resembles That it was. What it should be
More than his Father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from th' understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of. I entreat you Both,
That being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your Rest here in our Court
Some little time; so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasions you may glean,
If aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That open'd lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew us so much gentry and good will,
As to extend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks,
As fits a King's remembrance.

Ros. Both your Majesties
Might, by the sov'reign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command

Than

Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up our ſelves, in the full bent,
To lay our ſervice freely at your feet.

King. Thanks, *Roſincrantz*, and gentle *Guildenſtern*.

Queen. Thanks, *Guildenſtern*, and gentle *Roſincrantz*.
And, I beſeech you, inſtantly to viſit
My too much changed ſon. Go, ſome of ye,
And bring theſe gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heav'ns make our preſence and our practices
Pleaſant and helpful to him! [*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Guil.

Queen. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' ambaſſadors from *Norway*, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou ſtill haſt been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? aſſure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my ſoul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I do think, (or elſe this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy ſo ſure
As I have us'd to do) that I have found
The very cauſe of *Hamlet*'s lunacy.

King. Oh, ſpeak of that, that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give firſt admittance to th' ambaſſadors:
My news ſhall be the fruit to that great feaſt.

King. Thy ſelf do grace to them, and bring them in.
[*Ex.* Pol.
He tells me, my ſweet Queen, that he hath found
The head and ſource of all your ſon's diſtemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main,
His father's death, and our o'er-haſty marriage.

Re-enter Polonius, *with* Voltimand, *and* Cornelius.

King. Well, we ſhall ſift him.—Welcome, my good friends!
Say, *Voltimand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

Volt. Moſt fair return of Greetings, and Deſires.

Upon

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His Nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the *Polack:*
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highness: Whereat griev'd,
That so his sickness, age, and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrests
On *Fortinbras*; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from *Norway*; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give th' assay of arms against your Majesty.
Whereon old *Norway*, overcome with joy,
Gives him threescore thousand crowns in annual fee; (13)

(13) *Gives him* three *thousand Crowns in annual Fee.*] This Reading first obtain'd in the Edition put out by the Players. But all the old *Quarto's* (from 1605, downwards,) read, as I have reform'd the Text. I had hinted, that *threescore thousand* Crowns seem'd a much more suitable Donative from a King to his own Nephew, and the General of an Army, than so poor a Pittance as *three thousand* Crowns, a Pension scarce large enough for a dependent Courtier. I therefore restor'd,

Gives him threescore *thousand Crowns*——

To this Mr. *Pope*, (very archly critical, as he imagines;) has only replied,——*which in* his *Ear is a Verse.* I own, it is; and I'll venture to prove to this great Master in Numbers, that two Syllables may, by Pronunciation, be *resolv'd* and *melted* into one, as easily as two Notes are *slur'd* in *Musick:* and a Redundance of a Syllable, that may be so sunk, has never been a Breach of Harmony in any Language. We must pronounce, and scan, as if 'twere written;

Gi's'm *three* | *score thou* | *sand crowns* |

Mr. *Pope* would advance a false Nicety of Ear against the *Licence* of *Shakespear*'s Numbers; nay, indeed, against the Licence of all *English* Versification, in common with That of other Languages. Three Syllables, thus liquidated into Two, are in Scansion plainly an *Anapest*; and equal to a *Spondee*, or Foot of two Syllables. I could produce at least two thousand of our Poet's Verses, that would be disturb'd by this modern, unreasonable, Chasteness of *Metre.*

And

And his Commiſſion to employ theſe ſoldiers,
So levied as before, againſt the *Polack:*
With an entreaty, herein further ſhewn,
That it might pleaſe you to give quiet Paſs
Through your Dominions for this enterprize,
On ſuch regards of ſafety and allowance,
As therein are ſet down.

King. It likes us well;
And at our more conſider'd time we'll read,
Anſwer, and think upon this buſineſs.
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour.
Go to your Reſt; at night we'll feaſt together.
Moſt welcome home! [*Ex. Ambaſ.*

Pol. This buſineſs is well ended.
My Liege, and Madam, to expoſtulate
What Majeſty ſhould be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waſte night, day, and time.
Therefore, ſince brevity's the ſoul of wit,
And tediouſneſs the limbs and outward flouriſhes,
I will be brief; your noble ſon is mad;
Mad, call I it; for, to define true madneſs,
What is't, but to be nothing elſe but mad?
But let that go. ———

Queen. More matter, with leſs art.

Pol. Madam, I ſwear, I uſe no art at all: ———
That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true; a fooliſh figure, ———
But farewel it; for I will uſe no art.
Mad let us grant him then; and now remains
That we find out the cauſe of this effect,
Or rather ſay, the cauſe of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cauſe;
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.—Perpend.—
I have a daughter; have, whilſt ſhe is mine;
Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath giv'n me this; now gather, and ſurmiſe.

[*He opens a letter, and reads.*]

To the celeſtial, and my ſoul's idol, the moſt beati-
fied

fied (14) Ophelia. ——— That's an ill phraſe, a vile phraſe: *beatified* is a vile phraſe; but you ſhall hear— *Theſe to her excellent white boſom, theſe.* ——

Queen. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?

Pol. Good Madam, ſtay a while, I will be faithful.

Doubt thou, the ſtars are fire, [Reading.
Doubt, that the Sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt, I love.

Oh, dear Ophelia, *I am ill at theſe numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee beſt, oh moſt beſt, believe it.* Adieu.

Thine evermore, moſt dear Lady, whilſt this Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in obedience hath my daughter ſhewn me:
And, more above, hath his ſollicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath ſhe receiv'd his love?

(14) *To the Celeſtial, and my Soul's Idol, the moſt* beautified Ophelia.] I have ventur'd at an Emendation here, againſt the Authority of all the Copies; but, I hope, upon Examination it will appear probable and reaſonable. The Word *beautified* may carry two diſtinct Ideas, either as applied to a Woman made up of artificial Beauties, or to one rich in native Charms. As *Shakeſpeare* has therefore choſe to uſe it in the latter Acceptation, to expreſs natural Comelineſs; I cannot imagine, that, here, he would make *Polonius* except to the Phraſe, and call it a *vile one.* But a ſtronger Objection ſtill, in my Mind, lies againſt it. As *Celeſtial* and *Soul's Idol* are the introductory Characteriſtics of *Ophelia,* what a dreadful *Anticlimax* is it to deſcend to ſuch an Epithet as *beautified?* On the other hand, *beatified,* as I have conjectur'd, raiſes the Image: but *Polonius* might very well, as a *Roman* Catholick, call it a *vile* Phraſe, i. e. favouring of Prophanation; ſince the Epithet is peculiarly made an Adjunct to the Virgin *Mary*'s Honour, and therefore ought not to be employ'd in the Praiſe of a meer Mortal.

Pol.

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man, faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove ſo. But what might you think?

When I had ſeen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I muſt tell you that,
Before my daughter told me:) what might you,
Or my dear Majeſty your Queen here, think?
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
Or giv'n my heart a working, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle ſight;
What might you think? no, I went round to work,
And my young miſtreſs thus I did beſpeak;
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy ſphere,
This muſt not be; and then, I precepts gave her,
That ſhe ſhould lock her ſelf from his reſort,
Admit no meſſengers, receive no tokens:
Which done, ſhe took the fruits of my advice;
And he repulſed, a ſhort tale to make,
Fell to a ſadneſs, then into a faſt,
Thence to a watching, thence into a weakneſs,
Thence to a lightneſs, and, by this declenſion,
Into the madneſs wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.

King. Do you think this?

Queen. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been ſuch a time, I'd fain know that,
That I have poſitively ſaid, 'tis ſo,
When it prov'd otherwiſe?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwiſe.
[*Pointing to his Head and Shoulder.*
If circumſtances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, ſometimes he walks four hours together,
Here in the lobby.

Queen.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him;
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Mark the encounter: If he love her not,
And be not from his reason fal'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a State,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet *reading.*

Queen. But, look, where, sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away.
I'll board him presently. [*Exe. King and Queen.*
Oh, give me leave. — How does my good lord *Hamlet?*

Ham. Well, God o' mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,
Being a good kissing carrion ——
Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'th' Sun; conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't.

Pol. How say you by that? still harping on my daughter! ——
Yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fishmonger.
He is far gone; and, truly, in my youth, [*Aside.*
I suffer'd much extremity for love;
Very near this. —— I'll speak to him again.
What do you read, my lord?

Ham.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, Sir: for the ſatyrical ſlave ſays here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit; together with moſt weak hams. All which, Sir, tho' I moſt powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honeſty to have it thus ſet down; for your ſelf, Sir, ſhall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madneſs, yet there's method in't: Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my Grave. ——

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' th' air: ——

How pregnant (ſometimes) his replies are?
A happineſs that often madneſs hits on,
Which ſanity and reaſon could not be
So proſp'rouſly deliver'd of. I'll leave him,
And ſuddenly contrive the means of meeting
Between him and my daughter.
My honourable lord, I will moſt humbly
Take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old fools!

Pol. You go to ſeek lord *Hamlet*; there he is. [*Exit.*

Enter Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.

Roſ. God ſave you, Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd lord!

Roſ. My moſt dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How doſt thou, *Guildenſtern?*
Oh, *Roſincrantz*, good lads! how do ye both?

Roſ. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; on fortune's cap, we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the ſoals of her ſhoe?

Roſ. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waſte, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. Faith, in her privates we.

Ham. In the ſecret parts of fortune? oh, moſt true; ſhe is a ſtrumpet. What news?

Roſ. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honeſt.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near; but your news is not true. Let me queſtion more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deſerved at the hands of fortune, that ſhe ſends you to priſon hither?

Guil. Priſon, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a priſon.

Roſ. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; *Denmark* being one o'th' worſt.

Roſ. We think not ſo, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it ſo: to me, it is a priſon.

Roſ. Why, then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. Oh God, I could be bounded in a nut-ſhell, and count my ſelf a King of infinite ſpace; were it not, that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are Ambition; for the very ſubſtance of the ambitious is meerly the ſhadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itſelf is but a ſhadow.

Roſ. Truly, and I hold ambition of ſo airy and light a quality, that it is but a ſhadow's ſhadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs and out-ſtretch'd heroes, the beggars' ſhadows; Shall we to th' Court? for by my fay, I cannot reaſon.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my servants: for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended: but in the beaten way of Friendship, what make you at *Elsinoor?*

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear of a half-penny. Were you not sent for? is it your own inclining? is it a free visitation? come, deal justly with me; come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour. I know, the good King and Queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me; but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear, a better proposer could charge you withal; be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no?

Ros. What say you? [*To* Guilden.

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you: if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather. I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercise; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and

and moving how expreſs and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehenſion how like a God! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! and yet to me, what is this quinteſſence of duſt? man delights not me, nor woman neither; though by your ſmiling you ſeem to ſay ſo.

Roſ. My lord, there was no ſuch ſtuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I ſaid, man delights not me?

Roſ. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the Players ſhall receive from you; we accoſted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you ſervice.

Ham. He that plays the King ſhall be welcome; his Majeſty ſhall have tribute of me; the adventurous Knight ſhall uſe his foyl and target; the lover ſhall not ſigh *gratis*; the humourous man ſhall end his part in peace; and the lady ſhall ſay her mind freely, or the blank verſe ſhall halt for't. What Players are they?

Roſ. Even thoſe you were wont to take delight in, the Tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel? their reſidence both in reputation and profit was better, both ways.

Roſ. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the ſame eſtimation they did, when I was in the city? are they ſo follow'd?

Roſ. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow ruſty?

Roſ. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, Sir, an Aiery of Children, little Eyaſes, (15) that

(15) *But there is, Sir, an Aiery of Children, little Yaſes that cry out on the Top of Queſtion.*] The Poet here ſteps out of his Subject to give a Laſh at home, and ſneer at the prevailing Faſhion of following Plays perform'd by the Children of the Chapel, and abandoning the eſtabliſh'd Theatres. But why are they call'd *little* Yaſes? I wiſh, ſome of the Editors would have expounded this fine new Word to us; or, at leaſt, told us where

that cry out on the top of queſtion; and are moſt tyrannically clapt for't; theſe are now the faſhion, and ſo berattle the common ſtages, (ſo they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid of gooſe-quills, and dare ſcarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they eſcoted? will they purſue the Quality, no longer than they can ſing? will they not ſay afterwards, if they ſhould grow themſelves to common players, (as it is moſt like, if their means are no better:) their writers do them wrong to make them exclaim againſt their own ſucceſſion?

Roſ. Faith, there has been much to do on both ſides; and the nation holds it no ſin, to tarre them on to controverſy. There was, for a while, no mony bid for argument, unleſs the poet and the player went to cuffs in the queſtion.

Ham. Is't poſſible?

Guil. Oh, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the Boys carry it away?

Roſ. Ay, that they do, my lord, *Hercules* and his load too.

Ham. It is not ſtrange; for mine uncle is King of *Denmark*; and thoſe, that would make mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducates a-piece, for his picture in little. There is ſomething in this more than natural, if philoſophy could find it out. [*Flouriſh for the Players.*

Guil. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elſinoor*; your hands: come then, the appurtenance of welcome is faſhion and ceremony. Let me comply with you in this

we might meet with it. 'Till then, I ſhall make bold to ſuſpect it; and, without overſtraining Sagacity, attempt to retrieve the true Word. As he firſt calls 'em an *Aiery* of Children, (now, an *Aiery* or *Eyery* is a Hawk's or Eagle's Neſt;) there is not the leaſt Queſtion but we ought to reſtore —— *little* Eyaſes; i. e. Young Neſtlings, Creatures juſt out of the Egg.

garbe,

garbe, left my extent to the players (which, I tell you, muſt ſhew fairly outward) ſhould more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my Uncle-father and Aunt-mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north, north-weſt: when the wind is ſoutherly, I know a hawk from a handſaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you, *Guildenſtern*, and you too, at each ear a hearer; that great Baby, you ſee there, is not yet out of his ſwathling-clouts.

Roſ. Haply, he's the ſecond time come to them; for they ſay, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will propheſy, he comes to tell me of the players. Mark it; —you ſay right, Sir; for on *Monday* morning 'twas ſo, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you.
When *Roſcius* was an Actor in *Rome* ———

Pol. The Actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze. ———

Pol. Upon mine honour ———

Ham. Then came each Actor on his aſs ——

Pol. The beſt Actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, hiſtory, paſtoral, paſtoral-comical, hiſtorical, paſtoral, ſcene undivideable, or Poem unlimited: *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light. For the law of wit, and the Liberty, theſe are the only men.

Ham. Oh, Jephtha, judge of Iſrael, what a treaſure hadſt Thou!

Pol. What a treaſure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why, one fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved paſſing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th' right, old *Jephtha?*

Pol. If you call me *Jephtha*, my lord, I have a daughter that I love paſſing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord!

Ham. Why, as *by lot, God wot*———and then you know, *it came to paſs, as moſt like it was*; the firſt row of *the rubrick* will ſhew you more. For, look, where my abridgments come.

Enter four or five Players.

Y'are welcome, maſters, welcome all. I am glad to ſee thee well; welcome, good friends. Oh! old friend! thy face is valanc'd, ſince I ſaw thee laſt: com'ſt thou to beard me in *Denmark?* What! my young lady and miſtreſs? b'erlady, your ladyſhip is nearer heaven than when I ſaw you laſt, by the altitude of a chioppine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring.——Maſters, you are all welcome; we'll e'en to't like friendly faulconers, fly at any thing we ſee; we'll have a ſpeech ſtraight. Come, give us a taſte of your quality; come, a paſſionate ſpeech.

1 *Play.* What ſpeech, my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee ſpeak me a ſpeech once; but it was never acted: or if it was, not above once; for the Play, I remember, pleas'd not the million, 'twas *Caviar* to the general; but it was (as I receiv'd it, and other, whoſe judgment in ſuch matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digeſted in the ſcenes, ſet down with as much modeſty as cunning. I remember, one ſaid, there was no ſalt in the lines, to make the matter ſavoury; nor no matter in the phraſe, that might indite the author of affection; but call'd it, an honeſt method. One ſpeech in it I chiefly lov'd; 'twas *Æneas's* tale to *Dido*; and thereabout of it eſpecially, where he ſpeaks of *Priam*'s ſlaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line, let me ſee, let me ſee — The rugged *Pyrrhus*, like th' *Hyrcanian* beaſt,—It is not ſo; —— it begins with *Pyrrhus*.

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he, whoſe ſable arms,
Black as his purpoſe, did the Night reſemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horſe;
Hath now his dread and black complexion ſmear'd

With

With heraldry more dismal; head to foot,
Now is he total geules; horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching fires,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To murders vile. Roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
Old grandsire *Priam* seeks.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good discretion.

1 *Play.* Anon he finds him,
Striking, too short, at *Greeks*. His antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to Command; unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage strikes wide;
But with the whif and wind of his fell sword
Th' unnerved father falls. Then senseless *Ilium*,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his Base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner *Pyrrhus*' ear. For lo, his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of rev'rend *Priam*, seem'd i'th' air to stick;
So, as a painted tyrant, *Pyrrhus* stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heav'ns, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So after *Pyrrhus*' pause,
A roused vengeance sets him new a-work:
And never did the *Cyclops*' hammers fall
On *Mars* his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than *Pyrrhus*' bleeding sword
Now falls on *Priam*. ——
Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! all you Gods,
In general synod take away her power:
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heav'n,

As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It ſhall to th' barber's with your beard. Pr'ythee, ſay on; he's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he ſleeps. Say on, come to *Hecuba*.

1 *Play.* But who, oh! who, had ſeen the mobled Queen,——

Ham. The mobled Queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled Queen, is good.

1 *Play.* Run bare-foot up and down, threatning the flames
With biſſon rheum; a clout upon that head,
Where late the Diadem ſtood; and for a robe
About her lank and all-o'er-teemed loyns,
A blanket in th' alarm of fear caught up:
Who this had ſeen, with tongue in venom ſteep'd,
'Gainſt fortune's ſtate would treaſon have pronounc'd:
But if the Gods themſelves did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pyrrhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his ſword her husband's limbs;
The inſtant burſt of clamour that ſhe made,
(Unleſs things mortal move them not at all)
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heav'n,
And paſſion in the Gods.

Pol. Look, whe're he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes. Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee ſpeak out the reſt of this ſoon. Good my lord, will you ſee the Players well beſtow'd? Do ye hear, let them be well us'd; for they are the abſtract, and brief chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better have a bad Epitaph, than their ill report while you liv'd.

Pol. My lord, I will uſe them according to their deſert.

Ham. God's-bodikins, man, much better. Uſe every man after his deſert, and who ſhall 'ſcape whipping? uſe them after your own honour and dignity. The leſs they deſerve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, Sirs. [*Exit* Polonius.

Ham.

Ham. Follow him, Friends: we'll hear a Play to morrow. Doſt thou hear me, old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago?*

Pol. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to morrow night. You could, for a need, ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome dozen or ſixteen lines, which I would ſet down, and inſert in't? could ye not?

Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord, and, look, you mock him not. My good friends, I'll leave you 'till night, you are welcome to *Elſinoor.*

Roſ. Good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Ay, ſo, God b' w' ye: now I am alone.
Oh, what a rogue and peaſant ſlave am I!
Is it not monſtrous that this Player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion,
Could force his ſoul ſo to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his viſage warm'd:
Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in his aſpect,
A broken voice, and his whole function ſuiting,
With forms, to his conceit? and all for nothing?
For *Hecuba?*
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba?*
That he ſhould weep for her? what would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for paſſion,
That I have? he would drown the ſtage with tears,
And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid ſpeech;
Make mad the guilty, and appall the free;
Confound the ign'rant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculty of eyes and ears. —— Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled raſcal, peak,
Like *John-a-dreams*, unpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing. —— no, not for a King,
Upon whoſe property and moſt dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate a-croſs,
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by th' noſe, gives me the lye i'th' throat,

As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Yet I should take it——for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, letcherous, kindless villain!
Why, what an ass am I? this is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murthered,
Prompted to my revenge by heav'n and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing like a very drab —— (16)
A cullion, — fye upon't! foh!— about, my brain! ——
I've heard, that guilty creatures, at a Play,
Have by the very cunning of the Scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions.
For murther, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these Players
Play something like the murther of my father,
Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks:
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
I know my course. The Spirit, that I have seen,
May be the Devil; and the Devil hath power
T' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits)
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the Conscience of the King. [*Exit.*

(16) *And fall a cursing like a very Drab ——*
A Stallion, ——] But why a *Stallion?* The two old *Folio's* have it, a *Scullion:* but that too is wrong. I am perswaded, *Shakespeare* wrote as I have reform'd the Text, a *Cullion*, i. e. a stupid, heartless, faint-hearted, white-liver'd Fellow; one good for nothing, but cursing and talking big.

ACT III.

SCENE, *the PALACE.*

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, *and Lords.*

KING.

AND can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confuſion,
Grating ſo harſhly all his days of quiet,
With turbulent and dang'rous lunacy?

Roſ. He does confeſs, he feels himſelf diſtracted;
But from what cauſe he will by no means ſpeak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be ſounded;
But with a crafty madneſs keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion
Of his true ſtate.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Roſ. Moſt like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.

Roſ. Niggard of queſtion, but of our demands
Moſt free in his reply.

Queen. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?

Roſ. Madam, it ſo fell out, that certain Players
We o'er-took on the way; of theſe we told him;
And there did ſeem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the Court;
And (as I think) they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis moſt true:
And he beſeech'd me to entreat your Majeſties
To hear and ſee the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To hear him ſo inclin'd.

Good

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpoſe into theſe delights.
Roſ. We ſhall, my lord. [*Exeunt.*
King. Sweet *Gertrude*, leave us too;
For we have cloſely ſent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront *Ophelia*. Her father, and my ſelf,
Will ſo beſtow ourſelves, that, ſeeing, unſeen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If 't be th' affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he ſuffers for.
Queen. I ſhall obey you:
And for my part, *Ophelia*, I do wiſh,
That your good beauties be the happy cauſe
Of *Hamlet*'s wildneſs: So ſhall I hope, your virtues
May bring him to his wonted way again
To both your honours.
Oph. Madam, I wiſh it may. [*Exit* Queen.
Pol. Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, ſo pleaſe ye,
We will beſtow our ſelves — Read on this book;
That ſhew of ſuch an exerciſe may colour
Your lonelineſs. We're oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's viſage,
And pious action, we do ſugar o'er
The devil himſelf.
King. Oh, 'tis too true.
How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth give my conſcience!
[*Aſide.*
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plaſtring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my moſt painted word.
Oh heavy burthen!
Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt all but* Ophelia.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be? that is the queſtion.——
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrows of outragious fortune;

Or

Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them? — to die, — to ſleep —
No more; and by a ſleep, to ſay, we end
The heart-ache, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to; 'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die — to ſleep —
To ſleep? perchance, to dream; ay, there's the rub—
For in that ſleep of Death what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil,
Muſt give us pauſe. — There's the reſpect,
That makes Calamity of ſo long life.
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of time,
Th' oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pang of deſpis'd love, the law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes;
When he himſelf might his *Quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardles bear,
To groan and ſweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
(That undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourne
No traveller returns) puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all:
And thus the native hue of reſolution
Is ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith, and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And loſe the name of action — Soft you, now!
[*Seeing* Oph.
The fair *Ophelia?* Nymph, in thy oriſons
Be all my ſins remembred.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your Honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you, well; —

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver.
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, I never gave you aught.

Oph.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you did;
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich: that perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord, ——

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, you should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is, to a bawd; than the force of honesty can translate beauty into its likeness. This was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. —— I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me. For virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiv'd.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery. Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am my self indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such Things, that it were better my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows, as I, do crawling between heav'n and earth? we are arrant knaves, believe none of us —— Go thy ways to a nunnery —— Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewel.

Oph. Oh help him, you sweet heav'ns!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy

thy dowry. Be thou as chaſte as ice, as pure as ſnow, thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny. —Get thee to a nunnery, —— farewel —— Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wiſe men know well enough, what monſters you make of them — To a nunnery, go, —— and quickly too: farewel.

Oph. Heav'nly powers, reſtore him!

Ham. I have heard of your painting too, well enough: God has given you one face, and you make your ſelves another. You jig, you amble, and you liſp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonneſs your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I ſay, we will have no more marriages. Thoſe that are married already, all but one, ſhall live; the reſt ſhall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[*Exit* Hamlet.

Oph. Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, ſoldier's, ſcholar's, eye, tongue, ſword!
Th' expectancy and roſe of the fair State,
The glaſs of faſhion, and the mould of form,
Th' obſerv'd of all obſervers, quite, quite down!
I am of ladies moſt deject and wretched,
That ſuck'd the honey of his muſick vows:
Now ſee that noble and moſt ſovereign reaſon,
Like ſweet bells jangled out of tune, and harſh;
That unmatch'd form, and feature of blown youth,
Blaſted with extaſie. Oh, woe is me!
T' have ſeen what I have ſeen; ſee what I ſee.

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he ſpake, tho' it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madneſs. Something's in his ſoul,
O'er which his melancholy ſits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch and the diſcloſe
Will be ſome danger, which, how to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus ſet it down. He ſhall with ſpeed to *England*,
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply, the Seas and Countries different,

With

With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I believe,
The origin and commencement of this grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, *Ophelia?* ——
You need not tell us what lord *Hamlet* said,
We heard it all. —— My lord, do as you please;
[*Exit* Ophelia.
But if you hold it fit, after the Play
Let his Queen-mother all alone intreat him
To shew his griefs; let her be round with him:
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conf'rence. If she find him not,
To *England* send him; or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in Great ones must not unwatch'd go.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, *and two or three of the Players.*

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you; as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our Players do, I had as lieve, the town-crier had spoke my lines. And do not saw the air too much with your hand thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirl-wind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings: who (for the most part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb shews, and noise: I could have such a fellow whipt for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-*herods Herod.* Pray you, avoid it.

Play. I warrant your Honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suite the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you

you o'er-ſtep not the modeſty of Nature; for any thing ſo overdone is from the purpoſe of playing; whoſe end, both at the firſt and now; was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to ſhew virtue her own feature, ſcorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and preſſure. Now this over-done, or come tardy of, tho' it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the cenſure of which one muſt in your allowance o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. Oh, there be Players that I have ſeen play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly, (not to ſpeak it prophanely) that neither having the accent of chriſtian, nor the gate of chriſtian, pagan, nor man, have ſo ſtrutted and bellow'd, that I have thought ſome of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity ſo abominably.

Play. I hope, we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

Ham. Oh, reform it altogether. And let thoſe, that play your Clowns, ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them: For there be of them that will themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, ſome neceſſary queſtion of the Play be then to be conſidered: That's villanous; and ſhews a moſt pitiful ambition in the fool that uſes it. Go make you ready. [*Exeunt Players.*

Enter Polonius, Roſincrantz, *and* Guildenſtern.

How now, my lord; will the King hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the Queen too, and that preſently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haſte. [*Exit* Polonius.
Will you two help to haſten them?

Both. We will, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Ham. What, ho, *Horatio!*

Enter Horatio *to* Hamlet.

Hor. Here, ſweet lord, at your ſervice.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as juſt a Man,
As e'er my converſation coap'd withal.

Hor.

Hor. Oh my dear lord, ———

Ham. Nay, do not think, I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope frem thee,
That no revenue haſt, but thy good ſpirits,
To feed and cloath thee? Should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick abſurd Pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Doſt thou hear?
Since my dear ſoul was miſtreſs of her choice,
And could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
Hath ſeal'd thee for her ſelf. For thou haſt been
As one, in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing:
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Haſt ta'en with equal thanks. And bleſt are thoſe,
Whoſe blood and judgment are ſo well comingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe. Give me that man,
That is not paſſion's ſlave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core: ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. —— Something too much of this. ——
There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes near the circumſtance,
Which I have told thee, of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou ſeeſt that Act a-foot,
Ev'n with the very comment of thy ſoul
Obſerve mine uncle: if his occult guilt
Do not it ſelf unkennel in one ſpeech,
It is a damned Ghoſt that we have ſeen:
And my imaginations are as foul (17)
As *Vulcan*'s Smithy. Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join,
In cenſure of his Seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord.

(17) *And my Imaginations are as foul,*
As Vulcan's Stithy.] I have ventur'd, againſt the Authority of all the Copies, to ſubſtitute *Smithy* here. I have given my Reaſons already in a Note on *Troilus*, to which, for Brevity's ſake, I beg leave to refer the Readers.

If

If he ſteal aught, the whilſt this Play is playing,
And 'ſcape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, *and other lords attendant, with a guard carrying torches.* Daniſh *March. Sound a flouriſh.*

Ham. They're coming to the Play; I muſt be idle. Get you a place.

King. How fares our couſin *Hamlet?*

Ham. Excellent, i'faith, of the camelion's diſh: I eat the air, promiſe-cramm'd: you cannot feed capons ſo.

King. I have nothing with this anſwer, *Hamlet*; theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine.——Now, my lord; you plaid once i'th' univerſity, you ſay? [*To* Polonius.

Pol. That I did, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæſar*, I was kill'd i'th' Capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill ſo capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

Roſ. Ay, my lord, they ſtay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear *Hamlet*, ſit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's mettle more attractive.

Pol. Oh ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, ſhall I lye in your lap?

[*Lying down at* Ophelia's *feet.*

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my Head upon your Lap?

Oph. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought, to lie between a maid's legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph.

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Oh God! your only jig-maker; what ſhould a man do, but be merry? For, look you, how chearfully my mother looks, and my father dy'd within theſe two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? nay, then let the Devil wear black, for I'll have a ſuit of ſables. Oh heav'ns! dye two months ago, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope, a Great man's memory may out-live his life half a year: but, by'r-lady, he muſt build churches then; or elſe ſhall he ſuffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horſe; whoſe epitaph is, *For oh, for oh, the hobby-horſe is forgot.*

Haut-boys play. The dumb ſhew enters.

(18) *Enter a Duke and Dutcheſs, with regal Coronets, very lovingly; the Dutcheſs embracing him, and he her. She kneels; he takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; he lays him down upon a bank of flowers; ſhe ſeeing him aſleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his Crown, kiſſes it, and pours poiſon in the Duke's ears, and* Exit. *The Dutcheſs returns, finds the Duke dead, and makes paſſionate action. The poiſoner, with ſome two or three mutes, comes in again, ſeeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poiſoner wooes the Dutcheſs with gifts; ſhe ſeems loth and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his love.*

[Exeunt.

(18) *Enter a* King *and* Queen *very lovingly:*] Thus have the blundering and inadvertent Editors all along given us this Stage-Direction, tho' we are expreſsly told by *Hamlet* anon, that the Story of this introduced Interlude is the Murder of *Gonzago* Duke of *Vienna*. The Source of this Miſtake is eaſily to be accounted for, from the Stage's *dreſſing* the Characters. *Regal* Coronets being at firſt order'd by the Poet for the *Duke* and *Dutcheſs*, the ſucceeding Players, who did not ſtrictly obſerve the *Quality* of the Perſons or *Circumſtances* of the Story, miſtook 'em for a King and Queen; and ſo the Error was deduced down from thence to the preſent Times.

Oph.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching *Malicho*; it means miſchief.

Oph. Belike, this ſhow imports the Argument of the Play?

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We ſhall know by this fellow: the Players cannot keep counſel; they'll tell us all.

Oph. Will he tell us, what this ſhow meant?

Ham. Ay, or any ſhow that you'll ſhew him. Be not you aſhamed to ſhew, he'll not ſhame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the Play.

Prol. *For us, and for our tragedy,*
Here ſtooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the poſie of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter Duke, and Dutcheſs, Players.

Duke. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus'* Carr gone round
Neptune's ſalt waſh, and *Tellus'* orbed ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed ſheen
About the world have time twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands,
Unite commutual, in moſt ſacred bands.

Dutch. So many journeys may the Sun and Moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done.
But woe is me, you are ſo ſick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former ſtate,
That I diſtruſt you; yet though I diſtruſt,
Diſcomfort you, my lord, it nothing muſt:
For women fear too much, ev'n as they love,
And womens' fear and love hold quantity;
'Tis either none, or in extremity.

Now,

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so. (19)
Where love is great, the smalleſt doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

Duke. Faith, I muſt leave thee, Love, and ſhortly too:
My operant powers their functions leave to do,
And thou ſhalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind
For husband ſhalt thou ——

Dutch. Oh, confound the reſt!
Such love muſt needs be treaſon in my breaſt:
In ſecond husband let me be accurſt!
None wed the ſecond, but who kill the firſt.

Ham. Wormwood, wormwood! ——

Dutch. The inſtances, that ſecond marriage move,
Are baſe reſpects of thrift, but none of love.
A ſecond time I kill my husband dead,
When ſecond husband kiſſes me in bed.

Duke. I do believe, you think what now you ſpeak;
But what we do determine, oft we break;
Purpoſe is but the ſlave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruits unripe, ſticks on the tree,
But fall unſhaken, when they mellow be.
Moſt neceſſary 'tis, that we forget
To pay our ſelves what to our ſelves is debt:
What to our ſelves in paſſion we propoſe,

(19) *And as my Love is* fix'd, *my Fear is ſo.*] Mr. *Pope* ſays, I read *ſiz'd*; and, indeed, I do ſo: becauſe, I obſerve, the *Quarto* of 1605 reads, *ciz'd*; that of 1611 *cizſt*; the *Folio* in 1632, *fix*; and that in 1623, *ſiz'd*: and becauſe, beſides, the whole Tenour of the Context demands this Reading: For the Lady evidently is talking here of the Quantity and Proportion of her Love and Fear; not of their Continuance, Duration, or Stability. *Cleopatra* expreſſes herſelf much in the ſame manner, with regard to her Grief for the Loſs of *Antony*.

——— *our* Size *of Sorrow*,
Proportion'd *to our* Cauſe, *muſt be as* great
As that *which makes it*.

The

The paſſion ending. doth the purpoſe loſe;
The violence of either grief or joy,
Their own enactors with themſelves deſtroy.
Where joy moſt revels, grief doth moſt lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on ſlender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not ſtrange,
That ev'n our loves ſhould with our fortunes change.
For 'tis a queſtion left us yet to prove,
Whether love leads fortune, or elſe fortune love.
The Great man down, you mark, his fav'rite flies;
The poor advanc'd, makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs, ſhall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly ſeaſons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do ſo contrary run,
That our devices ſtill are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
Think ſtill, thou wilt no ſecond husband wed;
But die thy thoughts, when thy firſt lord is dead.

Dutch. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repoſe lock from me, day and night!
To deſperation turn my truſt and hope!
An Anchor's cheer in priſon be my ſcope!
Each oppoſite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it deſtroy!
Both here, and hence, purſue me laſting ſtrife!
If, once a widow, ever I be wife.

Ham. If ſhe ſhould break it now ——

Duke. 'Tis deeply ſworn; Sweet, leave me here a while;
My ſpirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with ſleep. [*Sleeps.*

Dutch. Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come miſchance between us twain! [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this Play?

Queen. The lady proteſts too much, methinks.

Ham. Oh, but ſhe'll keep her word.

King.

King. Have you heard the argument, is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jeſt, poiſon in jeſt, no offence i'th' world.

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The *Mouſe-Trap*; ——— Marry, how? tropically. This Play is the image of a murther done in *Vienna*; *Gonzago* is the Duke's name, his wife's *Baptiſta*; you ſhall ſee anon, 'tis a knaviſh piece of Work; but what o' that? your Majeſty, and we that have free ſouls, it touches us not; let the gall'd jade winch, our withers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus*, nephew to the Duke.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could ſee the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would coſt you a groaning to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better and worſe.

Ham. So you miſtake your husbands.

Begin, murtherer. ——— Leave thy damnable faces, and begin.

Come, the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing:

Confederate ſeaſon, and no creature ſeeing:

Thou mixture rank, of mid-night weeds collected,

With *Hecate*'s ban thrice blaſted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magick, and dire property,

On wholſom life uſurp immediately.

[*Pours the poiſon into his ears.*

Ham. He poiſons him i'th' garden for's eſtate; his name's *Gonzago*; the ſtory is extant, and writ in choice *Italian*. You ſhall ſee anon how the murtherer gets the love of *Gonzago*'s wife.

Oph. The King riſes.

Ham. What, frighted with falſe fire!

Queen.

Queen. How fares my lord?
Pol. Give o'er the Play.
King. Give me some light. Away!
All. Lights, lights, lights! [*Exeunt.*

Manent Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. Why, let the strucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, whilst some must sleep;
So runs the world away.
Would not this, Sir, and a forest of Feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn *Turk* with me) with two provincial roses on my rayed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of Players, Sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.
" For thou dost know, oh *Damon* dear,
" This realm dismantled was
" Of *Jove* himself, and now reigns here
" A very, very, —— (20) Paddock.

Hor.

(20) *A very very* Peacock.] The old Copies have it *Paicock*, *Paicocke*, and *Pajocke*. I substitute *Paddock*, as nearest to the Traces of the corrupted Reading. I have, as Mr. *Pope* says, been willing to substitute any Thing in the place of his *Peacock*. He thinks a Fable alluded to, of the Birds choosing a King; instead of the *Eagle*, a *Peacock*. I suppose, he must mean the Fable of *Barlandus*, in which it is said, The Birds being weary of their State of Anarchy, mov'd for the setting up of a King: and the *Peacock* was elected on account of his gay Feathers. But, with Submission, in this Passage of our *Shakespeare*, there is not the least mention made of the *Eagle* in Antithesis to the *Peacock*; and it must be by a very uncommon Figure, that *Jove* himself stands in the place of his *Bird*. I think *Hamlet* is setting his Father's and Uncle's Characters in Contrast to each other: and means to say, that by his Father's Death the State was stripp'd of a godlike Monarch, and that now in his Stead reign'd the most despicable poisonous Animal that could be: a meer *Paddock*, or *Toad*. Pad, *bufo*, *rubeta major*; a toad. This Word, I take to be of *Hamlet*'s own substituting.

Hor. You might have rhim'd.

Ham. Oh, good *Horatio*, I'll take the Ghoſt's word for a thouſand pounds. Didſt perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poiſoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Enter Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.

Ham. Oh, ha! come, ſome muſick: Come, the recorders.

For if the King like not the comedy;
Why, then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.
Come, ſome muſick.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchſafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole hiſtory.

Guil. The King, Sir——

Ham. Ay, Sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous diſtemper'd——

Ham. With drink, Sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wiſdom ſhould ſhew it ſelf more rich, to ſignify this to his Doctor: for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your diſcourſe into ſome frame, and ſtart not ſo wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, Sir;——pronounce.

Guil. The Queen your mother, in moſt great affliction of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this Courteſy is not of the right Breed. If it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholſom anſwer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon, and my return ſhall be the end of my buſineſs.

ſtituting. The Verſes, repeated, ſeem to be from ſome old Balad; in which, Rhyme being neceſſary, I doubt not but the laſt Verſe ran thus:

A very, very,——Aſs.

Ham.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholſom anſwer: my wit's diſeas'd. But, Sir, ſuch anſwer as I can make, you ſhall command; or, rather, as you ſay, my mother ——— therefore no more but to the matter ——— my mother, you ſay ———

Roſ. Then thus ſhe ſays; your behaviour hath ſtruck her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderful ſon, that can ſo aſtoniſh a mother! But is there no ſequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

Roſ. She deſires to ſpeak with you in her cloſet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Roſ. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do ſtill, by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſ. Good my lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper? you do, ſurely, bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Roſ. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himſelf, for your ſucceſſion in *Denmark?*

Ham. Ay, but *while the graſs grows*——the Proverb is ſomething muſty.

Enter one, with a Recorder.

Oh, the Recorders; let me ſee one. To withdraw with you——why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. Oh my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well underſtand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beſeech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as eaſy as lying; govern theſe ventiges with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſick. Look you, theſe are the ſtops.

Guil. But theſe cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me; you would play upon me, you would ſeem to know my ſtops; you would pluck out the heart of my myſtery; you would ſound me from my loweſt note, to the top of my compaſs; and there is much muſick, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it ſpeak. Why, do you think, that I am eaſier to be plaid on than a pipe? call me what inſtrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.———God bleſs you, Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, the Queen would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ham. Do you ſee yonder cloud, that's almoſt in ſhape of a *Camel?*

Pol. By the maſs, and it's like a *Camel*, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like an *Ouzle.*

Pol. It is black like an *Ouzle.*

Ham. Or, like a *Whale?*

Pol. Very like a *Whale.*

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by——they fool me to the top of my bent.———I will come by and by.

Pol. I will ſay ſo.

Ham. By and by is eaſily ſaid. Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church yards yawn and hell it ſelf breathes out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do ſuch bitter buſineſs as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother——
O heart, loſe not thy nature; let not ever
The Soul of *Nero* enter this firm boſom;

Let

Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will ſpeak daggers to her, but uſe none.
My tongue and ſoul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words ſoever ſhe be ſhent,
To give them ſeals never my ſoul conſent! [*Exit.*

Enter King, Roſincrantz, *and* Guildenſtern.

King. I like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe with us
To let his madneſs range. Therefore, prepare you;
I your Commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,
And he to *England* ſhall along with you.
The terms of our eſtate may not endure (21)
Hazard ſo near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his Lunes.

Guil. We will provide our ſelves;
Moſt holy and religious fear it is,
To keep thoſe many, many, Bodies ſafe,
That live and feed upon your Majeſty.

Roſ. The ſingle and peculiar life is bound,
With all the ſtrength and armour of the mind,
To keep it ſelf from noyance; but much more,
That ſpirit, on whoſe weal depends and reſts
The lives of many. The ceaſe of Majeſty
Dies not alone, but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it, with it. It's a maſſy wheel
Fixt on the ſummit of the higheſt mount,

(21) *The Terms of our Eſtate may not endure*
Hazard ſo near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his Lunacies.
Guil. *We will provide our ſelves.*
The old *Quarto's* read,——*Out of his* Brows. This was from the Ignorance of the firſt Editors; as is this unneceſſary *Alexandrine*, which we owe to the Players. The Poet, I am perſuaded, wrote,

——*as doth hourly grow*
Out of his Lunes.

i. e. his *Madneſs, Frenzy*. So our Poet, before, in his *Winter's Tale.*

Theſe dang'rous, unſafe Lunes *i'th' King!——beſhrew 'em,*
He muſt be told of it, &c.

To whoſe huge ſpokes ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortiz'd and adjoin'd, which, when it falls,
Each ſmall annexment, petty conſequence,
Attends the boiſt'rous ruin. Ne'er alone
Did the King ſigh; but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this ſpeedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haſte us. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's cloſet;
Behind the arras I'll convey my ſelf
To hear the proceſs. I'll warrant, ſhe'll tax him home.
And, as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
'Tis meet, that ſome more audience than a mother
(Since nature makes them partial,) ſhould o'er-hear
The ſpeech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege;
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know. [*Exit.*

King. Thanks, dear my lord.
Oh! my offence is rank, it ſmells to heav'n,
It hath the primal, eldeſt, curſe upon't; (22)
That of a brother's murther. Pray I cannot,
Though inclination be as ſharp as will;
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent:
And, like a man to double buſineſs bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect. What if this curſed hand

(22) *It hath the primal, eldeſt, Curſe upon't:*
A brother's Murther——Pray I cannot.] The laſt Verſe, 'tis evident, halts in the Meaſure; and, if I don't miſtake, is a little lame in the Senſe too. Was a brother's Murther the eldeſt *Curſe?* Surely, it was rather the *Crime*, that was the *Cauſe* of this eldeſt *Curſe*. We have no Aſſiſtance, however, either to the *Senſe* or *Numbers*, from any of the Copies. I have ventur'd at two Supplemental Syllables, as innocent in themſelves as neceſſary to the Purpoſes for which they are introduc'd:

That of *a Brother's Murther*,——

Were

Were thicker than itſelf with brother's blood ?
Is there not rain enough in the ſweet heav'ns
To waſh it white as ſnow ? whereto ſerves Mercy,
But to confront the viſage of offence ?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-ſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down ? then I'll look up ;
My fault is paſt.——But oh, what form of prayer
Can ſerve my turn ? Forgive me my foul murther !——
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt
Of thoſe effects for which I did the murther,
My Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence ?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may ſhove by juſtice ;
And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked prize it ſelf
Buys out the law ; but 'tis not ſo above :
There, is no ſhuffling ; there, the action lies
In his true nature, and we our ſelves compell'd,
Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then ? what reſts ?
Try, what repentance can : What can it not ?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
Oh wretched ſtate ! oh boſom, black as death !
Oh limed ſoul, that, ſtruggling to be free,
Art more engaged ! help, angels ! make aſſay !
Bow, ſtubborn knees ; and, heart, with ſtrings of ſteel,
Be ſoft as ſinews of the new-born babe !
All may be well. [*The King retires and kneels.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now I'll do't—— and ſo he goes to heav'n.——
And ſo am I reveng'd ? that would be ſcann'd ;
A villain kills my father, and for that
I, his ſole ſon, do this ſame villain ſend
To heav'n—O, this is hire and ſalary, not revenge.
He took my father groſly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as fluſh as *May* ;
And how his audit ſtands, who knows, ſave heaven ?

But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,
'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his ſoul,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage?
Up, ſword, and know thou a more horrid Bent; (23)
When he is drunk, aſleep, or in his rage,
Or in th' inceſtuous pleaſure of his bed;
At gaming, ſwearing or about ſome act
That has no reliſh of ſalvation in't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heav'n;
And that his ſoul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother ſtays;
This phyſick but prolongs thy ſickly days. [*Exit.*

The King riſes, and comes forward.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Queen's Apartment.*

Enter Queen *and* Polonius.

Pol. HE will come ſtraight; look, you lay home to him;
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your Grace hath ſcreen'd, and ſtood between
Much heat and him. I'll ſilence me ev'n here;
Pray you, be round with him.
Ham. [*within.*] Mother, Mother, Mother.——

(23) *Up, Sword, and know thou a more horrid* Time.] This is a ſophiſticated Reading, warranted by none of the Copies of any Authority. Mr. *Pope* ſays, I read conjecturally:
——*a more horrid* Bent.
I do ſo; and why? the two oldeſt *Quarto's*, as well as the two eldeſt *Folio's*, read;——*a more horrid* Hent. But, as there is no ſuch *Engliſh* Subſtantive, it ſeems very natural to conclude, that, with the Change of a ſingle Letter, our Author's genuine Word was, *Bent*; i. e. *Drift, Scope, Inclination, Purpoſe*, &c.

Queen.

Queen. I'll warrant you, fear me not,
Withdraw, I hear him coming.
[Polonius *hides himself behind the Arras.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou haſt thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you queſtion with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, *Hamlet?*
Ham. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not ſo;
You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife,
But, 'would you were not ſo!——You are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then I'll ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeak.
Ham. Come, come, and ſit you down; you ſhall not budge:
You go not, 'till I ſet you up a glaſs
Where you may ſee the inmoſt part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Help, ho.
Pol. What ho, help. [*Behind the Arras.*
Ham. How now, a rat? dead for a ducate, dead.
[Hamlet *kills* Polonius.
Pol. Oh, I am ſlain.
Queen. Oh me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay I know not: is it the King?
Queen. Oh, what a raſh and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed; almoſt as bad, good mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a King?
Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding fool, farewel,
[*To* Polonius.
I took thee for thy Betters; take thy fortune;
Thou find'ſt, to be too buſy, is ſome danger.
Leave wringing of your hands; peace, ſit you down,
And let me wring your heart, for ſo I ſhall,

If it be made of penetrable ſtuff:
If damned cuſtom have not braz'd it ſo,
That it is proof and bulwark againſt ſenſe.
Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'ſt wag thy tongue
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and bluſh of modeſty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the roſe
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And ſets a bliſter there; makes marriage-vows
As falſe as dicers' oaths. O, ſuch a deed,
As from the body of Contraction plucks
The very ſoul, and ſweet Religion makes
A rhapſody of words. Heav'n's face doth glow;
Yea, this ſolidity and compound maſs,
With triſtful viſage, as againſt the doom,
Is thought-ſick at the act.
Queen. Ay me! what act,
That roars ſo loud, and thunders in the index?
Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers:
See, what a grace was ſeated on this brow;
Hyperion's curles; the front of *Jove* himſelf;
An eye, like *Mars*, to threaten or command;
A ſtation, like the herald *Mercury*
New-lighted on a heaven-kiſſing hill;
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every God did ſeem to ſet his ſeal,
To give the world aſſurance of a man.
This *was* your husband,——Look you now, what follows;
Here *is* your husband, like a mildew'd ear,
Blaſting his wholeſome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moore? ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it Love; for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment

Would

Would ſtep from this to this? Senſe, ſure, you have, (24)
Elſe could you not have motion: but, ſure, that ſenſe
Is apoplex'd: for madneſs would not err;
Nor ſenſe to ecſtaſy was ne'er ſo thrall'd,
But it reſerv'd ſome quantity of choice
To ſerve in ſuch a diff'rence.——What devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without ſight,
Ears without hands or eyes, ſmelling *ſans* all,
Or but a ſickly part of one true ſenſe
Could not ſo mope.——
O ſhame! where is thy bluſh? rebellious hell,
If thou canſt mutiny in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no ſhame,
When the compulſive ardour gives the charge;
Since froſt it ſelf as actively doth burn,
And Reaſon panders Will.

Queen. O *Hamlet*, ſpeak no more.
Thou turn'ſt mine eyes into my very ſoul,
And there I ſee ſuch black and grained ſpots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank ſweat of an inceſtuous bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honying and making love
Over the naſty ſty;——

Queen. Oh, ſpeak no more;
Theſe words like daggers enter in mine ears.
No more, ſweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murtherer, and a villain!——
A ſlave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord. A Vice of Kings;——

(24) *Senſe, ſure, you have,* &c.] Mr. *Pope* has left out the Quantity of about eight Verſes here, which I have taken care to replace. They are not, indeed, to be found in the two elder *Folio's*, but they carry the Style, Expreſſion, and Caſt of Thought, peculiar to our Author; and that they were not an Interpolation from another Hand needs no better Proof, than that they are in all the oldeſt *Quarto's*.

A cut-

A cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule,
That from a shelf the precious Diadem stole
And put it in his pocket.

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches———
Save me! and hover o'er me with your wings,
[*Starting up.*
You heav'nly guards! what would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad———

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command?
O say!

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits;
O step between her and her fighting soul:
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
Speak to her, *Hamlet.*

Ham How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And, as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements,
Start up, and stand on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!——look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham.

Ham. Do you see nothing there?
[*Pointing to the Ghost.*
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing but our selves.
Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father in his habit as he lived!
Look, where he goes ev'n now, out at the portal.
[*Exit Ghost.*
Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,
This bodiless creation Ecstasy
Is very cunning in.
Ham. What Ecstasy?
My pulse, as yours, doth temp'rately keep time,
And makes as healthful musick. 'Tis not madness
That I have utter'd; bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess your self to heav'n;
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For, in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, courb, and wooe, for leave to do it good.
Queen. Oh *Hamlet!* thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night; but go not to mine uncle's bed:
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster custom, who all sense doth eat (25)

Of

(25) *That Monster Custom, who all Sense doth eat,*
Of Habit's Devil, *is Angel yet in this,*
That to the Use of Actions fair and good

Of habits evil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: Refrain to night;
And That shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence; the next, more easy;
For use can almost change the stamp of Nature,
And master ev'n the Devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll Blessing beg of you.——For this same lord,
[*Pointing to* Polonius.
I do repent: but heav'n hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him; so, again, good night!
I must be cruel, only to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means, that I bid you do.
Let the fond King tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or padling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,

He likewise gives a Frock or Livery,
That aptly is put on.] This Passage is left out in the two elder *Folio's*: It is certainly corrupt, and the Players did the discreet part to stifle what they did not understand. *Habit's Devil* certainly arose from some conceited Tamperer with the Text, who thought it was necessary, in Contrast to *Angel*. The Emendation of the Text I owe to the Sagacity of Dr. *Thirlby*.

That Monster Custom, who all Sense doth eat
Of Habits evil, *is Angel*, &c.

i. e. Custom, which by inuring us to ill Habits, makes us lose the Apprehension of their being really ill, as easily will reconcile us to the Practice of good Actions.

But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know.
For who that's but a Queen, fair, ſober, wife,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gibbe,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do ſo?
No, in deſpight of ſenſe and ſecrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the houſe's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try concluſions, in the basket creep;
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of Life, I have no Life to breathe
What thou haſt ſaid to me.

Ham. I muſt to *England*, you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'tis ſo concluded on.

Ham. There's letters ſeal'd, and my two ſchool-fellows,
(Whom I will truſt, as I will adders fang'd;)
They bear the mandate; they muſt ſweep my way,
And marſhal me to knavery: let it work.———
For 'tis the ſport, to have the engineer
Hoiſt with his own petar: and't ſhall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis moſt ſweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet!
This man ſhall ſet me packing;———
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room;
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this Counſellor
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt grave,
Who was in life a fooliſh prating knave.
Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you,
Good night, mother.

[*Exit* Hamlet, *tugging in* Polonius.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *A Royal Apartment.*

Enter King and Queen, with Roſincrantz, *and* Guildenſtern.

KING.

THERE's matter in theſe ſighs; theſe profound heaves
You muſt tranſlate; 'tis fit, we underſtand them.
Where is your ſon?

Queen. Beſtow this place on us a little while.
[*To* Roſ. *and* Guild. *who go out.*
Ah, my good lord, what have I ſeen to night?

King. What, *Gertrude?* How does *Hamlet?*

Queen. Mad as the ſeas, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier; in his lawleſs fit,
Behind the arras hearing ſomething ſtir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, a rat!
And, in this brainiſh apprehenſion, kills
The unſeen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been ſo with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your ſelf, to us, to every one.
Alas! how ſhall this bloody deed be anſwer'd?
It will be laid to us, whoſe providence
Should have kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man. But ſo much was our love,
We would not underſtand what was moſt fit;
But, like the owner of a foul diſeaſe,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Ev'n on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
O'er whom his very madneſs, like ſome ore

Among

Among a mineral of metals base,
Shews it self pure. He weeps for what is done.
King. O *Gertrude*, come away:
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed
We must, with all our Majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse. Ho! *Guildenstern!*

Enter Rosincrantz *and* Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath *Polonius* slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he drag'd him.
Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chappel. Pray you, haste in this.
[*Exe.* Ros. *and* Guil.
Come, *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wisest friends, (26)
And

(26) Gertrude, *We'll call up our wisest Friends,*
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done.
Whose Whisper o'er the World's Diameter,
As level as the Cannon to his blank,
Transports its poison'd Shot, may miss our Name,
And hit the woundless Air.——*O, come away;*]
Mr. *Pope* takes notice, that *I replace some Verses that were imperfect, (and tho' of a* modern *Date, seem to be genuine;) by inserting two Words.* But to see, what an accurate and faithful Collator he is! I produc'd these Verses in my SHAKESPEARE *restor'd*, from a *Quarto* Edition of *Hamlet* printed in 1637, and happen'd to say, that they had not the Authority of any earlier Date in Print, that I knew of, than that *Quarto*. Upon the Strength of this Mr. *Pope* comes and calls the Lines modern, tho' they are in the *Quarto's* of 1605 and 1611, which I had not then seen, but both of which Mr. *Pope* pretends to have collated. The Verses carry the very Stamp of *Shakespeare* upon them. The Coin, indeed, has been clipt from our first receiving it; but it is not so diminish'd, but that with a small Assistance we may hope to make it pass current. We have not, 'tis true, so much as the Footsteps, or Traces, of a corrupted Reading, to lead us to an Emendation; nor any means of restoring what is lost, but Conjecture. I am far from affirming,

And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. For, haply, Slander
(Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports its poison'd shot;) may miss our Name,
And hit the woundless air——O, come away;
My soul is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed——

Gentlemen within. *Hamlet!* lord *Hamlet?*

Ham. What noise? who calls on *Hamlet?* Oh, here they come.

Enter Rosincrantz, *and* Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence, And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a spunge, what replication should be made by the son of a King?

Ros. Take you me for a spunge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir, that sokes up the King's countenance, his rewards, his authorities; but such officers do the King best service in the end; he keeps them, like an apple, in the corner of his Jaw; first mouth'd, to be

firming, therefore, that I have given the Poet's very Words; but the Supplement is such as the Sentiment naturally seems to demand. The Poet has the same Thought, concerning the diffusive Pow'rs of *Slander* in another of his Plays.

No, 'tis Slander;
Whose Edge is Sharper than the Sword, whose Tongue
Out-venomes all the Worms of Nile, *whose Breath*
Rides on the posting Winds, and doth belie
All Corners of the World. *Cymbeline.*

last

laſt ſwallow'd: when he needs what you have glean'd, it is but ſqueezing you, and, ſpunge, you ſhall be dry again.

Roſ. I underſtand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it; a knaviſh ſpeech ſleeps in a fooliſh ear.

Roſ. My lord, you muſt tell us where the body is, and go with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing———

Guild. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him; hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King.

King. I've ſent to ſeek him, and to find the body;
How dang'rous is it, that this man goes looſe!
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong law on him;
He's lov'd of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes:
And where 'tis ſo, th' offender's ſcourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all ſmooth,
This ſudden ſending him away muſt ſeem
Deliberate pauſe: diſeaſes, deſp'rate grown,
By deſperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.

Enter Roſincrantz.

How now; what hath befall'n?

Roſ. Where the dead body is beſtow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Roſ. Without, my lord, guarded to know your pleaſure.

King. Bring him before us.

Roſ. Ho, *Guildenſtern!* bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet, *and* Guildenſtern.

King. Now, *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius?*

Ham. At ſupper.

King.

King. At ſupper? where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain convocation of politique worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures elſe to fat us, and we fat our ſelves for maggots. Your fat King and your lean beggar is but variable ſervice, two diſhes but to one table; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fiſh with the worm that hath eat of a King, eat of the fiſh that hath fed of that worm.

King. What doſt thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to ſhew you how a King may go a progreſs through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius?*

Ham. In heav'n, ſend thither to ſee. If your meſſenger find him not there, ſeek him i'th' other place your ſelf. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you ſhall noſe him as you go up the ſtairs into the lobbey.

King. Go ſeek him there.

Ham. He will ſtay 'till ye come.

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine eſpecial ſafety,
(Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For That which thou haſt done) muſt ſend thee hence
With fiery quickneſs; therefore prepare thy ſelf;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th' aſſociates tend, and every thing is bent
For *England.*

Ham. For *England?*

King. Ay, *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'ſt our purpoſes.

Ham. I ſee a Cherub, that ſees them; but come, for *England!* farewel, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, *Hamlet.*

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one fleſh, and, ſo, my mother. Come, for *England.* [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with ſpeed aboard; Delay

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to night.
Away, for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on th' affair; pray you, make haste.
[*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Guild.
And, *England!* if my love thou hold'st at aught,
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the *Danish* sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us; thou may'st not coldly set
Our sovereign process, which imports at full,
By letters congruing to that effect,
The present death of *Hamlet*. Do it, *England*:
For like the hectick in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me; 'till I know 'tis done.
How-e'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. [*Exit*.

SCENE, *A Camp, on the Frontiers of* Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, *with an Army*.

For. GO, Captain, from me, greet the *Danish* King;
Tell him, that, by his license, *Fortinbras*
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd March
Over his Realm. You know the rendezvous.
If that his Majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.
Capt. I will do't, my lord.
For. Go softly on. [*Exit* Fortinbras, *with the Army*.

Enter Hamlet, Rosincrantz, Guildenstern, *&c.*

Ham. Good Sir, whose Powers are these?
Capt. They are of *Norway*, Sir.
Ham. How purpos'd, Sir, I pray you?
Capt. Against some part of *Poland*.
Ham. Who commands them, Sir?
Capt. The nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbras*.
Ham. Goes it against the main of *Poland*, Sir,
Or for some frontier?

Capt.

Capt. Truly to speak it, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats——five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to *Norway*, or the *Pole*,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.
Ham. Why, then the *Polacke* never will defend it.
Capt. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.
Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,
Will not debate the question of this straw;
This is th' impostume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shews no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.
Capt. God b'w'ye, Sir.
Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?
Ham. I'll be with you strait, go a little before.
[*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge? what is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To rust in us unus'd. Now whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th' event,
(A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward:) I do not know
Why yet I live to say this thing's to do;
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me;
Witness this army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puft,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;

Exposing

Expoſing what is mortal and unſure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Ev'n for an egg-ſhell. 'Tis not to be great,
Never to ſtir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a ſtraw,
When Honour's at the ſtake. How ſtand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother ſtain'd,
(Excitements of my reaſon and my blood)
And let all ſleep? while, to my ſhame, I ſee
The imminent death of twenty thouſand men;
That for a fantaſie and trick of fame
Go to their Graves like beds; fight for a Plot,
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the ſlain? O, then, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Palace.*

Enter Queen, Horatio, *and a Gentleman.*

Queen. I Will not ſpeak with her.
Gent. She is importunate,
Indeed, diſtract; her mood will needs be pitied.
Queen. What would ſhe have?
Gent. She ſpeaks much of her father; ſays, ſhe hears,
There's tricks i'th' world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviouſly at ſtraws; ſpeaks things in doubt,
That carry but half ſenſe: her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the unſhaped uſe of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which as her winks, and nods, and geſtures yield them,
Indeed, would make one think, there might be thought;
Tho' nothing ſure, yet much unhappily.
Hor. 'Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with, for ſhe may ſtrow
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Let her come in.———
Queen. To my ſick ſoul, as ſin's true nature is,

Each

Each Toy ſeems prologue to ſome great Amiſs;
So full of artleſs jealouſy is guilt,
It ſpills it ſelf, in fearing to be ſpilt.

Enter Ophelia, *diſtracted.*

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majeſty of *Denmark?*
Queen. How now, *Ophelia?*

Oph. *How ſhould I your true Love know from another one?*
By his cockle hat and ſtaff, and his ſandal ſhoon.
[Singing.

Queen. Alas, ſweet lady; what imports this Song?
Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He's dead and gone, lady, he is dead and gone;
At his head a graſs-green turf, at his heels a ſtone.

Enter King.

Queen. Nay, but *Ophelia*——
Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his ſhrowd as the mountain ſnow.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. *Larded all with ſweet flowers:*
Which bewept to the Grave did go
With true love Showers.

King. How do ye, pretty lady?
Oph. Well, God yield you! They ſay the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!
King. Conceit upon her father.
Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, ſay you this:

To morrow is St. Valentine's *day, all in the morn betime,*
And I a maid at your window, to be your Valantine.
Then up he roſe, and don'd his cloaths, and dupt the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid never departed more.

King.

King. Pretty *Ophelia!*

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

By Gis, and by S. Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't,
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long has she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient; but I cannot chuse but weep, to think, they should lay him i'th' cold ground; my brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach; good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her close, give her good watch, I pray you; [*Exit* Horatio.

This is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O *Gertrude, Gertrude?*
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. First, her father slain;
Next your Son gone, and he most violent author
Of his own just Remove; the people muddied,
Thick and unwholsome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good *Polonius'* death; (We've done but greenly,
In private to interr him;) poor *Ophelia,*
Divided from her self, and her fair judgment;
(Without the which we're pictures, or mere beasts:)
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from *France:*
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our persons to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear *Gertrude,* this,
Like to a murthering piece, in many places

Gives me ſuperfluous death! [*A noiſe within.*

Queen. Alack! what Noiſe is this?

Enter a Meſſenger.

King. Where are my *Switzers?* let them guard the door.
What is the matter?

Meſ. Save your ſelf, my lord.
The ocean, over-peering of his liſt,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haſte,
Than young *Laertes*, in a riotous head,
O'er-bears your officers; the rabble call him lord;
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, cuſtom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every Ward; (27)
They cry, "Chuſe we *Laertes* for our King."
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the Clouds;
"*Laertes* ſhall be King, *Laertes* King."

Queen. How chearfully on the falſe trail they cry!
Oh, this is counter, you falſe *Daniſh* dogs.
[*Noiſe within.*

Enter Laertes, *with a Party at the door.*

King. The doors are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? Sirs! ſtand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

(27) *The Ratifiers and Props of ev'ry* Word;] The whole Tenour of the Context is ſufficient to ſhew, that this is a miſtaken Reading. What can Antiquity and Cuſtom, being the Props of *Words*, have to do with the Buſineſs in hand? Or what Idea is convey'd by it? Certainly, the Poet wrote;

The Ratifiers and Props of ev'ry Ward;

The Meſſenger is complaining, that the riotous Head had overborne the King's Officers, and then ſubjoins, that Antiquity and Cuſtom were forgot, which were the Ratifiers and Props of every *Ward*, i. e. of every one of thoſe *Securities* that Nature and Law place about the Perſon of a King. All this is rational and conſequential. Mr. *Warburton.*

Laer.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.
All. We will, we will. [*Exeunt.*
Laer. I thank you: keep the door.
O thou vile King, give me my father.
Queen. Calmly, good *Laertes.*
Laer. That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims me baſtard;
Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaſte and unſmirch'd brow
Of my true mother.
King. What is the cauſe, *Laertes,*
That thy Rebellion looks ſo giant-like?
Let him go, *Gertrude;* do not fear our perſon:
There's ſuch divinity doth hedge a King,
That treaſon can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of its will. Tell me, *Laertes,*
Why are you thus incens'd? Let him go, *Gertrude,*
Speak, man.
Laer. Where is my father?
King. Dead.
Queen. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.
Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackeſt devil!
Conſcience and grace, to the profoundeſt pit!
I dare damnation; to this point I ſtand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come, what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Moſt throughly for my father.
King. Who ſhall ſtay you?
Laer. My will, not all the world;
And for my means, I'll husband them ſo well,
They ſhall go far with little.
King. Good *Laertes,*
If you deſire to know the certainty
Of your dear father, is't writ in your revenge,
(That ſweep-ſtake) you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loſer?
Laer. None but his enemies.
King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,
And, like the kind life-rendring pelican,
Repaſt them with my blood.

King. Why, now you ſpeak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltleſs of your father's death,
And am moſt ſenſible in grief for it,
It ſhall as level to your judgment pierce,
As day does to your eye. [*A noiſe within.* " Let her come in.]

Laer. How now, what noiſe is that?

Enter Ophelia, *fantaſtically dreſt with ſtraws and flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, ſeven times ſalt,
Burn out the ſenſe and virtue of mine eye!
By heav'n, thy madneſs ſhall be paid with weight,
Till our ſcale turn the beam. O roſe of *May!*
Dear maid, kind ſiſter, ſweet *Ophelia!*
O heav'ns, is't poſſible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love; and, where 'tis fine,
It ſends ſome precious inſtance of it ſelf
After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier,*
And on his Grave rains many a tear;
Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Had'ſt thou thy wits, and did'ſt perſuade Revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You muſt ſing, down a-down, and you call him a-down-a. O how the wheel becomes it! It is the falſe ſteward that ſtole his maſter's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's roſemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember; and there's pancies, that's for thoughts.

Laer.

Laer. A document in madneſs, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you, and here's ſome for me. We may call it herb of grace o' *Sundays:* you may wear your rue with a difference. There's a daiſie; I would give you ſome violets, but they withered all when my father dy'd: they ſay, he made a good end;

For bonny ſweet Robin *is all my joy.*

Laer. Thought, and affliction, paſſion, hell it ſelf,] She turns to favour, and to prettineſs.

Oph. *And will he not come again?*
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead, go to thy death bed,
He never will come again,
His beard was as white as ſnow,
All flaxen was his pole:
He is gone, he is gone, and we caſt away mone,
Gramercy on his ſoul!

And of all chriſtian ſouls! God b'w'ye. [*Exit* Ophelia.

Laer. Do you ſee this, you Gods!

King. Laertes, I muſt commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right: go but a-part,
Make choice of whom your wiſeſt friends you will,
And they ſhall hear and judge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our Kingdom give,
Our Crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in ſatisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us;
And we ſhall jointly labour with your ſoul,
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be ſo.
His means of death, his obſcure funeral,
No trophy, ſword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal oſtentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heav'n to earth,
That I muſt call't in queſtion.

King. So you ſhall:
And where th' offence is, let the great ax fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio, *with an attendant.*

Hor. What are they, that would ſpeak with me?
Ser. Sailors, Sir; they ſay, they have letters for you.
Hor. Let them come in.
I do not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted, if not from lord *Hamlet.*

Enter Sailors.

Sail. God bleſs you, Sir.
Hor. Let him bleſs thee too.
Sail. He ſhall, Sir, an't pleaſe him.—There's a letter for you, Sir: It comes from th' ambaſſador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Horatio reads the letter.

HORATIO, *when thou ſhalt have overlook'd this, give theſe fellows ſome means to the King: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at ſea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chace. Finding our ſelves too ſlow of ſail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the inſtant they got clear of our ſhip, ſo I alone became their priſoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did: I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have ſent, and repair thou to me with as much haſte as thou wouldeſt fly death. I have words to ſpeak in thy ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the matter. Theſe good fellows will bring thee where I am.* Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern *hold their courſe for* England. *Of them I have much to tell thee, farewel.*

He that thou knoweſt thine, Hamlet.

Come,

Come, I will make you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up?

King. Two special reasons,
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
And yet to me are strong. The Queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for my self,
(My virtue or my plague, be't either which,)
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces. So that my arrows,
Too slightly timbred for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections——But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that; you must not think,
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,

And think it paſtime. You ſhall ſoon hear more.
I lov'd your father, and we love our ſelf,
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine——
How now? what news?

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. Letters, my lord, from *Hamlet.*
Theſe to your Majeſty: this to the Queen.
King. From *Hamlet?* who brought them?
Meſ. Sailors, my lord, they ſay; I ſaw them not;
They were given me by *Claudio*, he receiv'd them.
King. Laertes, you ſhall hear them: leave us, all—
[*Exit Meſ.*

HIGH and Mighty, you ſhall know, I am ſet naked on your Kingdom. To morrow ſhall I beg leave to ſee your kingly eyes. When I ſhall, (firſt asking your pardon thereunto,) recount the' occaſion of my ſudden return.

Hamlet.

What ſhould this mean? are all the reſt come back?
Or is it ſome abuſe——and no ſuch thing?
Laer. Know you the hand?
King. 'Tis *Hamlet*'s character;
Naked, and (in a poſtſcript here, he ſays)
Alone: can you adviſe me?
Laer. I'm loſt in it, my lord: but let him come;
It warms the very ſickneſs in my heart,
That I ſhall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddeſt thou.
King. If it be ſo, *Laertes*,
As how ſhould it be ſo?——how, otherwiſe?——
Will you be rul'd by me?
Laer. I, ſo you'll not o'er-rule me to a peace.
King. To thine own peace: if he be now return'd,
As liking not his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it; I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he ſhall not chuſe but fall:
And for his death no wind of Blame ſhall breathe;

But

But ev'n his mother ſhall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.
Laer. I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deviſe it ſo,
That I might be the organ.
King. It falls right:
You have been talkt of ſince your travel much,
And that in *Hamlet*'s Hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they ſay, you ſhine; your ſum of parts
Did not together pluck ſuch envy from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthieſt ſiege.
Laer. What part is that, my lord?
King. A very feather in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no leſs becomes
The light and careleſs livery that it wears,
Than ſettled age his ſables, and his weeds
Importing health and graveneſs.—Two months ſince,
Here was a gentleman of *Normandy*;
I've ſeen myſelf, and ſerv'd againſt the *French*,
And they can well on horſe-back; but this Gallant
Had witchcraft in't, he grew unto his ſeat;
And to ſuch wondrous doing brought his horſe,
As he had been incorps'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave beaſt; ſo far he top'd my thought,
That I in forgery of ſhapes and tricks
Come ſhort of what he did.
Laer. A *Norman*, was't?
King. A *Norman.*
Laer. Upon my life, *Lamond.*
King. The ſame.
Laer. I know him well; he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.
King. He made confeſſion of you,
And gave you ſuch a maſterly report,
For art and exerciſe in your defence;
And for your rapier moſt eſpecial,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a Sight indeed,
If one could match you. The Scrimers of their nation,
He ſwore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,

If you oppos'd 'em——Sir, this Report of his
Did *Hamlet* ſo envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wiſh and beg
Your ſudden coming o'er to play with him.
Now out of this——

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think, you did not love your father,
But that I know, love is begun by time;
And that I ſee in paſſages of proof,
Time qualifies the ſpark and fire of it:
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or ſnuff, that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodneſs ſtill;
For goodneſs, growing to a pleuriſie
Dies in his own too much; what we would do,
We ſhould do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *ſhould* is like a ſpend-thrift ſigh
That hurts by eaſing; but to th' quick o'th' ulcer——
Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
To ſhew your ſelf your father's Son indeed
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th' church.

King. No place, indeed, ſhould murther ſanctuariſe;
Revenge ſhould have no bounds; but, good *Laertes*,
Will you do this? keep cloſe within your chamber;
Hamlet, return'd, ſhall know you are come home:
We'll put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the fame
The *Frenchman* gave you; bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads. He being remiſs,
Moſt generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruſe the foils; ſo that with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chuſe
A ſword unbated, and in a paſs of practice

Requite

Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't;
And for the purpoſe I'll anoint my ſword:
I bought an unction of a Mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no Cataplaſm ſo rare,
Collected from all Simples that have virtue
Under the Moon, can ſave the thing from death,
That is but ſcratch'd withal; I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him ſlightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's farther think of this;
Weigh, what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our ſhape. If this ſhould fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not aſſay'd; therefore this project
Should have a back, or ſecond, that might hold,
If this ſhould blaſt in proof. Soft—let me ſee——
We'll make a ſolemn wager on your cunnings;
I ha't——when in your motion you are hot,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for Drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A Chalice for the nonce; whereon but ſipping,
If he by chance eſcape your venom'd tuck,
Our purpoſe may hold there.

Enter Queen.

How now, ſweet Queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So faſt they follow: your ſiſter's drown'd, *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd! oh where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aſlant a Brook,
That ſhews his hoar leaves in the glaſſie ſtream:
There with fantaſtick garlands did ſhe come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daiſies, and long purples,
(That liberal ſhepherds give a groſſer name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them;)
There on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds
Clambring to hang, an envious ſliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and her ſelf

Fell

Fell in the weeping brook; her cloaths spread wide,
And mermaid like, a while they bore her up;
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress;
Or like a creature native, and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, she is drown'd!

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; Nature her custom holds,
Let Shame say what it will; when these are gone,
The woman will be out: adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*

King. Follow, *Gertrude:*
How much had I to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it start again;
Therefore, let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *A* CHURCH.

Enter two Clowns, with spades and mattocks.

1 CLOWN.

IS she to be buried in christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clown.* I tell thee, she is, therefore make her Grave straight; the crowner hath sate on her, and finds it christian burial.

1 *Clown.*

1 *Clown.* How can that be, unleſs ſhe drowned her ſelf in her own defence?

2 *Clown.* Why, 'tis found ſo.

1 *Clown.* It muſt be *ſe offendendo*, it cannot be elſe. For here lyes the point; if I drown my ſelf wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches; It is to act, to do, and to perform; *argal*, ſhe drown'd her ſelf wittingly.

2 *Clown.* Nay, but hear you, goodman *Delver*.

1 *Clown.* Give me leave; here lies the water, good: here ſtands the man, good: if the man go to this water, and drown himſelf, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himſelf. *Argal*, he, that is not guilty of his own death, ſhortens not his own life.

2 *Clown.* But is this law?

1 *Clown.* Ay, marry is't, crowner's queſt-law.

2 *Clown.* Will you ha' the truth on't? if this had not been a gentlewoman, ſhe ſhould have been buried out of chriſtian burial.

1 *Clown.* Why, there thou ſay'ſt. And the more pity, that great folk ſhould have countenance in this world to drown or hang themſelves, more than other chriſtians. Come, my ſpade; there is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up *Adam*'s profeſſion.

2 *Clown.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clown.* He was the firſt, that ever bore arms.

2 *Clown.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clown.* What, art a heathen? how doſt thou underſtand the Scripture? the Scripture ſays, *Adam* digg'd; could he dig without arms? I'll put another queſtion to thee; if thou anſwereſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſs thy ſelf———

2 *Clown.* Go to.

1 *Clown.* What is he that builds ſtronger than either the maſon, the ſhip-wright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thouſand tenants.

1 *Clown.*

1 *Clown.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to thoſe that do ill: now thou doſt ill, to ſay the gallows is built ſtronger than the church; *argal*, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 *Clown.* Who builds ſtronger than a maſon, a ſhipwright, or a carpenter?———

1 *Clown.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown.* To't.

2 *Clown.* Maſs, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio, *at a diſtance.*

1 *Clown.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull aſs will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are ask'd this queſtion next, ſay, a grave-maker. The houſes, he makes, laſt 'till dooms-day: go, get thee to *Youghan*, and fetch me a ſtoup of liquor.

[*Exit* 2 *Clown.*

He digs and ſings.

In youth when I did love, did love, (28)
Methought, it was very ſweet;
To contract, oh, the time for, a, my behove,
Oh, methought, there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his buſineſs, that he ſings at Grave-making?

Hor. Cuſtom hath made it to him a property of eaſineſs.

Ham. 'Tis e'en ſo; the hand of little employment hath the daintier ſenſe.

(28) *In Youth, when I did love,* &c.] The Three *Stanza's* ſung here by the *Grave-digger*, are extracted, with a ſlight Variation, from a little Poem, call'd, *The Aged Lover renounceth Love:* written by *Henry Howard* Earl of *Surrey*, who flouriſh'd in the Reign of King *Henry* VIII. and who was beheaded in 1547, on a ſtrain'd Accuſation of Treaſon.

Clown.

Clown ſings.

But age, with his ſtealing ſteps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch:
And hath ſhipped me into the land,
As if I had never been ſuch.

Ham. That ſcull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once; how the knave jowles it to the ground, as if it were *Cain*'s jaw-bone, that did the firſt murther! this might be the pate of a politician, which this aſs o'er-offices; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could ſay, "good-"morrow, ſweet lord; how doſt thou, good lord?" this might be my lord ſuch a one, that prais'd my lord ſuch a one's horſe, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en ſo: and now my lady *Worm*'s, chapleſs, and knocked about the mazzard with a ſexton's ſpade. Here's a fine revolution, if we had the trick to ſee't. Did theſe bones coſt no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ake to think on't.

Clown ſings.

A pick-axe and a ſpade, a ſpade,
For,——and a ſhrouding ſheet!
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For ſuch a gueſt is meet.

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the ſcull of a lawyer? where be his quiddits now? his quillets? his caſes? his tenures, and his tricks? why does he ſuffer this rude knave now to knock him about the ſconce with a dirty ſhovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? hum! this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his ſtatutes, his recognizances, his fines,

fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchaſes, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? the very conveyances of his lands will hardly lye in this box; and muſt the inheritor himſelf have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of ſheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calve-skins too.

Ham. They are ſheep and calves that ſeek out aſſurance in that. I will ſpeak to this fellow: Whoſe Grave's this, Sirrah?

Clown. Mine, Sir———

O, a pit of clay for to be made
For ſuch a Gueſt is meet.

Ham. I think, it be thine, indeed, for thou lieſt in't.

Clown. You lie out on't, Sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lie in't, to be in't, and ſay, 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou ly'ſt.

Clown. 'Tis a quick lie, Sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man doſt thou dig it for?

Clown. For no man, Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clown. One, that was a woman, Sir; but, reſt her ſoul, ſhe's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knave is? we muſt ſpeak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, *Horatio*, theſe three years I have taken note of it, the age is grown ſo picked, that the toe of the peaſant comes ſo near the heel of our courtier, he galls his kibe. How long haſt thou been a grave-maker?

Clown.

Clown. Of all the days i'th' year, I came to't that day that our laſt King *Hamlet* o'ercame *Fortinbras.*

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that was mad, and ſent into *England.*

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he ſent into *England?*

Clown. Why, becauſe he was mad; he ſhall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clown. 'Twill not be ſeen in him; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very ſtrangely, they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clown. Faith, e'en with loſing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clown. Why, here, in *Denmark.* I have been ſexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th' earth ere he rot?

Clown. I'faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky coarſes now-a-days, that will ſcarce hold the laying in) he will laſt you ſome eight year, or nine year; a tanner will laſt you nine years.

Ham. Why he, more than another?

Clown. Why, Sir, his hide is ſo tan'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while. And your water is a ſore decayer of your whorſon dead body. Here's a ſcull now has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clown. A whorſon mad fellow's it was; whoſe do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue! he pour'd a flaggon of Rheniſh on my head once. This ſame ſcull, Sir, was *Yorick*'s ſcull, the King's jeſter.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham.

Ham. Alas, poor *Yorick!* I knew him, *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite jeſt; of moſt excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thouſand times: and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lips, that I have kiſs'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your ſongs? your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table in a roar? not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour ſhe muſt come; make her laugh at that—— Pr'ythee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord.

Ham. Doſt thou think, *Alexander* look'd o' this faſhion i'th' earth?

Hor. Ee'n ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo, puh? [*Smelling to the Scull.*

Hor. E'en ſo, my lord.

Ham. To what baſe uſes we may return, *Horatio!* why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of *Alexander*, 'till he find it ſtopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to conſider too curiouſly, to conſider ſo.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot: But to follow him thither with modeſty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to duſt; the duſt is earth; of earth we make lome; and why of that lome, whereto he was converted might they not ſtop a beer-barrel?

Imperial *Cæſar*, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keep the wind away:
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall, t' expel the winter's flaw!
But ſoft! but ſoft, a while—here comes the King,

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, *and a coffin, with Lords, and Prieſts, attendant.*

The Queen, the Courtiers. What is that they follow,
And with ſuch maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The coarſe, they follow, did with deſperate hand
Foredo its own life; 'twas of ſome eſtate.

Couch

Couch me a while, and mark.

Laer. What ceremony elſe?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a moſt noble youth: mark——

Laer. What ceremony elſe?

Prieſt. Her obſequies have been ſo far enlarg'd
As we have warranty; her death was doubtful;
And but that great Command o'er-ſways the order,
She ſhould in ground unſanctified have lodg'd
'Till the laſt Trump. For charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, ſhould be thrown on her;
Yet here ſhe is allow'd her virgin rites,
Her maiden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Muſt no more be done?

Prieſt. No more be done!
We ſhould prophane the ſervice of the dead,
To ſing a *Requiem*, and ſuch Reſt to her
As to peace-parted ſouls.

Laer. Lay her i'th' earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted fleſh
May violets ſpring! I tell thee, churliſh prieſt,
A miniſtring angel ſhall my ſiſter be,
When thou lieſt howling.

Ham. What, the fair *Ophelia!*

Queen. Sweets to the ſweet, farewel!
I hop'd, thou ſhould'ſt have been my *Hamlet*'s wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, ſweet maid,
And not have ſtrew'd thy Grave.

Laer. O treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that curſed head,
Whoſe wicked deed thy moſt ingenious ſenſe
Depriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth a while,
'Till I have caught her once more in my arms;
[Laertes *leaps into the Grave.*
Now pile your duſt upon the quick and dead,
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
T' o'er-top old *Pelion*, or the ſkyiſh head
Of blue *Olympus*.

Ham. [*diſcovering himſelf.*] What is he, whoſe griefs
Bear ſuch an emphaſis? whoſe phraſe of ſorrow

Conjures

Conjures the wandring ſtars, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
[Hamlet *leaps into the Grave.*
Hamlet the *Dane.*
Laer. The Devil take thy ſoul! [*Grappling with him.*
Ham. Thou pray'ſt not well.
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat———
For though I am not ſplenitive and raſh;
Yet have I in me ſomething dangerous,
Which let thy wiſdom fear. Hold off thy hand.
King. Pluck them aſunder———
Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet———
Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.
[*The attendants part them.*
Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.
Queen. Oh my ſon! what theme?
Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*; forty thouſand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my ſum. What wilt thou do for her?
King. O, he is mad, *Laertes.*
Queen. For love of God, forbear him.
Ham. Come, ſhew me what thou'lt do.
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't faſt? woo't tear thy ſelf?
Woo't drink up Eiſel, eat a crocodile? (29)
I'll

(29) *Would drink up* Eſill, *eat a Crocodile?* [This Word has thro' all the Editions been diſtinguiſh'd by *Italick* Characters, as if it were the proper Name of ſome River: and ſo, I dare ſay, all the Editors have from time to time underſtood it to be. But then this muſt be ſome River in *Denmark*; and there is none there ſo call'd; nor is there any near it in Name, that I know of, but *Yſſel*, from which the Province of *Overyſſel* derives its Title in the *German Flanders*. Beſides, *Hamlet* is not propoſing any Impoſſibilities to *Laertes*, as the drinking up a River would be: but he rather ſeems to mean, Wilt thou reſolve to do things the moſt ſhocking and diſtaſteful to human Nature? and, behold, I am as reſolute. I am perſuaded, the Poet wrote;

Wilt

I'll do't — Doſt thou come hither but to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her Grave?
Be buried quick with her; and ſo will I;
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, 'till our ground,
Singeing his pate againſt the burning Zone,
Make *Oſſa* like a wart! nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is meer madneſs;
And thus a while the Fit will work on him:
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are diſclos'd,
His ſilence will ſit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, Sir———
What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus?
I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter———
Let *Hercules* himſelf do what he may,
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day. [*Exit.*

King. I pray you, good *Horatio*, wait upon him.
[*Exit* Hor.
Strengthen your patience in our laſt night's ſpeech.
[*To* Laertes.
We'll put the matter to the preſent puſh.
Good *Gertrude*, ſet ſome watch over your ſon:
This Grave ſhall have a living Monument.
An hour of quiet ſhortly ſhall we ſee;
'Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

Wilt drink up Eiſel, *eat a Crocodile?*
i. e. Wilt thou ſwallow down large Draughts of *Vinegar!* The Propoſition, indeed, is not very grand; but the doing it might be as diſtaſteful and unſavoury, as eating the Fleſh of a *Crocodile*. And now there is neither an Impoſſibility, nor an *Anticlimax:* And the Lowneſs of the Idea is in ſome meaſure remov'd by the uncommon Term.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a* HALL, *in the Palace.*

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. SO much for this, now shall you see the other.
You do remember all the circumstance?
Hor. Remember it, my lord?
Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep; methought, I lay
Worse than the mutines in the Bilboes; Rashness
(And prais'd be rashness for it) lets us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail; and that should teach us,
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
Hor. That is most certain.
Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarft about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again; making so bold
(My fears forgetting manners) to unseal
Their grand Commission, where I found, *Horatio*,
A royal knavery; an exact Command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing *Denmark*'s health, and *England*'s too,
With, ho! such baggs and goblins in my life;)
That on the supervize, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the ax,
My head should be struck off.
Hor. Is't possible?
Ham. Here's the commission, read it at more leisure;
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?
Hor. I beseech you.
Ham. Being thus benetted round with villany,
(Ere I could make a prologue, to my Bane (30)

They

(30) *Being thus benetted round with* villains,
E'er I could make a Prologue to my Brains,
They had begun the Play. I sate me down, &c.]

This

They had begun the Play:) I ſate me down,
Devis'd a new commiſſion, wrote it fair:
(I once did hold it, as our Statiſts do,
A baſeneſs to write fair; and labour'd much
How to forget that Learning; but, Sir, now
It did me yeoman's ſervice;) wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earneſt conjuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithful tributary,
As love between them, like the palm, might flouriſh,
As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland wear, (31)

This Paſſage is certainly corrupt both in the Text and Pointing. *Making a Prologue to his Brains* is ſuch a Phraſe as SHAKESPEARE would never have us'd, to mean, *ere I could form my Thoughts in making a Prologue.* I communicated my Doubts to my two ingenious Friends Mr. *Warburton* and Mr. *Biſhop*, and by their Aſſiſtance, I hope, I have reform'd the whole to the Author's Intention. The Senſe is, plainly, this, "Being thus in their Snares, ere I could make a *Prologue* "(take the leaſt previous Step) to ward off Danger, they had "begun the *Play* (put their Schemes in Action) which was to "terminate in my Deſtruction."

(31) *As Peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten Garland wear,*
And ſtand a Comma *'tween their Amities,* &c.]

Peace is finely and properly perſonaliz'd here, as the Goddeſs of good League and Friendſhip: but what Ideas can we form of her ſtanding as a *Comma*, or Stop, betwixt their Amities? I am ſure, ſhe ſtands, rather like a *Cypher*, in this Reading. I have no Doubt, but the Poet wrote:

And ſtand a Commere *'tween their Amities*;

i. e. a Guarantee, a Common Mother. Nothing can be more *picturesque* than this Image of *Peace*'s ſtanding dreſt in her wheaten Garland between the two Princes, and extending a Hand to each. In this Equipage and Office we frequently ſee her on *Roman* Coins: particularly, on two exhibited by Baron *Spanheim*; one of *Auguſtus*, and the other of *Veſpaſian*. The Poets likewiſe image to us *Peace* holding an Ear of Corn, as an Emblem of Plenty. *Tibull.* lib. I. Eleg. x.

At nobis, Pax *alma, veni,* ſpicamq; teneto.

Mr. *Warburton.*

And

And ſtand a Commere 'tween their amities;
And many ſuch like *As's* of great charge?
That on the view and knowing theſe contents,
Without debatement further, more or leſs,
He ſhould the bearers put to ſudden death,
Not ſhriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this ſeal'd?

Hor. Why, ev'n in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my father's Signet in my purſe,
Which was the model of that *Daniſh* ſeal:
I folded the Writ up in form of th' other,
Subſcrib'd it, gave th' impreſſion, plac'd it ſafely,
The changeling never known; now, the next day
Was our ſea-fight, and what to this was ſequent
Thou know'ſt already.

Hor. So, *Guildenſtern* and *Roſincrantz* go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment.

They are not near my conſcience; their deſe t
Doth by their own inſinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when the baſer nature comes
Between the paſs, and fell incenſed points,
Of mighty oppoſites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this!

Ham. Does it not, think'ſt thou, ſtand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother,
Popt in between th' election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch cozenage; is't not perfect conſcience,
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It muſt be ſhortly known to him from *England*,
What is the iſſue of the buſineſs there.

Ham. It will be ſhort.
The *Interim*'s mine; and a man's life's no more
Than to ſay, one.
But I am very ſorry, good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my ſelf;
For by the image of my cauſe I ſee

The

The portraiture of his; I'll court his favour;
But, ſure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a tow'ring paſſion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here?

Enter Oſrick.

Oſr. Your lordſhip is right welcome back to *Denmark.*

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir. Doſt know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: he hath much land, and fertile; let a beaſt be lord of beaſts, and his crib ſhall ſtand at the King's meſſe; 'tis a chough; but, as I ſay, ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of dirt.

Oſr. Sweet lord, if your lordſhip were at leiſure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his Majeſty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of ſpirit: your bonnet to his right uſe,——'tis for the head.

Oſr. I thank your lordſhip, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Oſr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very ſultry, and hot for my complexion.

Oſr. Exceedingly, my lord, it is very ſultry, as 'twere, I cannot tell how:——My lord, his Majeſty bid me ſignify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter——

Ham. I beſeech you, remember——

Oſr. Nay, in good faith, for mine eaſe, in good faith: —Sir, here is newly come to Court *Laertes*; (32) believe

(32) *Sir, here is newly come to Court* Laertes.] I have reſtor'd here ſeveral ſpeeches from the elder *Quarto's*, which were omitted in the *Folio* Editions, and which Mr. *Pope* has likewiſe thought fit to ſink upon us. They appear to me very well worthy not to be loſt, as they thoroughly ſhew the Foppery

ieve me, an abſolute Gentleman, full of moſt excellent Differences, of very ſoft ſociety, and great ſhew: indeed, to ſpeak feelingly of him, he is the card or kalendar of gentry; for you ſhall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would ſee.

Ham. Sir, his definement ſuffers no perdition in you, tho' I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetick of memory; and yet but raw neither in reſpect of his quick ſail: But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a Soul of great article; and his infuſion of ſuch dearth and rareneſs, as, to make true diction of him, his Semblable is his mirrour; and, who elſe would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Oſr. Your Lordſhip ſpeaks moſt infallibly of him.

Ham. The Concernancy, Sir?——Why do we wrap the Gentleman in our more rawer breath?

[*To* Horatio.

Oſr. Sir,——

Hor. Is't not poſſible to underſtand in another tongue? you will do't, Sir, rarely.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Oſr. Of *Laertes?*

Hor. His purſe is empty already: all's golden words are ſpent.

Ham. Of him, Sir.

Oſr. I know, you are not ignorant,——

Ham. I would, you did, Sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, Sir.

Oſr. You are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confeſs that, leſt I ſhould compare with him in excellence: but to know a man well, were to know himſelf.

Oſr. I mean, Sir, for his weapon: but in the Im-

and Affectation of *Oſrick*, and the Humour and Addreſs of *Hamlet* in accoſting the other at once in his own Vein and

putation

putation laid on him by them in his Meed, he's unfellow'd.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Oſr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Oſr. The King, Sir, has wag'd with him ſix *Barbary* horſes, againſt the which he has impon'd, as I take it, ſix *French* rapiers and poniards, with their aſſigns, as girdle, hangers, and ſo: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very reſponſive to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you muſt be edified by the Margent, e'er you had done. [*aſide.*

Oſr. The carriages, Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our ſides; I would, it might be hangers 'till then. But, on; ſix *Barbary* horſes againſt ſix *French* ſwords, their aſſigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the *French* bett againſt the *Daniſh*; why is this impon'd, as you call it?

Oſr. The King, Sir, hath laid, that in a Dozen Paſſes between you and him, he ſhall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate tryal, if your lordſhip would vouchſafe the anſwer.

Ham. How if I anſwer, no?

Oſr. I mean, my lord, the oppoſition of your perſon in tryal.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the Hall; If it pleaſe his Majeſty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe, I will win for him if I can: if not, I'll gain nothing but my ſhame, and the odd hits.

Oſr. Shall I deliver you ſo?

Ham. To this effect, Sir, after what flouriſh your nature will.

Oſr. I commend my duty to your lordſhip. [*Exit.*

Ham. Yours, yours; he does well to commend it himself, there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did so, Sir, with his dug before he suck'd it: thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habits of encounter, a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young *Ostrick*, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the Hall; he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the King's pleasure; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready, now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King, and Queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into *France*, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart——but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, my gord lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gaingiving as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now: if it be

be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is' to leave betimes?

Enter King, Queen, Laertes *and lords,* Osrick, *with other attendants with foils, and gantlets. A table, and flaggons of wine on it.*

King. Come, *Hamlet,* come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon, Sir; I've done you wrong;
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.
What I have done,
That might your Nature, Honour, and Exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes?* never, *Hamlet.*
If *Hamlet* from himself be ta'en away,
And, when he's not himself, does wrong *Laertes,*
Then *Hamlet* does it not; *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? his madness. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor *Hamlet*'s enemy.
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd Evil,
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement;
'Till by some elder masters of known honour
I have a voice, and president of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, *Laertes*; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a star i'th' darkest night
Stick fiery off, indeed.

Laer. You mock me, Sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young *Osrick*.
Hamlet, you know the wager.

Ham. Well, my lord;
Your Grace hath laid the odds o' th' weaker side.

King. I do not fear it, I have seen you both:
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well; these foils have all a length. [*Prepares to play.*

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoops of wine upon that table:
If *Hamlet* gives the first, or second, Hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The King shall drink to *Hamlet*'s better breath:
And in the cup an Union shall he throw, (33)
Richer

(33) *And in the Cup an* Onyx *shall be throw,*
Richer than that which four successive Kings
In Denmark's *Crown have worn.*] This is a various Reading in several of the old Copies: but *Union* seems to me to be the true word, for several reasons. The *Onyx* is a species of lucid Stone, of which the Antients made both Columns and Pavements for Ornament, and in which they likewise cut *Seals*, &c. but, if I am not mistaken, neither the *Onyx*, nor *Sardonyx*, are Jewels which ever found Place in an Imperial Crown. On the other hand, an *Union* is the finest sort of Pearl, and has its Place in all Crowns and Coronets. Besides, let us consider what the King says on *Hamlet*'s giving *Laertes*, the first Hit.

Stay, give me Drink: Hamlet, *this* Pearl *is thine:*
Here's to thy Health.

Therefore, if an *Union* be a *Pearl*, and an *Onyx* a Gem, or Stone quite differing in its Nature from *Pearls*; the King saying

Richer than that which four succeſſive Kings
In *Denmark*'s Crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpets ſpeak,
The trumpets to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heav'ns, the heav'ns to earth:
Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*.——Come, begin,
And you the Judges bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, Sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*

Ham. One——

Laer. No——

Ham. Judgment.

Oſr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well——again——

King. Stay, give me Drink. *Hamlet*, this Pearl is thine,
Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets ſound, Shot goes off.*

Ham. I'll play this bout firſt, ſet it by a while.

[*They play.*

Come——another hit——what ſay you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confeſs.

King. Our ſon ſhall win.

Queen. He's fat, and ſcant of breath.
Here, *Hamlet*, take my napkin, rub thy brows;
The Queen carouſes to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good Madam,——

King. *Gertrude*, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poiſon'd cup, it is too late. [*aſide.*

Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam, by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almoſt againſt my conſcience.

[*Aſide.*

Ham. Come, for the third, *Laertes*, you but dally;

ing, that *Hamlet* has earn'd the *Pearl*, I think, amounts to a Demonſtration that it was an *Union*-Pearl, which he means to throw into the Cup.

I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afraid, you make a Wanton of me.
Laer. Say you so, come on. [*Play.*
Osr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
[Laertes *wounds* Hamlet; *then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and* Hamlet *wounds* Laertes.
King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay, come again ———
Osr. Look to the Queen there, ho!
Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't, my lord?
Osr. How is't, *Laertes?*
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe, *Osrick*;
I'm justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the Queen?
King. She swoons to see them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink ——
Oh my dear *Hamlet*, the drink, the drink, ——
I am poison'd—— [*Queen dies.*
Ham. Oh villany! ho! let the door be lock'd;
Treachery! seek it out———
Laer. It is here, *Hamlet*, thou art slain,
No medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand, (34)
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me. Lo, here I lye,

(34) *The treach'rous Instrument is in thy hand,*
Unbated *and envenom'd.*] The King in the fourth *Act*, in the Scene betwixt him and *Laertes*, says;
———*So that with ease,*
Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse
A Sword unbated, *and in a Pass of Practise*
Requite him for your Father.
In which Passage the old *Folio's* read,
A Sword unbaited——
which makes Nonsense of the Place, and destroys the Poet's Meaning. *Unbated* signifies, *unabated, unblunted*, not charg'd with a *Button* as *Foils* are.

Never

Never to rise again; thy mother's poison'd;
I can no more——the King, the King's to blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too?
Then venom do thy work. [*Stabs the King.*
All. Treason, treason.
King. O yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murth'rous, damned *Dane*,
Drink off this potion: is the Union here?
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*
Laer. He is justly served.
It is a poison temper'd by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my father's death come not on thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*
Ham. Heav'n make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I'm dead, *Horatio*; wretched Queen, adieu!
You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell Serjeant death
Is strict in his arrest) oh, I could tell you ——
But let it be——*Horatio*, I am dead;
Thou liv'st, report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.
Hor. Never believe it.
I'm more an antique *Roman* than a *Dane*;
Here's yet some liquor left.
Ham. As th' art a man,
Give me the cup; let go; by heav'n, I'll have't.
Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my tale. [*March afar off, and shout within.*
What warlike noise is this?

Enter Oſrick.

Oſr. Young *Fortinbras*, with Conqueſt come from *Poland*,
To the Ambaſſadors of *England* gives
This warlike volley.
Ham. O, I die, *Horatio:*
The potent poiſon quite o'er-grows my ſpirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from *England*.
But I do propheſie, th' election lights
On *Fortinbras*; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents more or leſs,
Which have ſollicited.——The reſt is ſilence. [*Dies.*
Hor. Now cracks a noble heart; good night, ſweet Prince;
And flights of angels ſing thee to thy Reſt!
Why does the Drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras, *and* Engliſh *Ambaſſadors, with drum, colours, and attendants.*

Fort. Where is this ſight?
Hor. What is it you would ſee?
If aught of woe or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.
Fort. This quarry cries on havock. Oh proud death!
What feaſt is tow'rd in thy infernal cell,
That thou ſo many Princes at a ſhot
So bloodily haſt ſtruck?
Amb. The ſight is diſmal,
And our affairs from *England* come too late:
The ears are ſenſeleſs, that ſhould give us hearing;
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd.
That *Roſincrantz* and *Guildenſtern* are dead:
Where ſhould we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But ſince ſo jump upon this bloody queſtion,
You from the *Polack* Wars, and you from *England*,

Are

Are here arriv'd ; give Order, that theſe bodies
High on a Stage be placed to the view,
And let me ſpeak to th' yet unknowing world,
How theſe things came about. So ſhall you hear
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts ;
Of accidental judgments, caſual ſlaughters ;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cauſe ;
And, in this upſhot, purpoſes miſtook,
Fall'n on th' inventors' heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haſte to hear it,
And call the Nobleſs to the audience.
For me, with ſorrow I embrace my fortune ;
I have ſome rights of memory in this Kingdom,
Which, now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I ſhall have alſo cauſe to ſpeak,
And from his mouth whoſe voice will draw on more : (35)
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd,
Ev'n while men's minds are wild, leſt more miſchance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear *Hamlet*, like a ſoldier, to the Stage ;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd moſt royally. And for his paſſage,

(35) *And from his Mouth, whoſe Voice will draw* no *more.*] This is the Reading of the old *Quarto's*, but certainly a miſtaken one. We ſay, *a Man will no more draw Breath* ; but that a Man's *Voice will draw no more*, is, I believe, an Expreſſion without any Authority. I chooſe to eſpouſe the Reading of the Elder *Folio*.

And from his Mouth, whoſe Voice will draw on *more.*

And this is the Poet's Meaning. *Hamlet*, juſt before his Death, had ſaid ;

But I do prophesie, th' Election lights
On Fortinbras : *He has my dying* Voice ;
So tell him, *&c.*

Accordingly, *Horatio* here delivers that Meſſage ; and very juſtly infers, that *Hamlet's Voice* will be ſeconded by others, and procure them in Favour of *Fortinbras's* Succeſſion.

The

The Soldiers' muſick, and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him ———
Take up the body: ſuch a ſight as this
Becomes the field, but here ſhews much amiſs,
Go, bid the Soldiers ſhoot.

[*Exeunt, marching: after which, a peal of Ordnance is ſhot off.*

H.Gravelot in Vol: 8. P: 229. G.Vander Gucht Sculp.

OTHELLO,

THE

Moor of *VENICE.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE of Venice.
Brabantio, *a noble* Venetian.
Gratiano, *Brother to* Brabantio.
Lodovico, *Kinſman to* Brabantio *and* Gratiano.
Othello, *the Moor, General for the* Venetians *in* Cyprus.
Caſſio, *his Lieutenant-General.*
Iago, *Standard-bearer to* Othello.
Rodorigo, *a fooliſh Gentleman, in love with* Deſdemona.
Montano, *the Moor's Predeceſſor in the Government of* Cyprus.
Clown. Servant to the Moor.
Herald.

Deſdemona, *Daughter to* Brabantio, *and Wife to* Othello.
Æmilia, *Wife to* Iago.
Bianca, *Curtezan, Miſtreſs to* Caſſio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Meſſengers, Muſicians, Sailors, and Attendants.

SCENE, *for the Firſt Act, in* Venice; *during the reſt of the Play, in* Cyprus.

OTHELLO,

The Moor of VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Street in VENICE.*

Enter Rodorigo *and* Iago.

RODORIGO.

NEVER tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, *Iago*, who haſt had my purſe,
As if the ſtrings were thine, ſhouldſt know of this.

Iago. But you'll not hear me.
If ever I did dream of ſuch a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'ſt me, thou didſt hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Deſpiſe me,
If I do not. Three Great ones of the city,
In perſonal ſuit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-cap'd to him; and, by the faith of man,
I know my prize, I'm worth no worſe a Place.
But he, as loving his own pride and purpoſe,

Evades

Evades them with a bombaſt circumſtance,
Horribly ſtuft with epithets of war,
And, in concluſion,
Non-ſuits my mediators. "Certes, ſays he,
"I have already choſe my officer."
And what was he?
Forſooth, a great arithmetician,
One *Michael Caſſio*;——("the *Florentine*'s (1)
"A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair wife;")——
That never ſet a ſquadron in the field,
Nor the diviſion of a battle knows
More than a ſpinſter; but the bookiſh theorick,

(1) *Forſooth, a great Arithmetician,*
One Michael Caſſio, *a* Florentine,
A Fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair Wife.] Thus has this Paſſage ignorantly been corrupted, (as Mr. *Warburton* likewiſe ſaw with me;) by falſe Pointing, and an Inadvertence to Matter of Fact, thro' the whole Courſe of the Editions. By the Bye, this Play was not publiſh'd even ſingly, that I can find, till ſix Years after the Author's Death: and by that Interval became more liable to Errors. I'll ſubjoin the Reaſons in proof of the Correction. The new Pointing ſets Circumſtances right, as I ſhall immediately explain; and it gives a Variety in *Iago* reporting the Behaviour of *Othello*, to ſtart into theſe Breaks; now to make *Othello* ſpeak;——then, to interrupt what *Othello* ſays with his own private Reflexions;——then, again, to proceed with *Othello*'s Speeches:——For this not only marks the Inquietude of *Iago*'s Mind upon the Subject in hand; but likewiſe ſhews the Actor in the Variation of Tone and Geſture, whilſt he (in a breath, as 'twere) perſonates alternately *Othello* and himſelf. Beſides, to come to the Neceſſity of the Change made; *Iago*, not *Caſſio*, was the *Florentine*; *Iago*, not *Caſſio*, was the married Man; *Iago*'s Wife attends *Deſdemona* to *Cyprus*; *Caſſio* has a Miſtreſs there, a common Strumpet; and *Iago* tells him in the fourth Act,

She gives it out, that you ſhall marry her:

Which would be very abſurd, if *Caſſio* had been already married at *Venice*. Beſides, our Poet follows the Authority of his Novel in giving the villanous Enſign a fair Wife,

Wherein

Wherein the toged counſ'lors can propoſe (2)
As maſterly as he; meer prattle, without practice,
Is all his ſoldierſhip—he had th' election;
And I, of whom his eyes had ſeen the proof
At *Rhodes*, at *Cyprus*, and on other grounds
Chriſtian and heath'n muſt be belee'd and calm'd
By *Debitor* and *Creditor*, this *Counter-caſter*;
He, in good time, muſt his lieutenant be,
And I, (God bleſs the mark!) his Moor-ſhip's Ancient.

Rod. By Heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curſe of ſervice;
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each ſecond
Stood heir to th' firſt. Now, Sir, be judge your ſelf,
If I in any juſt term am aſſign'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O Sir, content you;
I follow him to ſerve my turn upon him.
We cannot all be maſters, nor all maſters

(2) *Wherein the* tongued Conſuls] So the generality of the Impreſſions read; but the oldeſt *Quarto* has it *toged*; (which gave the Hint for my Emendation;) the Senators, that aſſiſted the Duke in Council, in their proper *Gowns*.——But let me explain, why I have ventured to ſubſtitute *Counſellors* in the Room of *Conſuls*, and then, I hope, the Alteration will not appear arbitrary. The *Venetian* Nobility, 'tis well known, conſtitute the great *Council* of the Senate, and are a Part of the Adminiſtration; and ſummon'd to aſſiſt and counſel the *Doge*, who is Prince of the Senate; and, in that Regard, has only Precedency before the other Magiſtrates. So that, in this Reſpect, they may very properly be call'd *Counſellors*. Beſides, tho' the Government of *Venice* was Democratick at firſt, under *Conſuls* and *Tribunes*; that Form of Power has been totally abrogated, ſince *Doges* have been elected: And whatever *Conſuls* of other States may be reſident there, yet they have no more a Voice, or Place, in the publick *Councils*, or in what concerns Peace or War; than foreign Ambaſſadors can have in our Parliament.

Cannot

Cannot be truly follow'd. You ſhall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obſequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his maſter's aſs,
For nought but provender; and when he's old, caſhier'd;
Whip me ſuch honeſt knaves——Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and viſages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themſelves;
And, throwing but ſhows of ſervice on their lords,
Well thrive by them; and when they've lin'd their coats,
Do themſelves homage. Theſe folks have ſome ſoul,
And ſuch a one do I profeſs my ſelf.
It is as ſure as you are *Rodorigo*,
Were I the Moor, I would not be *Iago*;
In following him, I follow but my ſelf,
Heav'n is my judge, not I, for love and duty:
But, ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonſtrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my ſleeve,
For daws to peck at; I'm not what I ſeem.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry her thus?

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouſe him, make after him, poiſon his delight;
Proclaim him in the ſtreets, incenſe her kinſmen;
And tho' he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies; tho' that his joy be joy,
Yet throw ſuch changes of vexation on't,
As it may loſe ſome colour.

Rod. Here is her father's houſe, I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is ſpied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho! *Brabantio!* Signior *Brabantio*! ho.

Iago. Awake! what, ho! *Brabantio!* ho! thieves! thieves!

Look

Look to your houſe, your daughter, and your bags:
Thieves! thieves!

Brabantio *appears above, at a window.*

Bra. What is the reaſon of this terrible ſummons?
What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iago. Are all doors lock'd?
Bra. Why, wherefore ask you this?
Iago. Zounds! Sir, you're robb'd: for ſhame, put on your Gown;
Your heart is burſt, you have loſt half your ſoul;
Ev'n now, ev'n very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Ariſe, ariſe,
Awake the ſnorting citizens with the bell,
Or elſe the Devil will make a grandfire of you.
Ariſe, I ſay.
Bra. What, have you loſt your wits?
Rod. Moſt reverend ſignior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I; what are you?
Rod. My name is *Rodorigo.*
Bra. The worſe welcome;
I've charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honeſt plainneſs thou haſt heard me ſay,
My daughter's not for thee. And now in madneſs,
Being full of ſupper and diſtemp'ring draughts,
Upon malicious bravery doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet.
Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir———
Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure,
My ſpirit and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience, good Sir.
Bra. What tell'ſt thou me of robbing? this is *Venice:*
My houſe is not a grange.
Rod. Moſt grave *Brabantio,*
In ſimple and pure ſoul, I come to you.
Iago. Zounds! Sir, you are one of thoſe that will not ſerve God, if the Devil bid you. Becauſe we come to do you ſervice, you think we are ruffians; you'll have

have your daughter cover'd with a *Barbary* horſe, you'll have your nephew neigh to you; you'll have courſers for couſins, and gennets for germanes.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beaſt with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are a ſenator.

Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwer. I know thee, *Rodorigo.*

Rod. Sir, I will anſwer any thing. But I beſeech you,
If't be your pleaſure and moſt wiſe conſent,
(As partly, I find, it is.) that your fair daughter,
At this odd even and dull watch o'th' night,
Tranſported with no worſe nor better guard,
But with a knave of hire, a *Gundalier,*
To the groſs claſps of a laſcivious Moor:
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done yet bold and ſawcy wrongs.
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That from the ſenſe of all civility
I thus would play, and trifle with your reverence.
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I ſay again, hath made a groſs revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes
To an extravagant and wheeling ſtranger,
Of here and every where; ſtraight ſatisfie your ſelf,
If ſhe be in her chamber, or your houſe,
Let looſe on me the juſtice of the State
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper;——call up all my people;———
This accident is not unlike my Dream,
Belief of it oppreſſes me already.
Light, I ſay, light!

Iago. Farewel; for I muſt leave you.
It ſeems not meet, nor wholſome to my place,
To be produc'd (as, if I ſtay, I ſhall)

Againſt

Againſt the Moor. For I do know, the State,
However this may gall him with ſome check,
Cannot with ſafety caſt him. For he's embark'd
With ſuch loud reaſon to the *Cyprus*' wars,
Which ev'n now ſtand in act, that, for their ſouls,
Another of his fadom they have none,
To lead their buſineſs. In which regard,
Tho' I do hate him as I do hell's pains,
Yet, for neceſſity of preſent life,
I muſt ſhew out a flag and ſign of love:
(Which is, indeed, but ſign.) That you may ſurely find him,
Lead to the *Sagittary* the raiſed ſearch;
And there will I be with him. So, farewel. [*Exit.*

Enter Brabantio, *and ſervants with torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone ſhe is;
And what's to come of my deſpiſed time,
Is nought but bitterneſs. Now, *Rodorigo*,
Where didſt thou ſee her? oh unhappy girl!
With the Moor, ſaidſt thou? who would be a father?
How didſt thou know 'twas ſhe? oh, ſhe deceives me
Paſt thought——What ſaid ſhe to you? get more tapers——
Raiſe all my kindred——are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. Oh heaven! how gat ſhe out?
Oh treaſon of my blood!
Fathers, from hence truſt not your daughters' minds
By what you ſee them act. Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? have you not read, *Rodorigo*,
Of ſome ſuch thing?

Rod. Yes, Sir, I have, indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother: oh, 'would you had had her:
Some one way, ſome another——Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod I think, I can diſcover him, if you pleaſe
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every houſe I'll call,
I may command at moſt; get weapons, hoa!
And raiſe ſome ſpecial officers of might:
On, good *Rodorigo*, I'll deſerve your pains. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to another* STREET, *before the* Sagittary.

Enter Othello, Iago, *and Attendants with Torches.*

Iago. THO' in the trade of war I have ſlain men,
Yet do I hold it very ſtuff o'th' conſcience
To do no contriv'd murther: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me ſervice.——Nine or ten times
I thought to've jerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. It's better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcurvy and provoking terms
Againſt your honour;
That, with the little godlineſs I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray, Sir,
Are you faſt married? for, be ſure of this,
That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the Duke's: he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what reſtraint or grievance
The law (with all his might t'enforce it on)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his ſpight:
My ſervices, which I have done the Signory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that Boaſting is an honour,
I ſhall promulgate) I fetch my Life and Being (3)
From

(3) ——*I fetch my Life and Being*
From Men of royal Siege; and my Demerits
May ſpeak unbonnetted *to as proud a Fortune*
As this that I have reach'd.] Thus all the Copies read this Paſſage. But, to ſpeak *unbonnetted*, is to ſpeak *with the Cap off*, which is directly oppoſite to the Poet's Meaning. *Othello* means
to

From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak, and bonnetted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, *Iago*,
But that I love the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine,
For the sea's worth. But look! what lights come yonder?

Enter Cassio, *with torches.*

Iago. Those are the raised father, and his friends:
You were best go in.
Oth. Not I: I must be found.
My parts, my title and my perfect Soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. By *Janus*, I think, no.
Oth. The Servants of the Duke, and my lieutenant:
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?
Cas. The Duke does greet you, General;
And he requires your haste, post-haste, appearance,
Ev'n on the instant.
Oth. What is the matter, think you?
Cas. Something from *Cyprus*, as I may divine;
It is a business of some heat. The Gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night, at one anothers heels:
And many of the Counsellors, rais'd and met, (4)
Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for,

to say, that his Birth and Services set him upon such a Rank, that he may speak to a Senator of *Venice* with his Hat *on*; i. e. without shewing any marks of Deference, or Inequality. I, therefore, am inclin'd to think, *Shakespeare* wrote;

May speak, and bonnetted, &c.

(4) *And many of the* Consuls *rais'd and met,*
Are at the Duke's already.] Thus all the Editions concur in reading; but there is no such Character as a *Consul* appears in any Part of the Play. I change it to, *Counsellors*; i. e. the Grandees that constitute the great *Council* at *Venice*. The Reason I have already given, above, in the Close of the 2d Note.

When,

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The Senate ſent above three ſeveral queſts,
To ſearch you out.

Oth. Tis well I am found by you:
I will but ſpend a word here in the houſe,
And go with you. [*Exit* Othello.

Caſ. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. Faith, he to night hath boarded a land-carrack; If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Caſ. I do not underſtand.

Iago. He's married.

Caſ. To whom?

Iago. Marry to——Come, Captain, will you go?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.

Caſ. Here comes another troop to ſeek for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, *with officers and torches.*

Iago. It is *Brabantio:* General, be advis'd; He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! ſtand there.

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[*They draw on both ſides.*

Iago. You, *Rodorigo!* come, Sir, I am for you——

Oth. Keep up your bright ſwords, for the dew will ruſt 'em.
Good Signior, you ſhall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief! where haſt thou ſtow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou haſt enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of ſenſe,
If ſhe in chains of magick were not bound,
Whether a maid, ſo tender, fair, and happy,
So oppoſite to marriage, that ſhe ſhunn'd (5)

The

(5) ——*that ſhe ſhunn'd*
The wealthy curled *Darlings of our Nation.*] I have adopted

The wealthy culled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, t'incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight?
Judge me the world, if, 'tis not gross in sense, (6)
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs of minerals,
That weaken Notion. ——I'll have't disputed on;

dopted a very probable Conjecture, which Mr. *Warburton* propos'd to me.

The wealthy culled *Darlings of our Nation,*
i. e. pick'd, select, chosen, from the common Suitors. For the Epithet *curl'd*, as he observes, was no Mark of Distinction or Difference between a *Venetian* and a *Moor*; which latter People are remarkably *curl'd* by Nature. And tho' *culled* now, when our ears are nicer than our Understandings, may not so frequently find a Place in the *Drama*; the same objection did not lie to the Sound of it in *Shakespeare*'s Days, who chooses to use it wherever he can.

(6) *Judge me the World, if 'tis not gross in Sense,*
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul Charms,
Abus'd her delicate Youth with Drugs, or Minerals,
That weaken Motion.] *Brabantio* is here accusing *Othello* of having us'd some foul Play, and intoxicated *Desdemona* by Drugs and Potions to win her over to his Love. But why, *Drugs* to weaken *Motion?* How then could she have run away with him voluntarily from her Father's House? Had she been averse to chosing *Othello*, tho' he had given her Medicines that took away the Use of her Limbs, might she not still have retain'd her Senses, and oppos'd the Marriage? Her Father, 'tis evident, from several of his Speeches, is positive that she must have been *abused* in her *rational* Faculties; or she could not have made so preposterous a Choice, as to wed with a *Moor*, a *Black*, and refuse the finest young Gentlemen in *Venice*. What then have we to do with her *Motion* being weaken'd? if I understand any thing of the Poet's Meaning here, I cannot but think, he must have wrote;

Abus'd her delicate Youth with Drugs, or Minerals,
That weaken Notion.

i. e. her *Apprehension*, right *Conception* and *Idea* of Things, *Understanding*, *Judgment*, &c.

'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuſer of the world, a practicer
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant;
Lay hold upon him; if he do reſiſt,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the reſt.
Were it my cue to fight, I ſhould have known it
Without a prompter. Where will you I go
To anſwer this your charge?

Bra. To priſon, 'till fit time
Of law, and courſe of direct Seſſion
Call thee to anſwer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith ſatisfied,
Whoſe meſſengers are here about my ſide,
Upon ſome preſent buſineſs of the State,
To bring me to him?

Offi. True, moſt worthy ſignior,
The Duke's in Council; and your noble ſelf,
I'm ſure, is ſent for.

Bra. How! the Duke in Council?
In this time of the night? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cauſe. The Duke himſelf,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own;
For if ſuch actions may have paſſage free, (7)

Bond-

(7) *For if ſuch Actions may have Paſſage free,*
Bondſlaves and Pagans *ſhall our Stateſmen be*] I have long had a Suſpicion of *Pagans* here. Would *Brabantio* infer, if his private Injury were not redreſs'd, the Senate ſhould no longer pretend to call themſelves *Chriſtians?* But *Pagans* are as ſtrict and moral, we find, all the World over, as the moſt regular *Chriſtians*, in the Preſervation of private Property. The Difference of *Faith* is not at all concern'd, but mere human *Policy*, in aſcertaining the Right of *meum* and *tuum*. I have ventur'd to imagine, that our Author wrote,

Bondſlaves and Pageants *ſhall our Stateſmen be.*

i. e. if

Bond-slaves, and Pageants, shall our Statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Senate House.*

Duke and Senators, set at a table with lights, and attendants.

Duke. THERE is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 *Sen.* Indeed, they're disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven Gallies.

Duke. And mine a hundred and forty.

2 *Sen.* And mine, two hundred;
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases, where they aim reports,
'Tis oft with diff'rence;) yet they do all confirm
A *Turkish* Fleet, and bearing up to *Cyprus.*

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

[*Sailors within.*] What hoa! what hoa! what hoa!

Enter Sailors.

Offi. A messenger from the Gallies.

Duke. Now!——what's the business?

Sail. The *Turkish* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So was I bid report here to the State.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 *Sen.* This cannot be,
By no assay of reason. 'Tis a pageant,

i. e. if we'll let such injurious Actions go unpunish'd, our Statesmen must be *Slaves*, *Cyphers* in *Office*, and have no Pow'r of redressing; be Things of meer Show, and gaudy Appearance only. Nor could *Pagans*, include any Reflexion on *Othello*, considering him as a *Moor*: for unless he had been turn'd Christian, he never could have had any Commission under the *Venetian* State.

To keep us in falſe gaze; when we conſider
Th' importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turk*,
And let our ſelves again but underſtand,
That as it more concerns the *Turk* than *Rhodes*,
So may he with more facile queſtion bear it;
For that it ſtands not in ſuch warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th' abilities
That *Rhodes* is dreſs'd in. If we make thought of this,
We muſt not think the *Turk* is ſo unskilful,
To leave that lateſt, which concerns him firſt;
Neglecting an attempt of eaſe and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitleſs.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for *Rhodes*.

Offi. Here is more news.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The *Ottomites*, (reverend and gracious,)
Steering with due courſe toward the Iſle of *Rhodes*,
Have there injoin'd them with an after fleet———

1 *Sen.* Ay, ſo I thought; how many, as you gueſs?

Meſ. Of thirty ſail; and now they do re-ſtem
Their backward courſe, bearing with frank appearance
Their Purpoſes toward *Cyprus*. Signior *Montano*,
Your truſty and moſt valiant Servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for *Cyprus*: *Marcus Luccicos*,
Is he not here in town?

1 *Sen.* He's now in *Florence*.

Duke. Write from us, to him, poſt, poſt-haſte, diſpatch.

1 *Sen.* Here comes *Brabantio*, and the valiant *Moor*.

To them, enter Brabantio, Othello, Caſſio, Iago, Rodorigo, *and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we muſt ſtraight employ you,
Againſt the general enemy *Ottoman*.
I did not ſee you; welcome, gentle ſignior:
[*To* Braban.
We lack'd your counſel, and your help to night.

Bra. So did I yours; good your Grace, pardon me;

Neither

Neither my place, nor aught I heard of buſineſs,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general
Take hold on me: For my particular grief
Is of ſo flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it ingluts and ſwallows other ſorrows,
And yet is ſtill itſelf.

Duke. Why? what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! oh, my daughter! ——

Sen. Dead? ——

Bra. To me;
She is abus'd, ſtolen from me, and corrupted
By ſpells and medicines, bought of mountebanks;
For nature ſo prepoſterouſly to err,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of ſenſe,)
Sans Witchcraft could not ——

Duke. Who-ever he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of her ſelf,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You ſhall your ſelf read in the bitter letter,
After your own ſenſe; yea, though our proper Son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace.
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it ſeems,
Your ſpecial mandate, for the State-affairs,
Hath hither brought.

All. We're very ſorry for't.

Duke. What in your own part can you ſay to this?
[*To* Othel.

Bra. Nothing, but this is ſo.

Oth. Moſt potent, grave, and reverend ſignors,
My very noble and approv'd good maſters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is moſt true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in my ſpeech,
And little bleſs'd with the ſoft phraſe of peace;
For ſince theſe arms of mine had ſeven years' Pith,
'Till now, ſome nine moons waſted, they have us'd
Their deareſt action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I ſpeak,

More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for my ſelf. Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarniſh'd tale deliver,
Of my whole courſe of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magick,
(For ſuch proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden, never bold;
Of ſpirit ſo ſtill and quiet, that her motion
Bluſh'd at it ſelf; and ſhe, in ſpight of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what ſhe fear'd to look on——
It is a judgment maim'd, and moſt imperfect, (8)
That will confeſs, Affection ſo could err
Againſt all rules of nature; and muſt be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this ſhould be. I therefore vouch again,
That with ſome mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with ſome dram, conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more certain and more overt teſt,

(8) *It is a Judgment maim'd and moſt imperfect*
That will confeſs, Perfection *ſo could err*
Againſt all Rules of Nature.] *Perfection erring,* ſeems a Contradiction *in Terminis,* as the Schoolmen call it. Beſides, *Brabantio* does not blazon his Daughter out for a Thing of abſolute Perfection; he only ſays, ſhe was indued with ſuch an extreme innate Modeſty, that for her *to fall in Love* ſo prepoſterouſly, no ſound Judgment could allow, but it muſt be by magical Practice upon her. I have ventured to imagine that our Author wrote;

That will confeſs, Affection *ſo could err, &c.*

This is entirely conſonant to what *Brabantio* would ſay of her; and one of the Senators, immediately after, in his Examination of the *Moor,* thus addreſſes himſelf to him;

——*But,* Othello, *ſpeak;*
Did you by indirect and forced Courſes
Subdue and poiſon this young Maid's Affections, *&c.*

Than

Than these thin habits and poor likelyhoods
Of modern Seeming do prefer against him.

1 *Sen.* But, *Othello*, speak;
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I beseech you,
Send for the lady to the *Sagittary*,
And let her speak of me before her father;
If you do find me foul in her report,
The Trust, the Office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your Sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch *Desdemona* hither.

[*Exeunt two or three.*

Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you best know the place.

[*Exit* Iago.

And 'till she come, as truly as to heav'n
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, *Othello*.

Oth. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have past.
I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,
To th' very moment that he bad me tell it:
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes in th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle, (9)

Rough

(9) *Wherein of Antres vast and Desarts* idle, *&c.*] Thus it is in all the old Editions: But Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to change

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whoſe heads touch heav'n,
It was my hint to ſpeak; ſuch was the proceſs;
And of the *Canibals* that each other eat,
The *Anthropophagi:* and men whoſe heads
Do grow beneath their ſhoulders. All theſe to hear
Would *Deſdemona* ſeriouſly incline;
But ſtill the houſe affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my diſcourſe: which I obſerving,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate;
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not diſtinctively: I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did ſpeak of ſome diſtreſsful ſtroke
That my youth ſuffer'd. My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of ſighs:
She ſwore, "In faith, 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange,
"'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful." ——
She wiſh'd, ſhe had not heard it;——yet ſhe wiſh'd,
That heav'n had made her ſuch a man:—ſhe thank'd me,
And bad me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would woo her. On this hint I ſpake,
She lov'd me for the dangers I had paſt,
And I lov'd her, that ſhe did pity them:

the Epithet. *Deſarts* idle, *in the former Editions*; (ſays he,) *doubtleſs, a Corruption from* wilde.——But he muſt pardon me, if I do not concur in thinking this ſo *doubtleſs*. I don't know whether Mr. *Pope* has obſerv'd it, but I know that *Shakeſpeare*, eſpecially in Deſcriptions, is fond of uſing the more uncommon Word, in a poetick Latitude. And *idle*, in ſeveral other Paſſages, he employs in theſe Acceptations, *wild, uſeleſs, uncultivated*, &c.

This

This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.
Here comes the lady, let her witneſs it.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, *and Attendants.*

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter too—
Good *Brabantio*,
Take up this mangled matter at the beſt.
Men do their broken weapons rather uſe,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her ſpeak;
If ſhe confeſs that ſhe was half the wooer,
Deſtruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle miſtreſs,
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where you moſt owe obedience?

Deſ. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty;
To you I'm bound for life and education:
My life and education both do learn me
How to reſpect you. You're the lord of duty;
I'm hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband;
And ſo much duty as my mother ſhew'd
To you, preferring you before her father;
So much I challenge, that I may profeſs
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you: I have done.
Pleaſe it your Grace, on to the State-affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee That with all my heart,
Which, but thou haſt already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. For your ſake, jewel,
I'm glad at ſoul I have no other child;
For thy eſcape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me ſpeak like your ſelf; and lay a ſentence,
Which, as a griſe, or ſtep, may help theſe lovers
Into your favour ———
When remedies are paſt, the griefs are ended
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hopes depended,

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when Fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the thief;
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So, let the *Turk* of *Cyprus* us beguile,
We lose it not, so long as we can smile;
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the sentence, and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.
But words are words; I never yet did hear, (10)
That the bruis'd heart was pieced through the ear.——
Beseech you, now to the affairs o' th' State.

(10) *But Words are Words; I never yet did hear,*
That the bruis'd Heart was pierced *thro' the Ear.*] One superfluous Letter has for these hundred Years quite subverted the Sense of this Passage; and none of the Editors have ever attended to the Reasoning of the Context, by which they might have discover'd the Error. The Duke has by sage Sentences been exhorting *Brabantio* to Patience, and to forget the Grief of his Daughter's stoln Marriage, to which *Brabantio* is made very pertinently to reply, to this effect; "My Lord, I apprehend very well the Wisdom of your "Advice; but tho' you would *comfort* me, Words are but "Words; and the Heart, already *bruis'd*, was never *pierc'd*, "or *wounded*, thro' the *Ear*."——Well! If we want Arguments for a Senator, let him be educated at the Feet of our sagacious Editors. It is obvious, I believe, to my better Readers, that the Text must be restor'd, as Mr. *Warburton* acutely observ'd to me.

That the bruis'd Heart was pieced *thro' the Ear,*
i. e. That the Wounds of Sorrow were ever cured, or a Man made *heart-whole* meerly by Words of Consolation. I ought to take notice, this very Emendation was likewise communicated to me by an ingenious, unknown, Correspondent, who subscribes himself only *L. H.*

Duke.

Duke. The *Turk* with a moſt mighty preparation makes for *Cyprus: Othello*, the fortitude of the place is beſt known to you. And though we have there a ſubſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiency; yet opinion, a ſovereign miſtreſs of effects, throws a more ſafe voice on you; you muſt therefore be content to ſlubber the gloſs of your new fortunes, with this more ſtubborn and boiſterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant cuſtom, moſt grave ſenators,
Hath made the flinty and ſteel couch of war
My thrice driven bed of down. I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardneſs; and do undertake
This preſent war againſt the *Ottomites*.
Moſt humbly therefore bending to your State,
I crave fit diſpoſition for my wife,
Due reference of place and exhibition;
With ſuch accommodation and beſort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why, at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it ſo.

Oth. Nor I.

Def. Nor would I there reſide,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Moſt gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend your gracious ear,
And let me find a charter in your voice
T' aſſiſt my ſimpleneſs.

Duke. What would you, *Deſdemona?*

Def. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My down right violence and ſtorm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world. My heart's ſubdu'd
Ev'n to the very quality of my lord;
I ſaw *Othello*'s viſage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my ſoul and fortunes conſecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me:
And I a heavy interim ſhall ſupport,

By

By his dear abſence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords; beſeech you, let her will
Have a free way. I therefore beg it not, (11)
To pleaſe the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat, the young Affects,
In my diſtinct and proper Satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind,
And heav'n defend your good ſouls, that you think,
I will your ſerious and great buſineſs ſcant,

(11) ——*I therefore beg it not*
To pleaſe the Palate of my Appetite,
Nor to comply with Heat the young affects,
In my defunct *and proper Satisfaction*;
But to be free and bounteous to her Mind.] As this has been all along hitherto printed and ſtop'd, it ſeems to me a Period of as ſtubborn Nonſenſe, as the Editors have obtruded upon poor *Shakeſpeare* throughout his whole Works. What a prepoſterous Creature is this *Othello* made, to fall in Love with, and marry a fine young Lady, when *Appetite* and *Heat*, and *proper Satisfaction* are *dead* and *defunct* in him! (For, *defunct* ſignifies nothing elſe, that I know of, either primitively or metaphorically:) But if we may take *Othello*'s own Word in the Affair, when he ſpeaks for himſelf, he was not reduc'd to this fatal, unperforming, State.

——*or, for I am declin'd*
Into the Vale of Years; *yet*, That's not much.

Again, Why ſhould our Poet ſay, (for ſo he ſays, as the Paſſage has been pointed;) that the young *affect* Heat? Youth, certainly, *has* it, and has no occaſion or pretence of *affecting* it, whatever ſuperannuated Lovers may have. And, again, after *defunct*, would he add ſo abſurd a collateral Epithet as *proper*? But, I think, I may venture to affirm, that *affects* was not deſign'd here as a Verb; and that *defunct* was not deſign'd here at all. I have, by a ſlight Change, reſcued the Poet's Text from Abſurdity; and this I take to be the Tenour of what he would ſay; "I do not beg her Company with me, merely to "pleaſe myſelf; nor to indulge the Heat and *Affects* (i. e. Af-"fections) of a new married Man, in my own diſtinct and "proper Satisfaction; but to comply with her in her Requeſt, "and Deſire, of accompanying me." *Affects*, for *Affections*, our Author in ſeveral other Paſſages uſes.

For

For she is with me—No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd *Cupid* foil with wanton dulness
My speculative and offic'd instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business;
Let housewives make a skellet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Or for her stay or going; th' affair cries haste;
And speed must answer. You must hence to night.

Des. To night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' th' morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
And such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your Grace, my Ancient;
(A man he is of honesty and trust,)
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good Grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so;
Good night to every one. And, noble Signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor, use *Desdemona* well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see,
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exit* Duke, *with Senators.*

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest *Iago*,
My *Desdemona* must I leave to thee;
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring her after in the best advantage.
Come, *Desdemona*, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction
To speak with thee. We must obey the time. [*Exeunt.*

Manent

Manent Rodorigo *and* Iago.

Rod. Iago. ———

Iago. What ſayeſt thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkeſt thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and ſleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myſelf.

Iago. Well, if thou doſt, I ſhall never love thee after. Why, thou ſilly gentleman!

Rod. It is fillineſs to live, when to live is a torment; and then have we a proſcription to die, when death is our phyſician.

Iago. O villainous! I have look'd upon the world for four times ſeven years, and ſince I could diſtinguiſh betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himſelf. Ere I would ſay, I would drown my ſelf for the love of a *Guinney*-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What ſhould I do? I confeſs, it is my ſhame to be ſo fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig: 'tis in our ſelves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardiners. So that if we will plant nettles, or ſow lettuce; ſet hyſſop, and weed up thyme; ſupply it with one gender of herbs, or diſtract it with many; either have it ſteril with idleneſs, or manured with induſtry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our will. (12) If the beam of our lives had not one

(12) *If the* Balance *of our Lives had not one Scale of Reaſon to poiſe another of Senſuality.*] i. e. If the *Scale* of our Lives had not one *Scale*, &c. which muſt certainly be wrong. Some of the old *Quarto's* have it thus, but the two elder *Folio's* read,

If the Braine *of our Lives had not one Scale*, &c.

This is corrupt; and I make no doubt but *Shakeſpeare* wrote, as I have reform'd the Text,

If the Beame *of our Lives*, &c.

And my Reaſon is this; that he generally diſtinguiſhes betwixt the

one ſcale of reaſon to poiſe another of ſenſuality, the blood and baſeneſs of our natures would conduct us to moſt prepoſterous concluſions. But we have reaſon, to cool our raging motions, our carnal ſtings, our unbitted luſts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a ſect, or ſyen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is meerly a luſt of the blood, and a permiſſion of the will. Come, be a man: drown thy ſelf? drown cats and blind puppies. I have profeſt me thy friend, and I confeſs me knit to thy deſerving with cables of perdurable toughneſs. I could never better ſteed thee than now. Put mony in thy purſe; follow thou theſe wars; defeat thy favour with an uſurped beard; I ſay, put mony in thy purſe. It cannot be, that *Deſdemona* ſhould long continue her love to the Moor——put mony in thy purſe——nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in her, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable ſequeſtration,——put but mony in thy purſe.——Theſe Moors are changeable in their wills;——fill thy purſe with mony. The food, that to him now is as luſcious as locuſts, ſhall ſhortly be as bitter as coloquintida. When ſhe is ſated with his body, ſhe will find the errors of her choice.——She muſt have change, ſhe muſt; therefore put mony in thy purſe.——If thou wilt needs damn thy ſelf, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the mony thou canſt. If ſanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring *Barbarian* and a ſuper-ſubtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyſelf! it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang'd in compaſſing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if I depend on the iſſue?

the *Beam* and *Balance*, uſing the latter to ſignify the Scales; and the former, the ſteel Bar to which they are hung, and which poiſes them.

Iago.

Iago. Thou art ſure of me.—Go, make mony.—— I have told thee often, and I re-tell the again and again, I hate the Moor. My cauſe is hearted; thine hath no leſs reaſon. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge againſt him. If thou canſt cuckold him, thou doſt thy ſelf a pleaſure, and me a ſport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverſe, go, provide thy mony. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where ſhall we meet i'th' morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to, farewel. Do you hear, *Rodorigo?*

Rod. What ſay you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am chang'd; I'll go ſell all my land. [*Exit.*

Manet Iago.

Iago. Go to, farewel, put mony enough in your purſe—
Thus do I ever make my fool my purſe;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge ſhould profane,
If I ſhould time expend with ſuch a ſnipe,
But for my ſport and profit. I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my ſheets
He has done my office. I know not, if't be true——
But I, for meer ſuſpicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for ſurety. He holds me well——
The better ſhall my purpoſe work on him;
Caſſio's a proper man: let me ſee now;——
To get his place, and to plume up my Will,
A double knavery——How? how?—let's ſee——
After ſome time, t'abuſe *Othello*'s ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife——
He hath a perſon, and a ſmooth diſpoſe,
To be ſuſpected; fram'd to make women falſe.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honeſt that but ſeem to be ſo;
And will as tenderly be led by th' noſe,
As aſſes are:

I have't

I have't——it is ingendred——Hell and Night
Muſt bring this monſtrous birth to the world's light.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *The capital City of* Cyprus.

Enter Montano *Governor of* Cyprus, *and Gentlemen.*

MONTANO.

WHAT from the cape can you diſcern at ſea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high-wrought flood:
I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main
Deſcry a ſail.

Mont. Methinks the wind hath ſpoke aloud at land;
A fuller blaſt ne'er ſhook our battlements;
If it hath ruffian'd ſo upon the ſea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them, (13)
Can hold the mortiſe? what ſhall we hear of this?

2 *Gen.* A ſegregation of the *Turkiſh* fleet;
For do but ſtand upon the foaming ſhore,
The chiding billows ſeem to pelt the clouds;
The wind-ſhak'd ſurge, with high and monſtrous main,
Seems to caſt water on the burning Bear,
And quench the guards of th' ever-fired pole;

(13) *What ribs of Oak, when* the huge *Mountains melt,*
Can hold the mortiſe?] This is an arbitrary Change of Mr. *Pope*'s, without any Authority or Reaſon, but the ſmoothing the Verſification. But, I am afraid, this great Critick was dreaming of *Mountains at Land*; and theſe, he thought, could not well melt on *Ribs of Oak* i. e. Ships *at Sea*. But our Poet happens to mean, Waves as big as Mountains; and theſe are often known to melt on Ships: nor is any Metaphor more common in Poetry.

I never

I never did like moleſtation view
On the enchafed flood.

Mont. If that the *Turkiſh* fleet
Be not inſhelter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd;
It is impoſſible to bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News, lords, our wars are done:
The deſperate tempeſt hath ſo bang'd the *Turks*,
That their deſignment halts. A noble ſhip of *Venice* (14)
Hath ſeen a grievous wreck and ſufferance
On moſt part of the fleet,

Mont. How! is this true?

3 *Gent.* The Ship is here put in,
A *Veroneſſa*; *Michael Caſſio*,
Lieutenant of the warlike Moor *Othello*,
Is come on ſhore; the Moor himſelf's at ſea,
And is in full commiſſion here for *Cyprus*.

Mont. I'm glad on't; 'tis a worthy Governor.

3 *Gent.* But this ſame *Caſſio*, though he ſpeak of comfort,
Touching the *Turkiſh* loſs, yet he looks ſadly,
And prays the Moor be ſafe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempeſt.

Mont. Pray heav'ns, he be:
For I have ſerv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full ſoldier. Let's to the ſea-ſide,
As well to ſee the veſſel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes to brave *Othello*,

(14) ——Another *Ship of* Venice
Hath ſeen a grievous wreck, &c.] But no Ship, before this, has arriv'd, or brought any Account of the *Turkiſh* Fleet's Diſtreſs. How then can This be call'd *another* Ship? Oh, but the eldeſt *Quarto* has call'd it ſo; and, if there be a various Reading, Mr. *Pope* is pretty good at taking the wrong one. The two elder *Folio's* and the *Quarto* in 1630 read, as I have reſtor'd to the Text;
——*A* noble *Ship of* Venice.

Even

Even till we make the main and th' aerial blue
An indiſtinct regard.
Gent. Come, let's do ſo;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Caſſio.

Caſ. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike iſle,
That ſo approve the Moor: oh, let the heav'ns
Give him defence againſt the elements,
For I have loſt him on a dangerous ſea.
Mont. Is he well ſhipp'd?
Caſ. His bark is ſtoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not ſurfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.
[*Within.*] A ſail, a ſail, a ſail!
Caſ. What noiſe?
Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o'th' ſea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, a ſail.
Caſ. My hopes do ſhape him for the Governor.
Gent. They do diſcharge their ſhot of courteſie:
Our friends, at leaſt.
Caſ. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.
Gent. I ſhall. [*Exit.*
Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your General wiv'd?
Caſ. Moſt fortunately, he hath atchiev'd a maid
That paragons deſcription and wild fame:
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' eſſential veſture of creation
Does bear all excellency———

Enter Gentleman.

How now? who has put in?
Gent. 'Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the General.
Caſ. H'as had moſt favorable and happy ſpeed;
Tempeſts themſelves, high ſeas, and howling winds;
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated ſands,
(Traitors enſteep'd to clog the guiltleſs keel;)
As having ſenſe of beauty, do omit

Their

Their mortal natures, letting safe go by
The divine *Desdemona*.
Mont. What is she?
Cas. She that I spake of, our great Captain's Captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'nnight's speed. Great *Jove*, *Othello* guard!
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in *Desdemona*'s arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extinguish'd spirits,
And bring all *Cyprus* comfort———

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, *and* Æmilia.

O behold!
The riches of the ship is come on shore:
You men of *Cyprus*, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heav'n,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheel thee round.
Des. I thank you, valiant *Cassio*,
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?
Cas. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.
Des. O, but I fear——how lost you company?
Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship. But, hark, a sail!
[*Within*.] A sail, a sail!
Gent. They give this greeting to the Citadel:
This likewise is a friend.
Cas. See for the news:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, mistress.
[*To* Æmilia.
Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,
That I extend my manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold shew of courtesie.
Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.
Des. Alas! she has no speech.

Iago.

Iago. In faith too much ;
find it ſtill, when I have liſt to ſleep ;
Marry, before your ladyſhip, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Æmil. You have little cauſe to ſay ſo.

Iago. Come on, come on ; you're pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlors, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your houſewifery, and houſewives in your beds !

Deſ. O, fie upon thee, ſlanderer !

Iago. Nay, it is true, or elſe I am a *Turk* ;
You riſe to play, and go to bed to work.

Æmil. You ſhall not write my praiſe.

Iago. No, let me not.

Deſ. What would'ſt thou write of me, if thou ſhou'd'ſt praiſe me ?

Iago. Oh gentle lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical,

Deſ. Come, one aſſay. There's one gone to the harbour———

Iago. Ay, Madam.

Deſ. I am not merry ; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by ſeeming otherwiſe ;———
Come, how would'ſt thou praiſe me ?

Iago. I am about it ; but, indeed, my invention comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze, it plucks out brains and all. But my muſe labours, and thus ſhe is delivered.

If ſhe be fair and wiſe, fairneſs and wit,
The one's for uſe, the other uſeth it.

Deſ. Well prais'd ; how if ſhe be black and witty ?

Iago. *If ſhe be black, and thereto have a wit,*
She'll find a white that ſhall her blackneſs fit.

Deſ. Worſe and worſe.

Æmil. How, if fair and fooliſh ?

Iago.

Iago. *She never yet was foolish, that was fair:*
For even her folly helps her to an heir.

Def. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' th' alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. *There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,*
But does foul pranks, which fair and wise ones do.

Def. Oh heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? (14) one, that in the authority of her merit, did justly put down the vouch of very malice it self?

Iago. *She that was ever fair, and never proud,*
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lackt gold, and yet never went gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said, now I may;
She that when anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, (if ever such wight were)—

Def. To do what?
Iago. *To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.*
Def. Oh most lame and impotent conclusion! do not

(14) *One, that in the Authority of her Merit, did justly put on the Vouch of very Malice it self.*] Tho' all the printed Copies agree in this Reading, I cannot help suspecting it. If the Text should be genuine, I confess, it is above my Understanding. In what Sense can Merit be said to put on the Vouch of Malice? I should rather think, Merit was so safe in it self, as to repel and put off all that Malice and Envy could advance and affirm to its Prejudice. I have ventur'd to reform the Text to this Construction, by a very slight Change that makes it intelligible.

learn

learn of him, *Æmilia*, tho' he be thy husband. (15) How say you, *Cassio*, is he not a most profane and liberal censurer?

Cas. He speaks home, Madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm; ay, well said——whisper——With as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as *Cassio*. Ay, smile upon her, do ——I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true, 'tis so, indeed——If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the Sir in. Very good——well kiss'd, and excellent courtesie——'tis so, indeed——Yet again——your fingers to your lips? 'would, they were clister-pipes for your sake. [*Trumpet.*

The Moor,——I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello and *Attendants.*

Oth. Oh my fair warrior!

Des. My dear *Othello!*

Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death:
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heav'n! If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,

(15) *How say you,* Cassio? *Is he not a most profane and liberal* Counsellor?] But in what Respect was *Iago* a *Counsellor?* He caps Sentences, indeed; but they are not by way of *Advice*, but *Description:* what he says, is, Reflexions on Character and Conduct in Life. For this Reason, I am very apt to think, our Author wrote *Censurer*.

That

That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Def. The heav'ns forbid,
But that our loves and comforts ſhould encreaſe,
Ev'n as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, ſweet Powers!
I cannot ſpeak enough of this content,
It ſtops me here: it is too much of joy.
And this, and this, the greateſt diſcords be [*Kiſſing her.*
That e'er our hearts ſhall make!

Iago. Oh, you are well tun'd now; but I'il let down the pegs that make this muſick, as honeſt as I am.
[*Aſide.*

Oth. Come, let's to the caſtle.
Now, friends, our wars are done; the *Turks* are drown'd,
How do our old acquaintance of this iſle?
Honey, you ſhall be well deſir'd in *Cyprus*,
I've found great love amongſt them. Oh my Sweet,
I prattle out of faſhion, and I dote
In mine own comfort. Pr'ythee, good *Iago*,
Go to the bay, and diſembark my coffers:
Bring thou the maſter to the citadel,
He is a good one, and his worthineſs
Does challenge much reſpect. Come, *Deſdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.
[*Exeunt* Othello *and* Deſdemona.

Manent Iago *and* Rodorigo.

Iago. Do you meet me preſently at the harbour. Come thither, if thou be'ſt valiant; (as, they ſay, baſe men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures, more than is native to them)——liſt me; the lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard. Firſt, I muſt tell thee, this *Deſdemona* is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not poſſible?

Iago. Lay thy fingers thus; and let thy ſoul be inſtructed. Mark me with what violence ſhe firſt lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantaſtical lies. And will ſhe love him ſtill for prating? let not thy

thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight shall she have to look on the Devil? (16) when the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be again to inflame it, and to give Satiety a fresh appetite, lovelinefs in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these requir'd conveniences, her delicate tenderneſs will find it self abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, Sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd position) who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune, as *Cassio* does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable, than in putting on the meer form of civil and humane Seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection; a slippery and subtile knave, a finder of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, tho' true advantage never present it self. A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsom, young, and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after. A pestilent compleat knave! and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that of her, she's full of most bleſs'd condition.

(16) *When the Blood is made dull with the Act of Sport, there ſhould be a* Game *to inflame it, and to give Satiety a freſh Appetite; lovelineſs in Favour, Sympathy in Years, Manners, and Beauties.*] This, 'tis true, is the Reading of the Generality of the Copies: but, methinks, 'tis a very peculiar Experiment, when the Blood and Spirits are dull'd and exhausted with Sport, to raise and recruit them by Sport: for *Sport* and *Game* are but two Words for the same thing. I have retriev'd the Pointing and Reading of the elder *Quarto*, which certainly gives us the Poet's Sense; that when the Blood is dull'd with the Exercise of Pleasure, there should be proper Incentives on each side to raise it *again*, as the Charms of Beauty, Equality of Years, and Agreement of Manners and Disposition: which are wanting in *Othello* to rekindle *Desdemona*'s Passion.

Iago. Bleſs'd figs' end! the wine ſhe drinks is made of grapes. If ſhe had been bleſs'd, ſhe would never have lov'd the Moor: Bleſs'd pudding! didſt thou not ſee her paddle with the palm of his hand? didſt not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courteſie.

Iago. Letchery, by this hand; an index, and obſcure prologue to the hiſtory of luſt, and foul thoughts. They met ſo near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts, *Rodorigo!* when theſe mutualities ſo marſhal the way, hard at hand comes the maſter and main exerciſe, the incorporate concluſion: piſh—But, Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from *Venice*. Watch you to night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. *Caſſio* knows you not: I'll not be far from you. Do you find ſome occaſion to anger *Caſſio*, either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting his diſcipline, or from what other courſe you pleaſe, which the time ſhall more favourably miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's raſh, and very ſudden in choler: and, happily, may ſtrike at you. Provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cauſe thoſe of *Cyprus* to mutiny: whoſe qualification ſhall come into no true taſte again, but by tranſplanting of *Caſſio*. So ſhall you have a ſhorter journey to your deſires, by the means I ſhall then have to prefer them: And the impediments moſt profitably removed, without which there was no expectation of our proſperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I muſt fetch his neceſſaries aſhore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Manet Iago.

Iago. That *Caſſio* loves her, I do well believe:
That ſhe loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit.
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,

Is

Is of a conſtant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to *Deſdemona*
A moſt dear husband. Now I love her too,
Not out of abſolute luſt, (though, peradventure,
I ſtand accountant for as great a ſin;)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do ſuſpect, the luſty Moor
Hath leapt into my ſeat. The thought whereof
Doth, like a poiſonous mineral, gnaw my inwards,
And nothing can, or ſhall, content my ſoul,
'Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife.
Or falling ſo, yet that I put the Moor
At laſt into a jealouſie ſo ſtrong,
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do, (17)
If this poor brach of *Venice*, whom I trace
For this quick hunting, ſtand the putting on,
I'll have our *Michael Caſſio* on the hip,
Abuſe him to the Moor in the right garb;
(For I fear *Caſſio* with my night-cap too,)
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiouſly an aſs;
And practiſing upon his peace and quiet,

(17) ——————*Which thing to do,*
If this poor Traſh *of* Venice, *whom I trace*
For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on.] A trifling, inſignificant Fellow may, in ſome Reſpects, very well be call'd *Traſh*: but what Conſonance of Metaphor is there betwixt *Traſh*, and *quick hunting*, and *ſtanding the putting on?* The Alluſion to the *Chaſe* SHAKESPEARE ſeems to be fond of applying to *Rodorigo*, who ſays of himſelf towards the Concluſion of this *Act*;

I follow her in the Chaſe, *not like a* Hound *that* hunts, *but one that fills up the* Cry.

I have a great Suſpicion, therefore, that the Poet wrote;
If this poor Brach *of* Venice,

which, we know, is a degenerate Species of *Hound*, and a Term generally us'd in Contempt: and this compleats and perfects the metaphorical Alluſion, and makes it much more Satirical. Mr. *Warburton*.

Even to madneſs. 'Tis here——but yet confus'd;
Knavery's plain face is never ſeen, till us'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the* STREET.

Enter Herald with a Proclamation.

Her. IT is *Othello*'s pleaſure, our noble and valiant General, that upon certain tidings now arriv'd, importing the meer perdition of the *Turkiſh* fleet, every man put himſelf into triumph: ſome to dance, ſome to make bonfires, each man to what ſport and revels his mind leads him. For, beſides this beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials. So much was his pleaſure, ſhould be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feaſting, from this preſent hour of five, 'till the bell have told eleven. Bleſs the iſle of *Cyprus*, and our noble General *Othello!*

SCENE, *the* CASTLE.

Enter Othello, Deſdemona, Caſſio, *and Attendants.*

Oth. GOOD *Michael*, look you to the guard to night,
Let's teach our ſelves that honourable ſtop,
Not to out ſport diſcretion.
Caſ. Iago hath direction what to do:
But, notwithſtanding, with my perſonal eye
Will I look to't.
Oth. Iago is moſt honeſt:
Michael, good-night. To morrow, with your earlieſt,
Let me have ſpeech with you. Come, my dear love,
The purchaſe made, the fruits are to enſue;
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good-night. [*Exeunt* Othello *and* Deſdemona.

Enter Iago.

Caſ. Welcome, *Iago*; we muſt to the Watch.
Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o'th' clock.

clock. Our General caſt us thus early for the love of his *Deſdemona:* whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and ſhe is ſport for *Jove*.

Caſ. She's a moſt exquiſite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Caſ. Indeed, ſhe's a moſt freſh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye ſhe has? methinks, it ſounds a parley to provocation.

Caſ. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modeſt.

Iago. And when ſhe ſpeaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Caſ. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happineſs to their ſheets: come, lieutenant, I have a ſtoop of wine, and here without are a brace of *Cyprus* gallants, that would fain have a meaſure to the health of the black *Othello*.

Caſ. Not to night, good *Iago*; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wiſh, courteſie would invent ſome other cuſtom of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our friends: but one cup, I'll drink for you.

Caſ. I have drunk but one cup to night, and that was craftily qualified too: and, behold, what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakneſs with any more

Iago. What, man? 'tis a night of revels, the gallants deſire it.

Caſ. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Caſ. I'll do't, but it diſlikes me. [*Exit* Caſſio.

Iago. If I can faſten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence,
As my young miſtreſs' dog. ———
Now, my ſick fool, *Rodorigo*,
Whom love hath turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide out,
To *Deſdemona* hath to night carouz'd

Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.
Three lads of *Cyprus*, noble ſwelling ſpirits,
(That hold their honours in a wary diſtance,
The very elements of this warlike iſle,)
Have I to night fluſter'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongſt this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our *Caſſio* in ſome action
That may offend the iſle. But here they come.
If conſequence do but approve my Deem, (18)
My boat ſails freely, both with wind and ſtream.

Enter Caſſio, Montano, *and Gentlemen.*

Caſ. 'Fore heav'n, they have given me a rouſe already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one: not paſt a pint, as I am a ſoldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho! [Iago *ſings.*

And let me the canakin clink, clink,
And let me the canakin clink.
A ſoldier's a man; oh, man's life's but a ſpan;
Why, then let a ſoldier drink.

Some wine, boys.

Caſ. 'Fore heav'n, an excellent ſong.

Iago. I learn'd it in *England:* where, indeed, they are moſt potent in potting. Your *Dane*, your *German*, and your ſwag-belly'd *Hollander*, —— Drink, ho! —— are nothing to your *Engliſh.*

Caſ. Is your *Engliſhman* ſo exquiſite in his drinking?

(18) *If Conſequence do but approve my* Dream.] All the printed Copies concur in this Reading, but, I think, it does not come up to the Poet's Intention; I rather imagine that he wrote,

If Conſequence do but approve my Deem.

i. e. my Opinion, the Judgment I have form'd of what muſt happen. So, in *Troil.* and *Creſſida*;

Creſ. *I true? how now? what wicked* Deem *is this?*

Iago.

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your *Dane* dead drunk. He ſweats not to overthrow your *Almain*. He gives your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Caſ. To the health of our General.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant, and I'll do you juſtice.

Iago. Oh ſweet *England.*

King Stephen *was an a worthy peer,*
His breeches coſt him but a crown;
He held them ſix pence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Caſ. Why, this is a more exquiſite ſong than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again?

Caſ. No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does thoſe things. Well——Heaven's above all; and there be ſouls that muſt be ſaved, and there be ſouls muſt not be ſaved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Caſ. For mine own part, (no offence to the General, nor any man of quality;) I hope to be ſaved.

Iago. And ſo I do too, lieutenant.

Caſ. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me. The Lieutenant is to be ſaved before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. Forgive our ſins——gentlemen, let's look to our buſineſs. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my Ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now; I can ſtand well enough, and I ſpeak well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Caſ. Why, very well then: you muſt not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Manent Iago *and* Montano.

Mont. To the platform, maſters; come, let's ſet the Watch.

Iago. You ſee this fellow, that is gone before;
He is a ſoldier, fit to ſtand by *Cæſar*,
And give direction. And do but ſee his vice;
'Tis to his virtues a juſt equinox,
The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him;
I fear, the Truſt *Othello* puts him in,
On ſome odd time of his infirmity,
Will ſhake this iſland.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his ſleep.
He'll watch the horologue a double ſet,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mont. It were well,
The General were put in mind of it:
Perhaps, he ſees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in *Caſſio*,
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now, *Rodorigo!*
I pray you, after the lieutenant, go. [*Exit* Rod.

Mont. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard ſuch a Place as his own Second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity;
It were an honeſt action to ſay ſo
Unto the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair iſland;
I do love *Caſſio* well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. Hark, what noiſe?
[*Within*, help! help!

Re enter Caſſio, *purſuing* Rodorigo.

Caſ. You rogue! you raſcal!

Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Caſ. A knave teach me my duty? I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod.

Rod. Beat me ———
Caſ. Doſt thou prate, rogue?
Mont. Nay, good lieutenant; [*Staying him.*
I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.
Caſ. Let me go, Sir, or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.
Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.
Caſ. Drunk? ——— [*They fight.*
Iago. Away, I ſay, go out and cry a mutiny.
[*Exit* Rodorigo.
Nay, good lieutenant——Alas, gentlemen———
Help, ho!—— Lieutenant——Sir——*Montano*——
Help, maſters! here's a goodly watch, indeed———
Who's that, who rings the bell ———diablo, ho!
[*Bell rings.*
The town will riſe. Fie, fie, lieutenant! hold:
You will be ſham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, *and Attendants.*

Oth. What is the matter here?
Mont. I bleed ſtill, I am hurt, but not to th' death.
Oth. Hold, for your lives.
Iago. Hold, ho! lieutenant—Sir——*Montano*——
Gentlemen———
Have you forgot all place of ſenſe and duty?
The General ſpeaks to you—hold, hold, for ſhame——
Oth. Why, how now, ho? from whence ariſeth this?
Are we turn'd *Turks?* and to our ſelves do That,
Which heaven hath forbid the *Ottomites?*
For chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawl;
He, that ſtirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his ſoul light: he dies upon his motion.
Silence that dreadful bell; it frights the iſle
From her propriety. What is the matter?
Honeſt *Iago*, that looks dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.
Iago. I do not know; friends all, but now, even now
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Diveſting them for bed; and then, but now———
(As if ſome planet had unwitted men,)

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breasts,
In opposition bloody. I can't speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds,
And, 'would, in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, *Michael*, you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont be civil:
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted; And your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mont. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, *Iago*, can inform you,
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
Of all that I do know; nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night,
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend our selves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heav'n,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment choler'd,
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began; who set it on;
And he, that is approv'd in this offence,
Tho' he had twin'd with me both at a birth,
Shall lose me.——What, in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domestick quarrel?
In night, and on the Court of Guard and Safety; (19)
'Tis

(19) *In night, and on the Court* and *Guard* of *Safety?*] This is spoken by *Othello*; but *Guard* of *Safety*, tho' coupled with a Word of Synonymous Construction, was never Soldier's Language. I have ventur'd to make the *Conjunction*, and *Sign* of the

'Tis monſtrous. Say, *Iago*, who began't?
Mont. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou doſt deliver more or leſs than truth,
Thou art no ſoldier.
Iago. Touch me not ſo near;
I'd rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it ſhould do offence to *Michael Caſſio*;
Yet I perſuade my ſelf, to ſpeak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus 'tis, General:
Montano and my ſelf being in ſpeech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And *Caſſio* following with determin'd ſword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to *Caſſio*, and intreats his pauſe;
My ſelf the crying fellow did purſue,
Leſt by his clamour (as it ſo fell out)
The town might fall in fright. He, ſwift of foot,
Out-ran my purpoſe: I return'd, the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of ſwords,
And *Caſſio* high in oath; which 'till to night
I ne'er might ſay before. When I came back,
(For this was brief) I found them cloſe together
At blow and thruſt; even as again they were,
When you your ſelf did part them,
More of this matter cannot I report.
But men are men; the beſt ſometimes forget;
Tho' *Caſſio* did ſome little wrong to him,
As men in rage ſtrike thoſe that wiſh them beſt,
Yet, ſurely, *Caſſio*, I believe, receiv'd
From him, that fled, ſome ſtrange indignity,
Which patience could not paſs.
Oth. I know, *Iago*,
Thy honeſty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Caſſio*. *Caſſio*, I love thee,
But never more be officer of mine.———

the *Genitive Caſe* change Places: and ſo the Phraſe in Uſe is reſtor'd, tho' againſt the Authority of the printed Copies.

Enter

Enter Deſdemona *attended.*

Look if my gentle love be not rais'd up:
I'll make thee an example.

Def. What's the matter?

Oth. All is well, Sweeting, come to bed.
Sir, for your hurts, my ſelf will be your ſurgeon.
Lead him off:

Iago, look with care about the town,
And ſilence thoſe whom this vile brawl diſtracted.
Come, *Deſdemona*, 'tis the ſoldiers' life,
To have their balmy ſlumbers wak'd with ſtrife.

[*Exeunt.*

Manent Iago *and* Caſſio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Caſ. Paſt all Surgery.

Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!

Caſ. Reputation, reputation, reputation! oh I have loſt my reputation! I have loſt the immortal part of my ſelf, and what remains is beſtial. My reputation! *Iago*, my reputation———

Iago. As I am an honeſt man, I had thought, you had receiv'd ſome bodily wound; there is more ſenſe in That than in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and moſt falſe impoſition; oft got without merit, and loſt without deſerving. You have loſt no reputation at all, unleſs you repute your ſelf ſuch a loſer. What, man,—there are ways to recover the General again. You are but now caſt in his mood, a puniſhment more in policy than in malice; even ſo as one would beat his offenceleſs dog, to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Caſ. I will rather ſue to be deſpis'd, than to deceive ſo good a commander, with ſo ſlight, ſo drunken, and ſo indiſcreet an officer. Drunk, and ſpeak? Parrot, and ſquabble? ſwagger? ſwear? and diſcourſe fuſtian with one's own ſhadow? oh thou invincible ſpirit of wine! if thou haſt no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.

Iago.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your ſword? what had he done to you?

Caſ. I know not.

Iago. Is't poſſible?

Caſ. I remember a maſs of things, but nothing diſtinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men ſhould put an enemy in their mouths, to ſteal away their brains! that we ſhould with joy, pleaſance, revel, and applauſe, transform our ſelves into beaſts.

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recover'd?

Caſ. It has pleas'd the devil, drunkenneſs, to give place to the devil, wrath; one unperfectneſs ſhews me another, to make me frankly deſpiſe my ſelf.

Iago. Come, you are too ſevere a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country ſtands, I could heartily wiſh this had not befallen: but ſince it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caſ. I will ask him for my Place again; he ſhall tell me, I am a drunkard! ——— had I as many mouths as *Hydra*, ſuch an anſwer would ſtop them all. To be now a ſenſible man, by and by a fool, and preſently a beaſt! ——— Every inordinate cup is unbleſs'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd: exclaim no more againſt it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think, I love you.

Caſ. I have well approv'd it, Sir. I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at ſome time, man. I tell you what you ſhall do: our general's wife is now the General. I may ſay ſo, in this reſpect, for that he hath devoted and given up himſelf to the contemplation, mark and denotement of her parts and graces (20). Confeſs your ſelf freely to her: importune her

(20) *For that he hath devoted, and given up himſelf to the Contemplation, Mark, and* Devotement *of her Parts and Graces.*] I remember, it is ſaid of *Antony*, in the Beginning of *his* Tragedy, that He, who uſed to fix his Eyes altogether on the dreadful Ranges of War, ——now

her help, to put you in your Place again. She is of ſo free, ſo kind, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, ſhe holds it a vice in her goodneſs not to do more than ſhe is requeſted. This broken joint, between you and her husband, intreat her to ſplinter. And, my fortunes againſt any lay worth naming, this crack of your love ſhall grow ſtronger than it was before.

Caſ. You adviſe me well.

Iago. I proteſt, in the ſincerity of love, and honeſt kindneſs.

Caſ. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beſeech the virtuous *Deſdemona* to undertake for me: I am deſperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right: good night, lieutenant, I muſt to the Watch.

Caſ. Good night, honeſt *Iago.* [*Exit* Caſſio.

Manet Iago.

Iago. And what's he then, that ſays, I play the villain?
When this advice is free I give, and honeſt,
Likely to thinking, and, indeed, the courſe
To win the Moor again. For 'tis moſt eaſie
Th' inclining *Deſdemona* to ſubdue
In any honeſt ſuit; ſhe's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor, wer't to renounce his baptiſm,
All ſeals and ſymbols of redeemed ſin,
His ſoul is ſo enfetter'd to her love
That ſhe may make, unmake, do what ſhe liſt,

——— ——*now beads, now turns,*
The Office and Devotion *of their View*
Upon a Strumpet's Front.

This is finely expreſs'd; but I cannot perſuade my ſelf that our Poet would ever have ſaid, any one *devoted* himſelf to the *Devotement* of any thing. All the Copies agree; but the miſtake certainly aroſe from a ſingle Letter being turn'd upſide-down at Preſs.

Even

Even as her appetite shall play the God
With his weak function. Am I then a villain,
To counsel *Cassio* to this parallel course,
Directly to his Good? Divinity of Hell!
When Devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heav'nly Shews,
As I do now.——For while this honest fool
Plies *Desdemona* to repair his fortune,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor;
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,
That she repeals him for her body's lust:
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into Pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net,
That shall enmesh them all. How now, *Rodorigo!*

Enter Rodorigo.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My mony is almost spent; I have been to night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so with no mony at all, and a little more wit, return again to *Venice*.

Iago. How poor are they, that have no patience?
What wound did ever heal but by degrees;
Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time:
Does't not go well? *Cassio* hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd *Cassio*.
Tho' other things grow fair against the Sun,
Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe:
Content thy self a while. In troth, 'tis morning:
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* Rodorigo.
Two things are to be done; (21)

My

(21) *Two things are to be done;*
My Wife must move for Cassio *to her Mistress,* I'll

My Wife must move for *Cassio* to her mistress:
I'll set her on:——
My self, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump, when he may *Cassio* find
Soliciting his Wife,——ay, that's the way:
Dull not, Device, by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *before* Othello's *Palace.*

Enter Cassio, *with Musicians.*

CASSIO.

MASTERS, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief; and bid, good morrow, General.

[*Musick plays; and enter* Clown *from the House.*

Clown. Why, masters, have your instruments been in *Naples*, that they speak i'th' nose thus?

Mus. How, Sir, how?

Clown. Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?

Mus. Ay, marry are they, Sir.

Clown. Oh, thereby hangs a tail.

I'll set her on to draw the Moor apart.] Mr. *Pope* has falsified the Text, because it wanted a little Help: so that, in the first place, we don't see what were the two things to be done: and, then, it was *Iago*, not his Wife, that was to draw the *Moor* apart. The old Books read;

——*Two things are to be done*;
My Wife must move for Cassio *to her Mistress*,
I'll set her on my self, a while, *to draw the Moor apart.*

This unreasonable long *Alexandrine* was certainly a Blunder of the Editors: a slight Transposition and Change will regulate it, as the Poet intended.

Mus.

Muſ. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir?

Clown. Marry, Sir, by many a wind inſtrument that I know. But, Maſters, here's mony for you: and the General ſo likes your muſick, that he deſires you for love's ſake to make no more noiſe with it.

Muſ. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any muſick that may not be heard, to't again: But, as they ſay, to hear muſick, the General does not greatly care.

Muſ. We have none ſuch, Sir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go, vaniſh into air, away. [*Exeunt* Muſ.

Caſ. Doſt thou hear, mine honeſt friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honeſt friend; I hear you.

Caſ. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets, there's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman, that attends the General's wife, be ſtirring, tell her, there's one *Caſſio* entreats of her a little favour of ſpeech, Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is ſtirring, Sir; if ſhe will ſtir hither, I ſhall ſeem to notifie unto her. [*Exit* Clown.

Caſ. Do, my good friend,

To him, enter Iago.

In happy time, *Iago.*

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Caſ. Why, no; the day had broke, before we parted.
I have made bold to ſend in to your wife;
My ſuit is, that ſhe will to *Deſdemona*
Procure me ſome acceſs.

Iago. I'll ſend her preſently;
And I'll deviſe a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converſe and buſineſs
May be more free. [*Exit.*

Caſ. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A *Florentine* more kind and honeſt.

To him, enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Good morrow, good lieutenant, I am ſorry
For your diſpleaſure; but all will, ſure, be well.

The

The General and his wife are talking of it:
And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in *Cyprus*,
And great affinity; and that in wisdom
He might not but refuse you. But he protests, he loves you;
And needs no other suitor, but his likings,
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With *Desdemona* alone.

Æmil. Pray you, come in:
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I'm much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Iago, *and Gentlemen.*

Oth. These letters give, *Iago*, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the Senate;
That done, I will be walking on the Works;
Repair there to me.

Iago. My good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, *and* Æmilia.

Des. BE thou assur'd, good *Cassio*, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Æmil. Good Madam, do: I know, it grieves my husband
As if the cause were his.

Des. Oh, that's an honest fellow; doubt not, *Cassio*,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Most bounteous Madam,
Whatever shall become of *Michael Cassio*,

He's

He's never any thing but your true ſervant.

Def. I know't, I thank you; you do love my lord,
You've known him long; and, be you well aſſur'd,
He ſhall in ſtrangeneſs ſtand no farther off
Than in a politick diſtance.

Caſ. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either laſt ſo long,
Or feed upon ſuch nice and wateriſh diet,
Or breed it ſelf ſo out of circumſtances,
That I being abſent, and my place ſupply'd,
My General will forget my love and ſervice.

Def. Do not doubt that; before *Æmilia* here,
I give thee warrant of thy Place. Aſſure thee,
If I do vow a friendſhip, I'll perform it
To the laſt article. My lord ſhall never reſt;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed ſhall ſeem a ſchool, his board a ſhrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With *Caſſio*'s ſuit: therefore be merry, *Caſſio*;
For thy ſollicitor ſhall rather die,
Than give thy cauſe away.

Enter Othello, *and* Iago, *at diſtance.*

Æmil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Caſ. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Def. Why, ſtay, and hear me ſpeak.

Caſ. Madam, not now; I'm very ill at eaſe,
Unfit for mine own purpoſes.

Def. Well, do your diſcretion. [*Exit* Caſſio.

Iago. Hah! I like not that.———

Oth. What doſt thou ſay?

Iago. Nothing, my lord; or if——I know not what.

Oth. Was not that *Caſſio*, parted from my wife?

Iago. Caſſio, my lord?——no, ſure, I cannot think it,
That he would ſteal away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I believe, 'twas he.

Def. How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a ſuitor here,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.

Oth.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant *Cassio*. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take.
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.
I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. I, sooth, so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet *Desdemona*; some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, Sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to night at supper?

Oth Not to night.

Des To morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the Captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then to morrow night, or *Tuesday* morn,
Or *Tuesday* noon, or night, or *Wednesday* morn,
I pr'ythee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days; in faith, he's penitent:
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best,) is not almost a fault
T' incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, *Othello*. I wonder in my soul,
What you would ask me, that I would deny,
Or stand so mutt'ring on? what? *Michael Cassio!*——
That came a wooing with you, and many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do
To bring him in? trust me, I could do much——

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more; let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing meats, or keep you warm;

Or

Or ſue to you, to do peculiar profit
To your own perſon. Nay, when I have ſuit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It ſhall be full of poize and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon I do beſeech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to my ſelf.
Def. Shall I deny you? no; farewel, my lord.
Oth. Farewel, my *Deſdemona*, I'll come ſtrait.
Def. *Æmilia*, come; be, as your fancies teach you:
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Othello, *and* Iago.

Oth. Excellent Wench! ——— Perdition catch my ſoul, (22)
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.
Iago. My noble lord, ———
Oth. What doſt thou ſay, *Iago?*
Iago. Did *Michael Caſſio*, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
Oth. He did, from firſt to laſt: why doſt thou ask?
Iago. But for a ſatisfaction of my thought,
No farther harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago?*
Iago. I did not think, he'd been acquainted with it.

(22) *Excellent* Wretch! *Perdition catch my Soul,*
But I do love thee; &c.] Tho' all the printed Copies concur in this Reading, I think, it is very reaſonably to be ſuſpected. *Othello* is exclaiming here with Admiration and rapturous Fondneſs: but *Wretch* can ſcarce be admitted to be uſed, unleſs in Compaſſion or Contempt. I make no queſtion, but the Poet wrote;
Excellent Wench! ——*Perdition catch my Soul*, &c.
It is to be obſerv'd, that, in SHAKESPEARE'S time, *Wench*, *Laſs*, and *Girl* were not uſed in that low and vulgar Acceptation as they are at this time of day; but very frequently with Dignity.

Oth.

Oth. Oh, yes, and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed!
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Diſcern'ſt thou aught in that?
Is he not honeſt?
Iago. Honeſt, my lord?
Oth. Honeſt? ay, honeſt.
Iago. My lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What doſt thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord!——
Oth. Think, my lord! why, by heav'n, thou echo'ſt me;
As if there were ſome monſter in thy thought,
Too hideous to be ſhewn. Thou doſt mean ſomething:
I heard thee ſay but now, *thou lik'dſt not that*,——
When *Caſſio* left my Wife. What didſt not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counſel,
In my whole courſe of wooing; thou cry'dſt, *indeed?*
And didſt contract and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then hadſt ſhut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou doſt love me,
Shew me thy thought.
Iago. My lord, you know, I love you.
Oth. I think, thou doſt:
And for I know, thou art full of love and honeſty,
And weigh'ſt thy words before thou giv'ſt them breath,
Therefore theſe ſtops of thine fright me the more:
For ſuch things, in a falſe diſloyal knave,
Are tricks of cuſtom; but, in a man that's juſt,
They're cold dilations working from the heart,
That paſſion cannot rule.
Iago. For *Michael Caſſio*,
I dare be ſworn, I think, that he is honeſt.
Oth. I think ſo too.
Iago. Men ſhould be what they ſeem,
Or, thoſe that be not, 'would they might ſeem none!
Oth. Certain, men ſhould be what they ſeem.
Iago. Why, then, I think, *Caſſio*'s an honeſt man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this?
I pray thee, ſpeak to me as to thy thinkings,

As

As thou doſt ruminate; and give thy worſt of thoughts
The worſt of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me.
Tho' I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that, all ſlaves are free to;
Utter my thoughts! — Why, ſay, they're vile and falſe;
As where's that Palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breaſt ſo pure,
But ſome uncleanly apprehenſions
Keep leets and law-days, and in ſeſſions ſit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou doſt conſpire againſt thy friend, *Iago*,
If thou but think'ſt him wrong'd, and mak'ſt his ear
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beſeech you,
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my gueſs, ——
(As, I confeſs, it is my nature's plague
To ſpie into abuſe; and oft my jealouſie
Shapes faults that are not;) I intreat you then,
From one that ſo imperfectly conceits,
Your wiſdom would not build your ſelf a trouble
Out of my ſcattering and unſure obſervance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honeſty, and wiſdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What doſt thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their ſouls.
Who ſteals my purſe, ſteals traſh; 'tis ſomething, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his; and has been ſlave to thouſands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of That, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts ——

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor ſhall not, whilſt 'tis in my cuſtody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. Oh, beware, my lord, of jealouſie;
It is a green-ey'd monſter, which doth mock

The

The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliſs,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts; ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves!

Oth. Oh miſery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches endleſs, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he ſhall be poor.
Good heaven! the ſouls of all my tribe defend
From jealouſie!

Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'ſt thou, I'd make a life of jealouſie?
To follow ſtill the changes of the moon
With freſh ſuſpicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is once to be reſolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
When I ſhall turn the buſineſs of my ſoul
To ſuch exufflicate and blown ſurmiſes,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To ſay, my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, theſe are moſt virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The ſmalleſt fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me. No, *Iago*,
I'll ſee, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love, or jealouſie.

Iago. I'm glad of this; for now I ſhall have reaſon
To ſhew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker ſpirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,
Receive it from me. I ſpeak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife, obſerve her well with *Caſſio*;
Wear your eye, thus: not jealous, nor ſecure;
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of ſelf-bounty be abus'd; look to't.
I know our country diſpoſition well;
In *Venice* they do let heav'n ſee the pranks,
They dare not ſhew their husbands; their beſt conſcience
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Doſt thou ſay ſo?

Iago.

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.
Oth. And so she did.
Iago. Go to then;
She, that, so young, could give out such a Seeming
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak———
He thought, 'twas witchcraft—but I'm much to blame:
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.
Oth. I'm bound to you for ever.
Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. Trust me, I fear it has:
I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love. But, I do see, you're mov'd——
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech would fall into such vile Success,
Which my thoughts aim not at. *Cassio*'s my worthy friend.
My lord, I see, you're mov'd———
Oth. No, not much mov'd———
I do not think, but *Desdemona*'s honest.
Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!
Oth. And yet, how nature erring from it self——
Iago. Ay, there's the point;———as (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion and degree,
Whereto we see in all things Nature tends:
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her; tho' I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,

And, haply, so repent.

Oth. Farewel, farewel;
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife t'observe. Leave me, *Iago.*

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*

Oth. Why did I marry?———
This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your Honour
To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time:
Altho' 'tis fit that *Cassio* have his Place,
For, sure, he fills it up with great ability;
Yet if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him, and his means;
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong, or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in That. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have to fear, I am;)
And hold her free, I do beseech your Honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*

Manet Othello.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I prove her haggard,
Tho' that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I'm black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years, yet that's not much———
She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Must be to loath her. Oh the curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' use. Yet 'tis the plague of Great ones;

Pre-

Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death.
Even then, this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. *Desdemona* comes!

Enter Desdemona *and* Æmilia.

If she be false, oh, then heav'n mocks it self:
I'll not believe't.

Def. How now, my dear *Othello?*
Your dinner, and the generous Islanders,
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Def. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Def. Why, that's with watching, 'twill away again;
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;

[*She drops her handkerchief.*

Let it alone: come, I'll go in with you.

Def. I am very sorry, that you are not well. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Æmilia.

Æmil. I am glad, I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor;
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it. But she so loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give't *Iago*; what he'll do with it,
Heav'n knows, not I:
I nothing, but to please his fantasie.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now? what do you here alone?

Æmil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me?
It is a common thing——

Æmil Ha?
Iago. To have a fooliſh wife.
Æmil. Oh, is that all? what will you give me now
For that ſame handkerchief?
Iago. What handkerchief?
Æmil. What handkerchief?———
Why, that the Moor firſt gave to *Deſdemona*;
That which ſo often you did bid me ſteal.
Iago. Haſt ſtolen it from her?
Æmil. No; but ſhe let it drop by negligence;
And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took't up:
Look, here 'tis.
Iago. A good wench, give it me.
Æmil. What will you do with't, you have been ſo earneſt
To have me filch it?
Iago. Why, what is that to you? [*Snatching it.*
Æmil. If't be not for ſome purpoſe of import,
Give't me again. Poor lady! ſhe'll run mad,
When ſhe ſhall lack it.
Iago. Be not you known on't:
I have uſe for it. Go, leave me—— [*Exit* Æmil.
I will in *Caſſio*'s lodging loſe this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmations ſtrong
As proofs of holy Writ. This may do ſomething.
The Moor already changes with my poiſons:
Dang'rous conceits are in their nature poiſons,
Which at the firſt are ſcarce found to diſtaſte;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of ſulphur.——I did ſay ſo.

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes! Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowſy Sirups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that ſweet ſleep,
Which thou hadſt yeſterday.
Oth. Ha! falſe to me!
Iago. Why, how now, General? no more of that.
Oth. Avant! be gone! thou'ſt ſet me on the rack:
I ſwear,

I ſwear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.
Iago. How, my lord?
Oth. What ſenſe had I of her ſtol'n hours or luſt?
I ſaw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;
I ſlept the next night well; was free, and merry;
I found not *Caſſio*'s kiſſes on her lips:
He, that is robb'd, not wanting what is ſtol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.
Iago. I am ſorry to hear this.
Oth. I had been happy, if the general Camp,
(Pioneers and all,) had taſted her ſweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind! Farewel content!
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue! oh, farewel!
Farewel the neighing ſteed, and the ſhrill trump,
The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, th' ear piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious war!
And, oh, you mortal engines, whoſe rude throats
Th' immortal *Jove*'s dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! *Othello*'s Occupation's gone!
Iago. Is't poſſible, my lord?
Oth. Villain, be ſure, thou prove my love a whore;
Be ſure of it: give me the ocular proof,
[*Catching hold on him.*
Or, by the worth of mine eternal ſoul,
Thou hadſt been better have been born a dog,
Than anſwer my wak'd wrath.
Iago. Is't come to this?
Oth. Make me to ſee't; or, at the leaſt, ſo prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!
Iago. My noble lord ———
Oth. If thou doſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorſe;
On horrors head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canſt thou to damnation add,

Greater than that.

Iago. Oh grace! oh heav'n defend me!
Are you a man? have you a ſoul? or ſenſe?
God be w' you; take mine office. O wretched fool,
That liv'ſt to make thine honeſty a vice!
Oh monſtrous world! take note, take note, oh world,
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe.
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no friend, ſith love breeds ſuch offence.

Oth. Nay, ſtay——thou ſhould'ſt be honeſt——

Iago. I ſhould be wiſe, for honeſty's a fool,
And loſes what it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think, my wife is honeſt; and think, ſhe is not;
I think, that thou art juſt; and think, thou art not;
I'll have ſome proof. Her name, that was as freſh
As *Dian*'s viſage, is now begrim'd and black
As my own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poiſon, or fire, or ſuffocating ſtreams,
I'll not endure't——'Would, I were ſatisfied!

Iago. I ſee, Sir, you are eaten up with paſſion;
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be ſatisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, and will.

Iago. And may; but how? how ſatisfied, my lord?
Would you be ſuperviſor, groſly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that proſpect: damn them then,
If ever mortal Eyes do ſee them bolſter,
More than their own. What then? how then?
What ſhall I ſay? where's ſatisfaction?
It is impoſſible you ſhould ſee this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As ſalt as wolves in pride, and fools as groſs
As ignorance made drunk. But, yet I ſay,
If imputation and ſtrong circumſtances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you ſatisfaction, you might have't.

Oth.

Oth. Give me a living reaſon ſhe's diſloyal,
Iago. I do not like the office;
But ſince I'm entred in this cauſe ſo far,
Prick'd to't by fooliſh honeſty and love,
I will go on. I lay with *Caſſio* lately,
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not ſleep.———
There are a kind of men, ſo looſe of ſoul,
That in their ſleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is *Caſſio:*
In ſleep I heard him ſay, "Sweet *Deſdemona,*
"Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!"
And then, Sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand;
Cry——"Oh ſweet creature!" and then kiſs me hard,
As if he pluckt up kiſſes by the roots,
That grew upon my lips; then lay his leg
Over my thigh, and ſigh and kiſs, and then
Cry, "Curſed fate! that gave thee to the Moor."
Oth. Oh monſtrous! monſtrous!
Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.
Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone concluſion;
'Tis a ſhrewd doubt, tho' it be but a dream.
Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonſtrate thinly.
Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.
Iago. Nay, but be wiſe; yet we ſee nothing done;
She may be honeſt yet.——Tell me but this,
Have you not ſometimes ſeen a handkerchief,
Spotted with ſtrawberries in your wife's hand?
Oth. I gave her ſuch a one; 'twas my firſt gift.
Iago. I know not that; but ſuch a handkerchief,
(I'm ſure, it was your wife's,) did I to day
See *Caſſio* wipe his beard with.
Oth. If it be that———
Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It ſpeaks againſt her with the other proofs.
Oth. Oh, that the ſlave had forty thouſand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my Revenge.
Now do I ſee, 'tis true.——Look here, *Iago,*
All my fond love thus do I blow to heav'n:

'Tis gone;——
Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, oh love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspicks' tongues.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood——

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.

Oth. Never, *Iago.* Like to the *Pontick* Sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course,
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the *Propontick*, and the *Hellespont:*
Even so my bloody thoughts with violent pace
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
'Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.——Now, by yond marble heav'n,
In the due rev'rence of a sacred vow [*He kneels.*
I here engage my words——

Iago. Do not rise yet: [Iago *kneels.*
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements, that clip us round about!
Witness, that here *Iago* doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello*'s service. Let him command, (23)
Nor, to obey, shall be in me Remorse,
What bloody business ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,

(23) ——*Let him command,*
And to obey shall be in me Remorse,
What bloody Business ever.] Thus all the old Copies, to the manifest Depravation of the Poet's Sense. Mr. *Pope* has attempted an Emendation, but with his old Luck and Dexterity.

Not *to obey, shall be in me Remorse,* &c.

I read, with the Change only of a single Letter;

Nor, *to obey, shall be in me Remorse,* &c.

i. e. Let your Commands be ever so bloody, Remorse and Compassion shall not restrain me from obeying them.

Not

Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the inſtant put thee to't:
Within theſe three days let me hear thee ſay,
That *Caſſio*'s not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead;
'Tis done at your requeſt. But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd Minx! oh, damn her, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift means of death
For the fair Devil. Now art thou my Lieutenant. ——

Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *another Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and Clown.*

Deſ. DO you know, ſirrah, where Lieutenant *Caſſio* lies?

Clown. I dare not ſay, he lies any where.

Deſ. Why, man?

Clown. He's a ſoldier; and for me to ſay, a ſoldier lies, 'tis ſtabbing.

Deſ Go to; where lodges he?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Deſ. Can any thing be made of this?

Clown. I know not where he lodges; and for me to deviſe a lodging, and ſay, he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Deſ. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?

Clown. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make queſtions, and bid them anſwer. (24)

Deſ.

(24) Clown. *I will catechize the World for him;*
That is, make Queſtions, and by *them anſwer.*]
This *Clown* is a Fool to ſome purpoſe. He was to go ſeek

Def. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I have mov'd my lord on his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clown. To do this is within the compaſs of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing of it.

[*Exit Clown.*

Def. Where ſhould I loſe that handkerchief, *Æmilia?*

Æmil. I know not, Madam.

Def. Believe me, I had rather loſt my purſe
Full of Cruzadoes. And but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no ſuch baſeneſs
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous?

Def. Who, he? I think, the Sun, where he was born,
Drew all ſuch humours from him.

Æmil. Look, where he comes.

Def. I will not leave him now, till *Caſſio* be
Call'd to him. How is it with you, my lord?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady. Oh, hardneſs to diſſemble!
How do you, *Deſdemona?*

Def. Well, my Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand; this hand is moiſt, my Lady.

Def. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no ſorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulneſs, and liberal heart:
Hot, hot, and moiſt—— this hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from liberty; faſting and prayer,
Much caſtigation, exerciſe devout;
For here's a young and ſweating devil here,
That commonly rebels: 'tis a good hand,
A frank one.

for One; he ſays, he will ask for him, and by his own Queſtions make Anſwer. Without doubt, we ſhould read;

——*and* bid *them anſwer.*

i. e. the World; thoſe, whom he queſtions, Mr. *Warburton.*

Def.

Def. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand, that gave away my heart.
Oth. A liberal hand. The hearts, of old, gave hands;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.
Def. I cannot speak of this; come, now your promise.
Oth. What promise, chuck?
Def. I've sent to bid *Cassio* come speak with you.
Oth. I have a salt and sorry Rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.
Def. Here, my Lord.
Oth. That, which I gave you.
Def. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not?——
Def. No, indeed, my Lord.
Oth. That's a fault. That handkerchief
Did an *Ægyptian* to my mother give;
She was a Charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, subdue my father
Intirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did so; and take heed on't;——
Make it a darling, like your precious eye;
To lose't, or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.
Def. Is't possible?
Oth. 'Tis true; there's magick in the web of it;
A *Sibyl*, that had numbred in the world
The Sun to course two hundred compasses.
In her prophetick fury sow'd the Work:
The worms were hallowed, that did breed the silk;
And it was dy'd in Mummey, which the skilful
Conserv'd of Maidens' hearts.
Def. Indeed! is't true?
Oth. Most veritable, therefore look to't well.
Def. Then would to heav'n, that I had never seen't!
Oth. Ha? wherefore?

Def.

Def. Why do you ſpeak ſo ſtartingly, and raſh?
Oth. Is't loſt? is't gone? ſpeak, is it out o'th' way?
Def. Bleſs us!——
Oth. Say you?
Def. It is not loſt; but what, an if it were?
Oth. Ha!
Def. I ſay, it is not loſt.
Oth. Fetch't, let me ſee't.
Def. Why, ſo I can, Sir; but I will not now:
This is a trick to put me from my ſuit,
Pray you, let *Caſſio* be receiv'd again.
Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief——my mind miſgives——
Def. Come, you'll ne'er meet a more ſufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchief——
Def. A man, that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you.
Oth. The handkerchief——
Def. Inſooth, you are to blame.
Oth. Away!—— [*Exit* Othello.

Manent Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

Æmil. Is not this man jealous?
Def. I ne'er ſaw this before.
Sure, there's ſome wonder in this handkerchief:
I'm moſt unhappy in the loſs of it.
Æmil. 'Tis not a year, or two, ſhews us a man:
They are all but ſtomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and, when they're full,
They belch us. Look you! *Caſſio*, and my husband.

Enter Iago *and* Caſſio.

Iago. There is no other way, 'tis ſhe muſt do't;
And lo, the happineſs! go and importune her.
Def. How now, good *Caſſio*, what's the news with you?
Caſ. Madam, my former ſuit. I do beſeech you,
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exiſt, and be a member of his love;

Whom

Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Intirely honour. I would not be delay'd;
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That not my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again;
But to know so, must be my benefit.
So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas! thrice-gentle *Cassio*,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best;
And stood within the blank of his displeasure,
For my free speech! You must a-while be patient;
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Than for myself I dare. Let That suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now;
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the Cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the Devil, from his very arm
Puft his own brother; and can he be angry?
Something of moment then; I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [*Exit.*

Manent Desdemona, Æmilia, *and* Cassio.

Des. I pr'ythee, do so.—Something, sure, of State,
Either from *Venice*, or some unhatch'd practice,
Made here demonstrable in *Cyprus* to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and, in such cases,
Mens' natures wrangle with inferior things,
Tho' great ones are their object. 'Tis ev'n so.
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthful members with a sense
Of pain. Nay, we must think, Men are not Gods;

Nor

Nor of them look for ſuch obſervance always,
As fits the bridal. Beſhrew me much, *Æmilia*,
I was (unhandſome warrior, as I am,)
Arraigning his unkindneſs with my ſoul;
But now I find, I had ſuborn'd the witneſs,
And he's indited falſely.

Æmil. Pray heav'n, it be
State-matter, as you think; and no conception,
Nor jealous toy concerning you.

Deſ. Alas-the-day, I never gave him cauſe.

Æmil. But jealous ſouls will not be anſwer'd ſo;
They are not ever jealous for a cauſe;
But jealous, for they're jealous. It's a monſter
Begot upon itſelf, born on itſelf.

Deſ. Heav'n keep that monſter from *Othello*'s mind!

Æmil. Lady, amen.

Deſ. I will go ſeek him. *Caſſio*, walk hereabout;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your ſuit,
And ſeek t'effect it to my uttermoſt.

Caſ. I humbly thank your Ladyſhip.

[*Ex.* Deſdem. *and* Æmil. *at one door*; Caſſio, *at the other.*

SCENE *changes to the Street before the Palace.*

Re-enter Caſſio, *meeting* Bianca.

Bian. SAVE you, friend *Caſſio*.

Caſ. What makes you from home?
How is it with you, my moſt fair *Bianca?*
Indeed, ſweet Love, I was coming to your houſe.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, *Caſſio*.
What? keep a week away? ſeven days and nights?
Eightſcore eight hours? and lovers' abſent hours,
More tedious than the dial, eightſcore times?
Oh weary reck'ning!

Caſ. Pardon me, *Bianca:*
I have this while with leaden thoughts been preſt;
But I ſhall in a more convenient time

Strike

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet *Bianca*,
[*Giving her* Desdemona's *Handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.

Bian. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend:
Of thy felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is't come to this? well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman;
Throw your vile guesses in the Devil's teeth,
From whom you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance?
No, in good troth, *Bianca.*

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not neither; I found it in my chamber;
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you? wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the General,
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me;
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night?

Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here. But I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd. [*Exe.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a Court before the Palace.*

Enter Othello, *and* Iago.

IAGO.

WILL you think ſo?

Oth. Think ſo, *Iago?*

Iago. What, to kiſs in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiſs?

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked in bed, *Iago*, and not mean harm?
It is hypocriſy againſt the Devil:
They that mean virtuouſly, and yet do ſo,
The Devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heav'n.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial ſlip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief———

Oth. What then!

Iago. Why then, 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, beſtow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectreſs of her honour too;
May ſhe give That?

Iago. Her honour is an eſſence that's not ſeen,
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But for the handkerchief———

Oth. By heav'n, I would moſt gladly have forgot it;
Thou ſaid'ſt,———oh, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the Raven o'er th' infected houſe,
Boading to ill,———he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not ſo good now.

Iago. What if I ſaid, I'ad ſeen him do you wrong?

Or

Or heard him say, (as knaves be such abroad, (25)
Who having by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinc'd or supplied them, they cannot chuse
But they must blab.)

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did—I know not what he did—

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lye ———

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her; on her ——— what you will ———

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her! lie with her! that's fulsom: handkerchief— confessions—handkerchief ——— handkerchief—to confess, and be hang'd for his labour— First, to be hang'd, and then ——— to confess! ——— I tremble at it——Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing without some instruction. It is not words, that shake me thus ——— pish ——— noses, ears, and lips ——— is't possible! ——— confess! ——— handkerchief! ——— oh devil ——— [*Falls in a trance.*

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chast Dames even thus,

(25) ———*as Knaves be such abroad,*
Who having by their own importunate Suit,
Or voluntary Dotage of some Mistress,
Convinced *or* supplied *them, cannot chuse*
But they must blab.] I cannot understand the vulgar Reading, which possesses the Copies. My Emendation makes the Sense of the Passage easy and intelligible: that there are some such long-tongu'd Knaves in the World, who, if they thro' the *Force of Importunity extort* a Favour from their Mistress, or if thro' *her own Fondness* they make her *pliant* to their Desires, cannot help boasting of their Success. To *convince*, here, is not, as in the common Acceptation, to make sensible of the Truth of any thing by Reasons and Arguments; but to *overcome, get the better of*, &c.

All

All guiltleſs, meet reproach. What hoa! my lord!
My lord, I ſay, *Othello*,———

Enter Caſſio.

How now, *Caſſio?*
Caſ. What's the matter?
Iago. My lord is fell into an Epilepſy,
This is the ſecond Fit; he had one yeſterday.
Caſ. Rub him about the temples.
Iago. No, forbear,
The lethargy muſt have his quiet courſe;
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to ſavage madneſs: look, he ſtirs.
Do you withdraw your ſelf a little while,
He will recover ſtraight; when he is gone,
I would on great occaſion ſpeak with you. [*Exit* Caſſio.
How is it, General? have you not hurt your head?
Oth. Doſt thou mock me?
Iago. I mock you not, by heav'n;
Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.
Oth. A horned man's a monſter, and a beaſt.
Iago. There's many a beaſt, then, in a populous city,
And many a civil monſter.
Oth. Did he confeſs it?
Iago. Good Sir, be a man:
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yoak'd,
May draw with you. Millions are now alive,
That nightly lie in thoſe unproper beds,
Which they dare ſwear peculiar. Your caſe is better.
Oh, 'tis the ſpight of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a Wanton in a ſecure couch;
And to ſuppoſe her chaſt. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what ſhe ſhall be.
Oth. Oh, thou art wiſe; 'tis certain.
Iago. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your ſelf but in a patient liſt.
Whilſt you were here, o'er-whelmed with your grief,
(A paſſion moſt unſuiting ſuch a man,)
Caſſio came hither. I ſhifted him away,
And laid good 'ſcuſes on your ecſtaſy;

Bad

Bad him anon return, and here ſpeak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave your ſelf,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable ſcorns,
That dwell in every region of his face.
For I will make him tell the tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when,
He hath, and is again to cope your wife.
I ſay, but mark his geſture. Marry, patience;
Or I ſhall ſay, you are all in all in ſpleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Doſt thou hear, *Iago?*
I will be found moſt cunning in my patience;
But, doſt thou hear, moſt bloody?

Iago. That's not amiſs;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[Othello *withdraws.*
Now will I queſtion *Caſſio* of *Bianca*,
A huſwife, that, by ſelling her deſires,
Buys her ſelf bread and cloth. It is a creature,
That dotes on *Caſſio*; as 'tis the ſtrumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the exceſs of laughter,——Here he comes——

Enter Caſſio.

As he ſhall ſmile, *Othello* ſhall go mad;
And his unbookiſh jealouſy muſt conſtrue
Poor *Caſſio*'s ſmiles, geſtures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong. How do you now, Lieutenant?

Caſ. The worſer, that you give me the addition,
Whoſe want even kills me.

Iago. Ply *Deſdemona* well, and you are ſure on't:
Now, if this ſute lay in *Bianca*'s power,
[*ſpeaking lower.*
How quickly ſhould you ſpeed?

Caſ. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already. [*aſide.*

Iago. I never knew a woman love man ſo.

Caſ. Alas, poor rogue, I think, indeed, ſhe loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs out. [*aſide.*

Iago.

Iago. Do you hear, *Caſſio?*

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: go to, well ſaid, well ſaid. [*aſide.*

Iago. She gives it out, that you ſhall marry her.
Do you intend it?

Caſ. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, *Roman?* do you triumph?
[*aſide.*

Caſ. I marry her!——What? a cuſtomer? pr'ythee, bear ſome charity to my wit, do not think it ſo unwholſome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, ſo: they laugh, that win. [*aſide.*

Iago. Why, the Cry goes, that you ſhall marry her.

Caſ. Pr'ythee, ſay true.

Iago. I am a very villain elſe.

Oth. Have you ſcor'd me? well. [*aſide.*

Caſ. This is the monkey's own giving out: ſhe is perſwaded, I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth. Iago beckons me: now he begins the ſtory.
[*aſide.*

Caſ. She was here even now: ſhe haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the Sea-bank with certain *Venetians*, and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck————

Oth. Crying, "Oh dear *Caſſio*, as it were:" his geſture imports it. [*aſide.*

Caſ. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me, ſo ſhakes; and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha!——

Oth. Now he tells, how ſhe pluckt him to my chamber: oh, I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that dog I ſhall throw it to. [*aſide.*

Caſ. Well, I muſt leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where ſhe comes.

Enter Bianca.

Caſ. 'Tis ſuch another fitchew! marry, a perfum'd one:————
What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the Devil and his Dam haunt you! what did

did you mean by that ſame handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it: I muſt take out the work? A likely piece of work, that you ſhould find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there. This is ſome minxe's token, and I muſt take out the work? there——give it your hobby-horſe: wherefoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Caſ. How now, my ſweet *Bianca?* how now? how now?

Oth. By heaven, that ſhould be my handkerchief.

[*aſide.*

Bian. If you'll come to ſupper to night, you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for.

[*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.———

Caſ. I muſt, ſhe'll rail in the ſtreets elſe.

Iago. Will you ſup there?

Caſ. Yes, I intend ſo.

Iago. Well, I may chance to ſee you; for I would very fain ſpeak with you.

Caſ. Pr'ythee, come, will you?

Iago. Go to, ſay no more. [*Exit* Caſſio.

Manent Othello, *and* Iago.

Oth. How ſhall I murther him, *Iago?*

Iago. Did you perceive, how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, *Iago!*———

Iago. And did you ſee the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to ſee how he prizes the fooliſh woman your wife——She gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:
A fine woman! a fair woman! a ſweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you muſt forget That.

Oth. Ay, let her rot and periſh, and be damn'd to night; for ſhe ſhall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to ſtone: I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a ſweeter creature——She might lie by an Emperor's ſide and command him tasks.

Iago.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but say what she is——so delicate with her needle.——An admirable musician——Oh, she will sing the savageness out of a bear: of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times:
And then of so gentle condition!——

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain.
But yet the pity of it, *Iago*——Oh, *Iago*, the pity of it, *Iago*——

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near no body.

Oth. I will chop her into messes: cuckold me!

Iago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, *Iago*, this night; I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and her beauty unprovide my mind again; this night, *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed,
Even in the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good:
The justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And for *Cassio*, let me be his undertaker:
You shall hear more by midnight. [*A Trumpet within.*

Oth. Excellent good:——What Trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from *Venice*, sure. 'Tis *Lodovico*
Come from the Duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, *and Attendants, from the Palace.*

Lod. Save you, worthy General.

Oth. With all my heart, Sir.

Lod. The Duke and the Senators of *Venice* greet you.
[*Gives him a letter.*

Oth. I kiss the Instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the news, good Cousin *Lodovico?*

Iago.

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior.
Welcome to *Cyprus*.
Lod. I thank you; how does lieutenant *Cassio?*
Iago. Lives, Sir.
Des. Cousin, there's fall'n betwixt him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.
Oth. Are you sure of that? [*aside.*
Des. My lord? ———
Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will—* [Reads.
Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt my lord and *Cassio?*
Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much
T' atone them, for the love I bear to *Cassio*.
Oth. Fire and brimstone!
Des. My lord!
Oth. Are you wise?
Des. What, is he angry?
Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him.
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing *Cassio* in his Government.
Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.
Oth. Indeed! [*aside.*
Des. My lord!
Oth. I am glad to see you mad.
Des. Why, sweet *Othello?*
Oth. Devil! ——— [*Striking her.*
Des. I have not deserv'd this.
Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in *Venice*,
Though I should swear, I saw't. 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.
Oth. Oh devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop, she falls, would prove a crocodile:
Out of my sight———
Des. I will not stay t' offend you. [*Going.*
Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.
Oth. Mistress,———
Des. My lord.
Oth. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod.

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on;
And turn again. And she can weep, Sir, weep;
And she's obedient; as you say, obedient;
Very obedient—proceed you in your tears———
Concerning this, Sir,—oh well-painted passion!——
I am commanded home——get you away,
I'll send for you anon,——Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to *Venice.*——Hence, avant!———
[*Exit* Desd.
Cassio shall have my Place. And, Sir, to night
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, Sir, to *Cyprus*———
Goats and Monkies! [*Exit.*

Manent Lodovico, *and* Iago.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full Senate
Call all-in-all sufficient? this the Nature,
Which passion could not shake? whose solid virtue (26)
The

(26) ———*whose solid Virtue*
The Shot of Accident *nor Dart of* Chance
Could neither graze *nor pierce.*] But 'tis no Commendation to the most solid Virtue to be free from the Attacks of Fortune: but that it is so impenetrable as to suffer no Impression. Now, to *graze*, signifies, only *to touch the Superficies* of any thing. That is the Attack of Fortune: And by That Virtue is try'd, but not discredited. We ought certainly therefore to read,

Can neither raze *nor pierce.*

i. e. neither lightly touch upon, nor pierce into. The ignorant Transcribers being acquainted with the Phrase of a *Bullet grazing*, and *Shot* being mention'd in the Line before, they corrupted the true Word. Besides, we do not say, *graze* a Thing; but *graze on* it. Mr. *Warburton.*

I have ventur'd to attack another Part of this Sentence, which my ingenious Friend slip'd over. I cannot see, for my Heart, the Difference betwixt the Shot of *Accident* and Dart of *Chance.* The Words, and Things, they imply, are purely Syno-

The ſhot of accident, nor dart of change,
Could neither raze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits ſafe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He's what he is; I may not breathe my cenſure.
What he might be, if what he might he is not,
I would to heaven, he were!

Lod. What, ſtrike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not ſo well; yet 'would I knew,
That ſtroke would prove the worſt.

Lod. Is it his uſe?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honeſty in me to ſpeak
What I have ſeen and known. You ſhall obſerve him,
And his own courſes will denote him ſo,
That I may ſave my ſpeech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I'm ſorry, that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Othello *and* Æmilia.

Oth. YOU have ſeen nothing then?

Æmil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did ſuſpect:

Oth. Yes, you have ſeen *Caſſio* and her together.

Æmil. But then I ſaw no harm; and then I heard

Synonymous; but that the Poet intended two different Things, ſeems plain from the *diſcretive* Adverb. Chance may afflict a Man in ſome Circumſtances; but other Diſtreſſes are to be accounted for from a different Cauſe. I am perſuaded, our Author wrote;

The Shot of Accident, *nor Dart of* Change, *&c.*

And, in a number of other Places, our Poet induſtriouſly puts theſe two Words in oppoſition to each other.

Each ſyllable, that breath made up between them.
Oth. What? did they never whiſper?
Æmil. Never, my lord.
Oth. Nor ſend you out o' th' way?
Æmil. Never?
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?
Æmil. Never, my lord.
Oth. That's ſtrange!
Æmil. I durſt, my lord, to wager ſhe is honeſt,
Lay down my ſoul at ſtake: if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuſe your boſom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heav'n requite it with the ſerpent's curſe!
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſte and true,
There's no man happy; the pureſt of their wives
Is foul as ſlander.
Oth. Bid her come hither, go. [*Exit* Æmilia.
She ſays enough; yet ſhe's a ſimple bawd,
That cannot ſay as much. This is a ſubtle whore,
A cloſet lock and key of villanous ſecrets;
And yet ſhe'll kneel, and pray: I've ſeen her do't.

Enter Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

Deſ. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray you, chuck, come hither.
Deſ. What is your pleaſure?
Oth. Let me ſee your eyes; look in my face.
Deſ. What horrible fancy's this?
Oth. Some of your function, miſtreſs;
Leave procreants alone, and ſhut the door,
Cough, or cry, hem, if any body come.
Your myſtery, your myſtery;——nay, diſpatch.
[*Exit* Æmilia.
Deſ. Upon my knee, what doth your ſpeech import?
I underſtand a fury in your words,
But not your words.
Oth. Why? what art thou?
Deſ. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.

Oth.

Oth. Come, ſwear it; damn thy ſelf; le ſt, being lik one
Of heav'n, the devils themſelves ſhou'd fear to ſeize thee.
Therefore be double-damn'd; ſwear, thou art honeſt.
Def. Heav'n doth truly know it.
Oth. Heav'n truly knows,
That thou art falſe as hell.
Def. To whom, my lord?
With whom? how am I falſe?
Oth. Ah, *Deſdemona!* away, away, away——
Def. Alas, the heavy day! why do you weep?
Am I the motive of theſe tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do ſuſpect
An inſtrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have loſt him,
Why, I have loſt him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd heav'n
To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
All kind of ſores and ſhames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Giv'n to captivity me and my hopes;
I ſhould have found in ſome place of my ſoul
A drop of patience. But, alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the hand of ſcorn
To point his ſlow and moving finger at——
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I muſt live, or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or elſe dries up; to be diſcarded thence;
Or keep it as a ciſtern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in: Turn thy complexion there, (27)
Patience

(27) ——*Turn thy Complexion there,*
Patience, thou young and roſe-lip'd Cherubin;
I here *look grim as Hell.*] The Poet makes an Apoſtrophe to *Patience* as a Goddeſs; and is ſuppos'd to make *Othello* bid her turn her Complexion and Cherubin's Looks, becauſe he looks as grim as Hell upon the Occaſion. But I am perſuaded, the Text has been all along ſlightly corrupted, by miſtaking I in

Patience, thou young and rose-lip'd cherubin;
Ay, there, look grim as hell.
Def. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.
Oth. Oh, ay, as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken ev'n with blowing. Oh thou weed!
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense akes at thee———
'Would, thou had'st ne'er been born!
Def. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?
Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? what, what committed?
Committed?——oh, thou publick commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did but I speak thy deeds. What, what committed?
Heav'n stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear't. What committed?——Impudent Strumpet!
Def. By heav'n, you do me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a strumpet?
Def. No, as I am a christian.
If to preserve this Vessel for my lord
From any other, foul, unlawful, Touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore?
Def. No, as I shall be saved.
Oth. Is't possible?
Def. Oh, heav'n forgive us!
Oth. I cry you mercy, then.
I took you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,
That married with *Othello*———

the last Verse for the *Pronoun* of the *first* Person: whereas, in our Author's days, it likewise stood for the *Adverb* of *affirming*. As I have reform'd the Text, a proper Contrast is restor'd; and Patience is urg'd not only to turn her Complexion, to drop the rosy Looks of a Cherub, but to put on the grim Aspect of a Fiend.

Enter

Enter Æmilia.

You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to St *Peter*,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you?
We have done our course, there's mony for your pains;
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*

Æmil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Def. Faith, half asleep.

Æmil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Def. With whom?

Æmil. Why, with my lord, madam?

Def. Who is thy lord?

Æmil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Def. I have none; do not talk to me, *Æmilia*.
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pray, to night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, remember;
And call thy husband hither.

Æmil. Here's a change indeed! [*Exit.*

Def. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet:
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion of my least misuse?

Enter Iago, *and* Æmilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure, Madam? how is't with you?

Def. I cannot tell; those, that do teach your babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easie tasks;
He might have chid me so: for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Æmil. Alas, *Iago*, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon her,
That true hearts cannot bear it.

Def. Am I that name, *Iago?*

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Def. Such, as she said, my lord did say I was.

Æmil. He call'd her whore; a beggar in his drink,

Could not have laid ſuch terms upon his callet.
Iago. Why did he ſo?
Def. I do not know; I'm ſure, I am none ſuch.
Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas, the day!
Æmil. Hath ſhe forſook ſo many noble matches?
Her father? and her country? and her friends?
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?
Def. It is my wretched fortune,
Iago. Beſhrew him for't! how comes this trick upon him?
Def. Nay, heav'n doth know.
Æmil I will be hang'd, if ſome eternal villain,
Some buſie and inſinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening ſlave, to get ſome office,
Has not devis'd this ſlander: I'll be hang'd elſe.
Iago. Fie, there is no ſuch man; it is impoſſible.
Def. If any ſuch there be, heav'n pardon him!
Æmil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones!
Why ſhould he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelyhood?
The Moor's abus'd by ſome moſt villanous knave,
Some baſe notorious knave, ſome ſcurvy fellow.
Oh heav'n, that ſuch companions thou'dſt unfold,
And put in every honeſt hand a whip,
To laſh the raſcal naked through the world,
Ev'n from the eaſt to th' weſt!
Iago. Speak within door.
Æmil. Oh, fie upon them! Some ſuch 'ſquire he was,
That turn'd your wit the ſeamy ſide without;
And made you to ſuſpect me with the Moor.
Iago. You are a fool; go to.
Def. Alas, *Iago*,
What ſhall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; by this light of heav'n,
I know not how I loſt him. Here I kneel; [*Kneeling.*
If e'er my will did treſpaſs 'gainſt his love,
Or in diſcourſe, or thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any ſenſe,

Delighted

Delighted them on any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do ſhake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forſwear me! Unkindneſs may do much;
And his unkindneſs may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I can't ſay, *whore*;
It does abhor me, now I ſpeak the word;
To do the act, that might th' addition earn,
Not the world's maſs of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
The buſineſs of the State do's him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Deſ. If 'twere no other,———

Iago. It is but ſo, I warrant. [*Trumpets.*
Hark, how theſe inſtruments ſummon to ſupper!
The meſſenger of *Venice* ſtays the meat;
Go in, and weep not; all things ſhall be well.
[*Exeunt* Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

Enter Rodorigo, *to* Iago.

How now, *Rodorigo?*

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'ſt juſtly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doſt'ſt me with ſome device, *Iago*; and rather, as it ſeems to me now, keep'ſt from me all conveniency, than ſupplieſt me with the leaſt advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perſuaded to put up in peace what already I have fooliſhly ſuffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, *Rodorigo?*

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much; and your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me moſt unjuſtly.

Rod With nought but truth: I have waſted my ſelf out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to *Deſdemona*, would half have corrupted a Votariſt. You have told me, ſhe hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of ſudden reſpect and acquittance; but I find none.

Iago. Well, go to, very well.

Rod. Very well, go to; I cannot go to, man, nor 'tis not very well; nay, I think, it is ſcurvy, and begin to find my ſelf fob'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make my ſelf known to *Deſdemona:* If ſhe will return me my jewels, I will give over my ſuit, and repent my unlawful ſollicitation: if not, aſſure yourſelf, I will ſeek ſatisfaction of you.

Iago. You have ſaid now———

Rod. Ay, and ſaid nothing, but what, I proteſt, intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now, I ſee, there's mettle in thee; and even from this inſtant do I build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, *Rodorigo*, thou haſt taken againſt me a moſt juſt exception; but, I proteſt, I have dealt moſt directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your ſuſpicion is not without wit and judgment. But, *Rodorigo*, if thou haſt That in thee indeed, which I have greater reaſon to believe now than ever, (I mean, purpoſe, courage, and valour) this night ſhew it If thou the next night following enjoy not *Deſdemona*, take me from this world with treachery, and deviſe engines for my life.

Rod. Well; what is it? is it within reaſon and compaſs?

Iago. Sir, there is eſpecial Commiſſion come from *Venice* to depute *Caſſio* in *Othello*'s Place.

Rod Is that true? why, then *Othello* and *Deſdemona* return again to *Venice.*

Iago Oh, no; he goes into *Mauritania.* and taketh away with him the fair *Deſdemona*, unleſs his abode be lingred here by ſome accident: Wherein none can be ſo determinate, as the removing of *Caſſio.*

Rod. How do you mean removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of *Othello*'s Place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago.

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourſelf a profit and a right. He ſups to night with a harlot; and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable fortune; if you will watch his going thence, (which I will faſhion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleaſure. I will be near to ſecond your attempt, and he ſhall fall between us. Come, ſtand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will ſhew you ſuch a neceſſity in his death, that you ſhall think yourſelf bound to put it on him. It is now high ſupper-time; and the night grows to waſte. About it.

Rod. I will hear further reaſon for this.

Iago. And you ſhall be ſatisfied. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and Attendants.*

Lod. I do beſeech you, Sir, trouble yourſelf no farther.

Oth. Oh, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyſhip.

Deſ. Your Honour is moſt welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, Sir? oh *Deſdemona!*——

Deſ. My lord.

Oth. Get you to bed on th' inſtant, I will be return'd forthwith; diſmiſs your attendant there; look, it be done. [*Exit.*

Deſ. I will, my Lord.

Æmil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Deſ He ſays, he will return incontinent;
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to diſmiſs you.

Æmil. Diſmiſs me?

Deſ It was his bidding; therefore, good *Æmilia*,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We muſt not now diſpleaſe him.

Æmil. I would, you had never ſeen him!

Deſ. So would not I; my love doth ſo approve him,
That even his ſtubbornneſs, his checks, and frowns,
(Pr'ythee, unpin me) have grace and favour in them.

Æmil. I have laid thoſe ſheets, you bad me, on the bed.

Deſ. All's one: good father! how fooliſh are our minds?

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, ſhroud me
In one of theſe ſame ſheets.

Æmil. Come, come; you talk.

Deſ. My Mother had a maid call'd *Barbara*,
She was in love; and he, ſhe lov'd, proved mad,
And did forſake her. She had a ſong of *willow*,
An old thing 'twas, but it expreſs'd her fortune,
And ſhe dy'd ſinging it. That ſong to night
Will not go from my mind; I've much ado,
But to go hang my head all at one ſide,
And ſing it like poor *Barbara*. Pr'ythee, diſpatch.

Æmil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Deſ. No, unpin me here;
This *Lodovico* is a proper man.

Æmil. A very handſom man.

Deſ He ſpeaks well.

Æmil. I know a lady in *Venice* would have walk'd barefoot to *Paleſtine* for a touch of his nether lip.

Deſ. *The poor ſoul ſat ſinging by a ſycamore-tree,*
Sing all a green willow: [ſinging.
Her hand on her boſom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The freſh ſtreams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, &c.
Her ſalt tears fell from her, and ſoftned the ſtones;
Sing willow, &c.
Willow, willow, &c.
(Pr'ythee, hye thee, he'll come anon)
Sing all a green willow muſt be my garland.
Let no body blame him, his ſcorn I approve.
Nay that's not next Hark, who is it that knocks?

Æmil. It's the wind.

Deſ. *I call'd my love falſe love; but what ſaid he then?*
Sing willow, &c.
If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.
So, get thee gone, good night; mine eyes do itch,

Doth

Doth that boad weeping?

Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Def. I have heard it said so; oh these men, these men!
Dost thou in conscience think, tell me, *Æmilia*,
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Æmil. There be some such, no question.

Def. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Æmil. Why, would not you?

Def. No, by this heav'nly light.

Æmil. Nor I neither, by this heav'nly light:
I might do't as well i'th' dark.

Def. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Æmil. The world's a huge thing,
It is a great price, for a small vice.

Def. In troth, I think, thou would'st not.

Æmil. In troth, I think, I should; and undo't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps; nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world; why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

Def. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th' world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Def. I do not think, there is any such woman.

Æmil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to th' vantage, as
Would store the world they plaid for
But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall: say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint on us; or say, they strike us,
Or scant our former Having in despight;
Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them; they see and smell,

And

And have their palates both for ſweet and ſower,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? is it ſport?
I think, it is; and doth affection breed it?
I think, it doth: is't fra lty, that thus errs?
It is ſo too. And have not we affections?
Deſires for ſport? and frailty, as men have?
Then let them uſe us well; elſe let them know,
The ills we do, their ills inſtruct us to.

Deſ. Good night, good night; heaven me ſuch uſes ſend,
Not to pick bad from bad; but by bad, mend! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *a Street before the Palace.*

Enter Iago *and* Rodorigo.

IAGO.

HERE, ſtand behind this bulk. Straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick, fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it marrs us: think on That,
And fix moſt firm thy reſolution.

Rod. Be near at hand, I may miſcarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold and take thy ſword.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed,
Yet he hath giv'n me ſatisfying reaſons;
'Tis but a man gone. Forth my ſword; he dies.
[*Stands apart.*

Iago. I've rubb'd this young Knot almoſt to the ſenſe, (28)
And

(28) *I've rubb'd this young* Gnat *almoſt to the Senſe,*
And he grows angry.] The *rubbing a* Gnat *to Senſes* is, I believe,

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill *Caſſio*,
Or *Caſſio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live *Rodorigo*,
He calls me to a reſtitution large
Of gold and jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As gifts to *Deſdemona*.
It muſt not be.——If *Caſſio* do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, beſides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there ſtand I in peril;
No, he muſt die. Be it ſo; I hear him coming.

Enter Caſſio.

Rod. I know his gate; 'tis he: villain, thou dyeſt.
[*He runs at* Caſſio, *and wounds him.*

Caſ. That Thruſt had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'ſt:
I will make proof of thine.

Fight. Iago *cuts* Caſſio *behind in the Leg, and* exit.
[*Then* Rodorigo *and* Caſſio *fall.*

Rod. Oh, I am ſlain.

Caſ. I'm maim'd for ever; help, hoa! murther, murther?

Enter Othello *above at a Window.*

Oth. The voice of *Caſſio*,—*Iago* keeps his word.

Rod. Oh, villain that I am!

believe, an Experiment that never was communicated even to the *Royal Society*. The leaſt Frication, on the contrary, would not only rub him out of all Senſe, but out of Life into the Bargain. The old *Quarto's* have it, *Quat:* a Word, which, I confeſs, I am abſolutely a Stranger to. I have ventur'd to conjecture,

I've rubb'd this young Knot, &c.

The *Knat*, or *Knot*, is a ſmall Bird, plentiful with us, in *Lincolnſhire* and *Lancaſhire*; which took its Name, as *Camden* ſays, from its being a delicious Morſel with King *Canute*, who was likewiſe called *Knout*. This Bird, being once taken, as *Geſner* tells us, is above all others tame and tractable. In this reſpect it ſorts with *Rodorigo*'s Character, an eaſy, manageable, Cully.

Oth.

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. Oh, help, ho! light! a surgeon! ———

Oth. 'Tis he! oh brave *Iago*, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong;
Thou teachest me——Minion, your Dear lies dead;
And your fate hyes apace.——Strumpet, I come:
From off my heart, those charms, thine eyes, are blotted:
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.
[*Exit* Othello.

Enter Lodovico *and* Gratiano, *at a distance.*

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murther, murther!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the voice is very direful.

Cas. Oh help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. Oh wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans. It is a heavy night;
These may be counterfeits: let's think't unsafe
To come into the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, *in his shirt, with a Light and Sword.*

Lod. Hark———

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries out murther?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Do not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here: for heav'n's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is *Othello*'s Ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed, a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? oh I'm spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.

Iago. Oh me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think, that one of them is hereabout;
And cannot make away.

Iago.

Iago. Oh treacherous villains!
What are you there? come in, and give some help.
[*To* Lod. *and* Gra.
Rod. Oh, help me there.
Cas. That's one of them.
Iago. Oh murth'rous slave! oh villain!
[Iago *stabs him.*
Rod. Oh damn'd *Iago!* oh inhuman dog!
Iago. Kill men i'th' dark? where be these bloody thieves?
How silent is this town? oh, murther! murther!
What may you be? are you of good or evil?
Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.
Iago. Signior *Lodovico?*——
Lod. He, Sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy! here's *Cassio*, hurt by villains.
Gra. Cassio?
Iago. How is't, brother?
Cas. My leg is cut in two.
Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!
Light, gentlemen, I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, hoa, who is't that cry'd?
Iago. Who is't that cry'd?
Bian. Oh my dear *Cassio*,
My sweet *Cassio*, oh, *Cassio. Cassio, Cassio.*
Iago. O notable strumpet! *Cassio*, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?
Cas. No.
Gra. I'm sorry to find you thus:
I have been to seek you.
Iago. Lend me a garter. So—— Oh for a chair
To bear him easily hence.
Bian. Alas, he faints. Oh *Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!*
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Trash
To be a party in this Injury.
Patience a while, good *Cassio*; come, come:
Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?

Alas,

Alas, my friend, and my dear countryman
Rodorigo? no: Yes, ſure: Yea, 'tis *Rodorigo.*

Gra. What, of *Venice?*

Iago. Even he, Sir: did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ah!

Iago. Signior *Gratiano?* I cry your gentle pardon:
Theſe bloody accidents muſt excuſe my manners,
That ſo neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to ſee you.

Iago. How do you, *Caſſio?* oh, a chair, a chair.

Gra. *Rodorigo?*

Iago. He, he, 'tis he: oh, that's well ſaid, the chair.
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the General's ſurgeon. For you, miſtreſs,
Save you your labour. He that lies ſlain here, *Caſſio,*
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?

Caſ. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. What, look you pale——oh, bear him out o'th' air.
Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, miſtreſs?
Do you perceive the gaſtneſs of her eye? [*To* Bianca.
Nay, if you ſtare, we ſhall hear more anon.
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;
Do you ſee, gentlemen? nay, guiltineſs
Will ſpeak, though tongues were out of uſe.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Alas, what is the matter?
What is the matter, husband?

Iago. *Caſſio* hath there been ſet on in the dark
By *Rodorigo*, and fellows that are 'ſcap'd:
He's almoſt ſlain, and *Rodorigo* dead.

Æmil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good *Caſſio!*

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring——Pray, *Æmilia,*
Go know of *Caſſio* where he ſupt to night.
What, do you ſhake at that?

Bian. He ſupt at my houſe, but I therefore ſhake not.

Iago. Oh, did he ſo? I charge you go with me.

Æmil.

Æmil. Oh fie upon thee, ſtrumpet!
Bian. I am no ſtrumpet, but of life as honeſt
As you that thus abuſe me.
Æmil. As I? fie upon thee!
Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's ſee poor *Caſſio* dreſt.
Come, miſtreſs, you muſt tell's another tale.
Æmilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath hap'd:
Will you go on afore?——This is the night,
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.
[*Exeunt*, Iago *following*.

SCENE, *a Bed-chamber:* Deſdemona *is diſcovered aſleep in her bed.*

Enter Othello, *with a Light and a ſword.*

Oth. IT is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul;——
Let me not name it to you, you chaſt Stars!
It is the cauſe.——Yet I'll not ſhed her Blood,
Nor ſcar that whiter skin of hers than ſnow,
And ſmooth as monumental alabaſter:
[*Lays down the ſword.*
Yet ſhe muſt die; elſe ſhe'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and, then, put out the light; (29)
If

(29) *Put out the light, and then put out the light.*] The *Players* have many times inconſiderately committed an Abſurdity here, in making *Othello* put out the Candle; which, 'tis evident, never was the Poet's intention. *Deſdemona* is diſcover'd in her Bed, in the dark; and *Othello* enters the Chamber with a ſingle Taper. If there were any other Lights burning in the Room, where would be the Drift of putting out *his?* If there were no others, and that he puts *his* out, how abſurd is it for *Deſdemona* in the dark to talk of his *Eyes rolling*, and his *gnawning his nether Lip?*——This, I conceive, to have been the Poet's Meaning. *Othello*, ſtruck in part with Remorſe at the Murder he's going to do, thinks it beſt to do it in the Dark; this compunction of Nature, in the hurry and perturbation of Thought, and thoſe Remains of Tenderneſs ſtill combating in his

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent: but once put out *thy* light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* heat,
That can thy light re-lumine,—— [*Sets down the taper.*
When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again;
It needs must wither.——I'll smell thee on the tree;
[*Kissing her.*
Oh balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!— One more; one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after,——one more, that's the last;
So sweet, was ne'er so fatal! I must weep,
But they are cruel tears; this Sorrow's heav'nly;
It strikes, where it doth love.——She wakes——

Des. Who's there, *Othello?*

Oth. Ay, *Desdemona.*

Des. Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Oth Have you pray'd to night, *Desdemona?*

Des. Ay, my Lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heav'n, and grace,
Sollicit for it straight.

Des Alack, my Lord,
What may you mean by That?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,
No, (heav'ns forefend!) I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

his Bosom, strikes him into an instant Reflexion, that if he puts out the Light, he can rekindle it; but if he once puts out the Light of *her Life*, that will be extinguish'd for ever. While he is busied in this Contemplation, he throws his Eyes towards her; and then, sooth'd with her beauteous Appearance, sets down the Light, to go and kiss her. Upon this, *Desdemona* wakes; and they continue in Discourse together till he stifles her.

Oth.

Oth. Ay, I do.
Def. Then heav'n have mercy on me!
Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Def. If you ſay ſo, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Hum.
Def. And yet I fear you: for you're fatal then,
When your eyes rowl ſo. Why I ſhould fear, I know not,
Since guilt I know not: yet, I feel, I fear.
Oth. Think on thy ſins.
Def. They're Loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for That thou dy'ſt.
Def. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you ſo your nether lip?
Some bloody paſſion ſhakes your very frame;
Theſe are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be ſtill.
Def. I will ſo: what's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief
Which I ſo lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'ſt *Caſſio*.
Def. No, by my life and ſoul: ſend for the man,
And ask him.
Oth. Sweet Soul, take heed, take heed of perjury;
Thou art on thy death bed.
Def. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Preſently;
Therefore confeſs thee freely of thy ſin:
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choak, the ſtrong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Def. Oh, heav'n have mercy on me!
Oth. I ſay, amen.
Def. And have you mercy too!——I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd *Caſſio*,
But with ſuch general warranty of heav'n,
As I might love. I never gave him token.
Oth. By heav'n, I ſaw my handkerchief in's hand.
Oh perjur'd woman! thou doſt ſtone my heart;
And mak'ſt me call, what I intend to do,

A mur-

A murther, which I thought a ſacrifice.
I ſaw the handkerchief.
Def. He found it then;
I never gave it him; ſend for him hither,
Let him confeſs a truth.
Oth. He hath confeſt.
Def. What, my lord?
Oth. That he hath——us'd thee——
Def. How? unlawfully!
Oth. Ay.
Def. He will not ſay ſo.
Oth. No, his mouth is ſtopp'd;
Honeſt *Iago* hath ta'en order for't.
Def. My fear interprets then—What, is he dead?
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had ſtomach for them all.
Def. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.
Oth. Out, ſtrumpet! weep'ſt thou for him to my face?
Def. Oh baniſh me, my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Down, ſtrumpet.
Def. Kill me to morrow, let me live to night.
Oth. Nay, if you ſtrive——
Def. But half an hour.
Oth. Being done, there is no pauſe.
Def. But while I ſay one prayer.
Oth. It is too late. [*He ſmothers her.*

Æmilia *at the door.*

Æmil. My lord, my lord! what hoa! my lord, my lord.
Oth. What noiſe is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.
So, ſo.
Æmil. [*within.*] What hoa! my Lord, my Lord!
Oth. Who's there;
Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, I would ſpeak a word with you.

Oth.

Oth. Yes, 'tis *Æmilia*——by and by——she's dead.
'Tis like, she comes to speak of *Cassio*'s death;
The noise was high. —— Ha, no more moving?
Still as the Grave. Shall she come in? were't good?
I think, she stirs again—— No ——what's the best?
If she come in, she'll, sure, speak to my wife;
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
Oh insupportable! oh heavy hour!
Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse
Of Sun, and Moon, and that th' affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration——
Æmil. I beseech you,
That I may speak with you. Oh, good my lord!——
Oth. I had forgot thee; oh, come in, *Æmilia*.
Soft, by and by, let me the curtains draw.
Where art thou? what's the matter with thee now?
[*Unlocks the door.*

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Oh, my good lord, yonder's foul murther done.
Oth. What? now?
Æmil. But now, my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the Moon;
She comes more near the Earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.
Æmil. Cassio, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young *Venetian*, call'd *Rodorigo*.
Oth. Rodorigo kill'd? and *Cassio* kill'd?
Æmil. No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.
Oth. Not *Cassio* kill'd? then murther's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.
Des. Oh, falsely, falsely murther'd!——
Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That? what?
Æmil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice,
Help! help. hoa! help! oh lady, speak again;
Sweet *Desdemona!* oh sweet mistress, speak.
Des. A guiltless death I die.
Æmil. Oh, who hath done this deed?

Des.

Def. No body, I myſelf, farewel;
Commend me to my kind Lord; oh, farewel. [*Dies.*
Oth. Why, how ſhould ſhe be murther'd?
Æmil. Alas! who knows?
Oth. You heard her ſay, herſelf, it was not I.
Æmil. She ſaid ſo, I muſt needs report the truth.
Oth. She's like a lyar gone to burning hell;
'Twas I, that kill'd her.
Æmil. Oh, the more Angel ſhe, and you the blacker Devil.
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and ſhe was a whore.
Æmil. Thou doſt bely her, and thou art a Devil.
Oth. She was falſe as water.
Æmil. Thou art raſh as fire, to ſay
That ſhe was falſe. Oh, ſhe was heav'nly true.
Oth. Caſſio did tup her; ask thy husband elſe.
Oh, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon juſt grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.
Æmil. My husband!
Oth. Thy husband.
Æmil. That ſhe was falſe to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with *Caſſio:* had ſhe been true,
If heav'n would make me ſuch another World,
Of one entire and perfect Chryſolite,
I'd not have ſold her for it.
Æmil. My husband!
Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me firſt;
An honeſt man he is, and hates the ſlime
That ſticks on filthy deeds.
Æmil. My husband!
Oth. What needs this iteration, woman?
I ſay, thy husband.
Æmil. Oh miſtreſs! villany has made mocks with love.
My husband ſay, ſhe was falſe!
Oth. He, woman:
I ſay, thy husband; doſt underſtand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honeſt, honeſt *Iago.*
Æmil. If he ſays ſo, may his pernicious ſoul

Ro

Rot half a grain a day! he lyes to th' heart.
She was too fond of her moſt filthy bargain.
Oth. Hah! ———
Æmil. Do thy worſt:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heav'n,
Than thou waſt worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were beſt.
Æmil. Thou haſt not half that power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt! oh gull! oh dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou'ſt done a deed———
I care not for thy ſword, I'll make thee known,
Though I loſt twenty lives———Help! help, hoa! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my miſtreſs. Murther, murther!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, *and others.*

Mon. What is the matter? how now, General!
Æmil. Oh, are you come, *Iago?* you have done well,
That men muſt lay their murthers on your neck.
Gra. What is the matter?
Æmil. Diſprove this villain, if thou be'ſt a man;
He ſays, thou toldſt him that his wife was falſe:
I know, thou didſt not; thou'rt not ſuch a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more,
Than what he found himſelf was apt and true.
Æmil. But did you ever tell him, ſhe was falſe?
Iago. I did.
Æmil. You told a lye; an odious, damned, lye:
Upon my ſoul, a lye; a wicked lye.
She falſe with *Caſſio?* did you ſay, with *Caſſio?*
Iago. With *Caſſio*, miſtreſs; go to, charm your tongue.
Æmil. I will not charm my tongue; I'm bound to ſpeak;
My miſtreſs lies here murther'd in her bed.
All. Oh heavens forefend!
Æmil. And your reports have ſet the murther on.

Oth.

Oth. Nay, ſtare not, maſters; it is true, indeed.
Gra. 'Tis a ſtrange truth.
Mon. Oh monſtrous act!
Æmil. Villany! villany! villany!
I think upon't—I think—I ſmell't—Oh villany!
I thought ſo then; I'll kill myſelf for grief;——
Oh villany, villany!
Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.
Æmil Good gentlemen, let me have leave to ſpeak:
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perchance, *Iago*, I will ne'er go home.
Oth. Oh! oh! oh! [Othello *falls on the bed.*
Æmil. Nay, lay thee down and roar:
For thou haſt kill'd the ſweeteſt Innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.
Oth. Oh, ſhe was foul! [*Riſing.*
I ſcarce did know you, Uncle; there lies your Niece,
Whoſe breath, indeed, theſe hands have newly ſtop'd;
I know, this act ſhews horrible and grim.
Gra. Poor *Deſdemona!* I'm glad thy father's dead:
Thy match was mortal to him; and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,
This ſight would make him do a deſp'rate turn:
Yea, curſe his better Angel from his ſide,
And fall to reprobation.
Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet *Iago* knows,
That ſhe with *Caſſio* had the act of ſhame
A thouſand times committed. *Caſſio* confeſt it;
And ſhe did gratify his amorous works,
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I firſt gave her; I ſaw it in his hand;
It was an handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.
Æmil. Oh heav'n! oh heav'nly Powers!
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out——I, peace!
No, I will ſpeak as liberal as the air;
Let heav'n, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all cry ſhame againſt me, yet I'll ſpeak.

Iago.

Iago. Be wife, and get you home.
Æmil. I will not. [Iago *offers to ſtab his wife.*
Gra. Fie, your ſword upon a woman?
Æmil. Oh, thou dull Moor! that handkerchief, thou ſpeak'ſt of,
I found by fortune, and did give my huſband;
For often, with a ſolemn earneſtneſs,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to ſuch a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to ſteal it.
Iago. Villanous whore!
Æmil. She give it *Caſſio?* alas, I found it,
And did give't my huſband.
Iago. Filth, thou lieſt.
Æmil. By heav'n, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous coxcomb! what ſhould ſuch a fool
Do with ſo good a wife?

Iago *breaks through, and wounds his wife, then runs out.*

Oth. Are there no ſtones in heav'n,
But what ſerve for the thunder? precious villain!
Gra. The woman falls; ſure, he has kill'd his wife.
Æmil. Ay, ay; oh, lay me by my miſtreſs' ſide.
Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain; take this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without, let him not paſs,
But kill him rather; I'll after that ſame villain,
For 'tis a damned ſlave. [*Exeunt* Mon. *and* Gra.
Oth. I am not valiant neither;
But every puny whipſter gets my ſword.
But why ſhould honour out-live honeſty?
Let it go all.
Æmil. What did thy Song boad, lady?
Hark, can'ſt thou hear me? I will play the ſwan,
And die in muſick; *Willow, Willow, Willow* ——
Moor, ſhe was chaſt; ſhe lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my ſoul to bliſs, as I ſpeak true;
So ſpeaking as I think, alas, I die. [Æmilia *dies.*
Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,

It was a sword of *Spain*, the *Ebro*'s temper;
Oh, here it is: Uncle, I must come forth.
Gra. [*within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.
Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Lo! I have a weapon:
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh. I've seen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I've made my way thro' more impediments,
Than twenty times your stop. But, oh vain boast!
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not so now.
Be not afraid, tho' you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my Butt,
The very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear:
Man but a rush against *Othello*'s breast,
And he retires. Where should *Othello* go?
Now ——— how dost thou look now? oh ill-starr'd Wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heav'n,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girl,
Ev'n like thy chastity. O cursed slave?
Whip me, ye Devils,
From the possession of this heav'nly sight;
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire ———
Oh *Desdemona! Desdemona!* dead, dead! oh, oh!

Enter Lodovico, Cassio *led in wounded*, Montano, *and* Iago *prisoner, with Officers.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
Oth. That's he, that was *Othello:* here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth.

Oth. I look down tow'rds his feet; but That's a fable.
If thou beeſt a Devil, I cannot kill thee.
[Othello *wounds* Iago.

Lod. Wrench his ſword from him.

Iago. I bleed, Sir, but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not ſorry, neither: I'd have thee live;
For, in my ſenſe, 'tis happineſs to die.

Lod. Oh thou, *Othello*, that waſt once ſo good,
Fal'n in the practice of a curſed ſlave, ———
What ſhall be ſaid to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing;
An honourable murth'rer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confeſt his villany:
Did you and he conſent in *Caſſio*'s death?

Oth. Ay.

Caſ. Dear General, I never gave you Cauſe.

Oth. I do believe it, and I aſk your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-devil,
Why he hath thus enſnar'd my ſoul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing; what you know, you know;
From this time forth I never will ſpeak word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou doſt beſt.

Lod. Sir, you ſhall underſtand what hath befal'n,
Which, as I think, you know not; here's a letter,
Found in the pocket of the ſlain *Rodorigo*,
And, here, another; one of them imports
The death of *Caſſio* to be undertook
By *Rodorigo*.

Oth. O villain!

Caſ. Moſt heatheniſh and moſt groſs!

Lod. Now, here's another diſcontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this it ſeems,
Rodorigo meant t'have ſent this damned villain;
But that, belike, *Iago* in the interim
Came in and ſatisfy'd him.

Oth. Oh thou pernicious caitiff!
How came you, *Caſſio*, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?
Caſ. I found it in my chamber;
And he himſelf confeſt it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a ſpecial purpoſe,
Which wrought to his deſire.
Oth. Oh fool, fool, fool!
Caſ. There is, beſides, in *Rodorigo*'s letter,
How he upbraids *Iago* that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was caſt; and even now he ſpake,
After long ſeeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago ſet him on.
Lod. You muſt forſake this room, and go with us;
Your Pow'r and your Command is taken off,
And *Caſſio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this ſlave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It ſhall be his. You ſhall cloſe priſoner reſt,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the *Venetian* State. Come, bring him away.
Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I've done the ſtate ſome ſervice, and they know't;
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you ſhall theſe unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am: Nothing extenuate,
Nor ſet down aught in malice. Then muſt you ſpeak
Of one that lov'd not wiſely, but too well;
Of one, not eaſily jealous; but being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extream; of one, whoſe hand, (30)
Like

(30) ——— *of One, whoſe hand,*
Like the baſe Indian, *threw a Pearl away*
Richer than all his Tribe.] I have reſtor'd, *Judian*, from the Elder *Quarto*, as the genuine and more eligible Reading. Mr. *Pope* thinks, *this was occaſioned probably by the Word* Tribe *juſt after*: I have many Reaſons to oppoſe to this Opinion. In the firſt Place, the moſt ignorant *Indian*, I believe, is ſo far the

Like the base *Judian*, threw a Pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the *Arabian* trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this:
And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd *Turk*
Beat a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him thus. [*Stabs himself.*

Lod. Oh bloody period!

Gra. All, that is spoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee. — No way but this,
[*To* Desdem.
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*dies.*

the Reverse of the *Dunghill-Cock* in the *Fable*, as to know the Estimation of a Pearl, beyond that of a Barley-corn. So that, in that respect, the Thought itself would not be just. Then, if our Author had design'd to reflect on the ignorance of the *Indian*, without any farther Reproach, he would have call'd him *rude*, and not *base*. Again, I am persuaded, as my Friend Mr. *Warburton* long ago observ'd, the Phrase is not here *literal*, but *metaphorical*: and, by his *Pearl*, our Author very properly means a *fine Woman*. But Mr. *Pope* objects further to reading *Judian*, because, *to make Sense of* This, *we must presuppose some particular Story of a* Jew *alluded to*; *which is much less obvious*: But has *Shakespeare* never done this, but in this single Instance? I am satisfied, in his *Judian*, he is alluding to *Herod*; who, in a Fit of blind Jealousy, threw away such a Jewel of a Wife as *Mariamne* was to him. What can be more parallel in Circumstance, than the Conduct of *Herod* and *Othello*? Nor was the Story so little obvious, as Mr. *Pope* seems to imagine: For, in the Year 1613, the Lady *Elizabeth Carew* publish'd a *Tragedy*, called MARIAM, *the fair Queen of* JEWRY. I shall only add, that our Author might write *Judian*, or *Judean*, (if that should be alledg'd as any Objection) instead of *Judæan*, with the same License and Change of Accent, as, in his *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, he shortens the second Syllable of *Euphrates* in Pronunciation: which was a Liberty likewise taken by *Spenser*, of whom our Author was a studious Imitator.

Caſ. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon,
For he was great of heart.

Lod. Oh *Spartan* dog! [*To* Iago.
More fell than anguiſh, hunger, or the ſea!
Look on the tragick loading of this bed;
This is thy work; the object poiſons ſight, ——
Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keep the houſe,
And ſeize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they ſucceed to you. To you, lord Governor,
Remains the cenſure of this helliſh villain:
The time, the place, the torture, oh! inforce it.
My ſelf will ſtraight aboard; and to the State
This heavy act, with heavy heart, relate. [*Exeunt.*

A

TABLE

OF THE

SEVERAL EDITIONS

OF

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS,

Collated by the EDITOR.

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TABLE

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EDITIONS *of Authority.*

MR. *William Shakespeare*'s Comedies, Hiſtories, and Tragedies. Publiſh'd according to the true Original Copies. *London*, Printed by *Iſaac Jaggard* and *Ed. Blount*, 1623. *(Folio.)*

Mr. *William Shakeſpeare*'s Comedies, Hiſtories, and Tragedies. Publiſh'd according to the true Original Copies. The *Second* Impreſſion. *London.* Printed by *Thomas Cotes*, for *Robert Allott*, and are to be ſold at the Signe of the Black-Beare in Paul's-Churchyard, 1632. *(Folio.)*

A Midſummer Night's dreame. As it hath been ſundry Times publikely acted, by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by *William Shakeſpeare.* Imprinted at *London* for *Thomas Fiſher*, and are to be ſould at his Shoppe at the Signe of the White Hart in Fleetſtreete, 1600. *(Quarto.)*

The Same. Printed by *James Roberts*, 1600. *(Quarto.)*

A moſt pleaſaunt and excellent conceited Comedie of Syr *John Falſtaffe*, and the merry Wives of *Windſor.* Entermixed with ſundrie variable and pleaſing humors of Syr *Hugh* the Welch Knight, Juſtice *Shallow*, and his wife Couſin M. *Slender.* With the ſwaggering Vaine of Auncient *Piſtoll*, and Corporal *Nym.* By *William Shakeſpeare.* As it hath bene divers times acted by the right honourable my Lord Chamberlain's Servants: both before her Majeſtie, and elſewhere. *London:* Printed by *T. C.* for *Arthur Johnſon*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in Powles Churchyard, at the Signe of the Flower de Leuſe and the Crowne, 1602. *(Quarto.)*

A moſt pleaſant and excellent conceited Comedy of Sir *John Falſtaffe*, and the Merry Wives of *Windſor.* With the ſwaggering Vaine of Auncient *Piſtoll*, and Corporal *Nym.* Written by *W. Shakeſpeare.* Printed for *Arthur Johnſtone*, 1619. *(Quarto.)*

Much adoe about Nothing. As it hath been ſundrie times publickly acted by the right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by *William Shakeſpeare. London:* Printed by *V. S.* for *Andrew Wiſe* and *William Aſpley*, 1600. *(Quarto.)*

The moſt excellent Hiſtorie of the *Merchant of Venice.* With the extreame Crueltie of *Shylocke* the Jew towards the ſayd Merchant, in cutting a juſt pound of his fleſh: and the obtayning of *Portia*, by the choice of three Cheſts. As it hath been divers times acted by the Lord Chamberlayne his Servants. Written by *William Shakeſpeare.* At *London*, Printed by *J. R.* for *Thomas Heyes*, and are to be ſold in *Paules* Churchyard at the Signe of the Greene Dragon, 1600. *(Quarto.)*

The

The excellent Hiſtory of the *Merchant of Venice*. With the extreme Cruelty of *Shylocke* the Jew, towards he ſaide Merchant, in cutting a juſt Pound of his Fleſh. And the obtaining of *Portia* by the choyſe of three Caſkets. Written by *W. Shakeſpeare*. Printed by *J. Roberts*, 1600. *(Quarto.)*

The firſt Part of the troubleſome Reign of *John* King of *England*, with the Diſcovery of *Richard Cordelion*'s Baſe Son, vulgarly call'd the Baſtard *Fawconbridge*. Alſo the Death of King *John* at *Swinſtead*-Abbey; as it was ſundry times publiquely acted by the Queen's Majeſty's Players in the Honourable Citty of *London*. Imprinted at *London* for *Sampſon Clarke*, ſold at his Shop the Back-ſide of the Royal Exchange, 1591. *(Quarto)*

The ſecond Part of the troubleſome Reign of *John* King of *England*, conteyning the Death of *Arthur Plantagenet*, the landing of *Lewis*, and the poyſoning of King *John* at *Swinſtead* Abbey. As it was *&c.* Imprinted *&c.* 1591. *(Quarto.)*

The firſt and ſecond Part of the troubleſome Raigne of *John* King of *England*. With the diſcoverie of King *Richard Cordelion*'s Baſe Sonne (vulgarly named, the Baſtard *Fawconbridge:*) alſo, the Death of King *John* at *Swinſtead*-Abbey. As they were (ſundry times) lately acted by the Queenes Majeſties Players. Written by *W. Sh.* Imprinted at *London* by *Valentine Simmes* for *John Helme*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in St. *Dunſtons* Churchyard in *Fleeteſtreet*, 1611. *(Quarto.)*

The Same. As they were (ſundry times) lately acted. Written by *W. Shakeſpeare. London*, Printed by *Aug. Mathewes* for *Thomas Dewe*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in St. *Dunſtones* Churchyard in *Fleetſtreet*, 1622. *(Quarto.)*

The Tragedie of King *Richard* the Seeond. As it hath been publickly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. By *William Shakeſpeare. London*, Printed by *Valentine Simmes* for *Andrew Wiſe*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in *Paules* Churchyard at the Signe of the Angel, 1598. *(Quarto.)*

The

The Hiſtory of *Henrie* the Fourth; with the Battell at *Shrewsburie*, betweene the King and Lord *Henry Percy*, ſurnamed *Henry Hotſpur* of the *North*. With the humourous conceits of Sir *John Falſtaffe*. Newly corrected by *W. Shakeſpeare*. At *London*, printed by *S. S.* for *Andrew Wiſe*, dwelling in *Paules* Churchyard at the Signe of the Angell, 1599. (*Quarto.*)

The Same. London, Printed by *T. P.* and are to be ſold by *Mathewe Lawe*, dwelling in *Pauls* Churchyard, at the Sign of the *Foxe* neere S. *Auſtine*'s Gate, 1622. (*Quarto.*)

The ſecond Part of *Henrie* the Fourth, continuing to his Death, and Coronation of *Henrie* the Fift. With the Humours of Sir *John Falſtaffe*, and ſwaggering *Piſtoll*. As it hath been ſundrie times publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by *William Shakeſpeare*. *London*, Printed by *V. S.* for *Andrew Wiſe*, and *William Aſpley*, 1600. (*Quarto*)

The Chronicle Hiſtory of *Henry* the Fift, with his Battell fought at *Agin Court* in *France*. Together with Ancient *Piſtoll*. As it hath been ſundry times play'd by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Printed for *T. P.* 1608. (*Quarto.*)

The whole *Contention* betweene the two famous *Houſes*, LANCASTER and YORKE. With the Tragical Ends of the good Duke *Humfrey*, *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*, and King *Henrie* the Sixt. Divided into two Parts. And newly corrected and enlarged. Written by *William Shakeſpeare*, Gent. Printed at *London*, for *T. P.* (*Quarto.*)

The Same. With the true Tragedy of *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*, and the Death of good King *Henrie* the Sixt. Acted by the Earl of *Pembroke*'s Servants, at *London*. Printed by *W. W.* for *Tho. Millington*, 1600. (*Quarto.*)

The Tragedy of King *Richard* the Third. Containing his treacherous Plots againſt his Brother *Clarence*: the pittieful Murther of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannical Uſurpation: with the whole Courſe of his deteſted

deteſted Life, and moſt deſerved Death. As it hath beene lately acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants, at *Londone*. Printed by *Valentine Sims*, for *Andrew Wiſe*, dwelling in *Paule*'s Churchyard, at the Signe of the Angell, 1597. (*Quarto.*)

The Same. By *W. Shakeſpeare*. Printed by *Tho. Creed*, for *Andrew Wiſe*, 1598. (*Quarto.*)

The ſame. Newly augmented, by *William Shakeſpeare*. *London*, Printed by *Thomas Creede*, &c. 1602. (*Quarto.*)

M. *William Shakeſpeare*, his true Chronicle Hiſtory of the Life and Death of King *Lear*, and his Three Daughters. With the unfortunate Life of *Edgar*, Sonne and Heire to the Earle of *Gloceſter*, and his ſullen and aſſumed humour of *Tom* of *Bedlam*. As it was plaid before the King's Majeſty at *Whitehall*, upon St. *Stephens* night in *Chriſtmas* Hollidaies. By his Majeſties Servants, playing uſually at the Globe on the Banckeſide. Printed for *Nathaniel Butter*, 1608. (*Quarto.*)

The moſt lamentable Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*. As it hath ſundry times beene plaide by the King's Majeſties Servants. *London*, printed for *Eedward White*, and are to be ſolde at his Shoppe, nere the little North dore of *Pauls*, at the Signe of the Gun, 1611. (*Quarto.*)

An excellent conceited Tragedy of *Romeo* and *Juliet*. As it hath been often with great Applauſe play'd publickly by the Right Honourable the Lord of *Hunſdon* his Servants. *London*, printed by *John Danter*, 1597. (*Quarto.*)

The moſt excellent and lamentable Tragedie of *Romeo* and *Juliet*, newly corrected, augmented, and amended. As it hath been ſundry times publickly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine's Servants. Printed by *Tho. Crede*, for *Cuthbert Burby*, 1599. (*Quarto.*)

The Tragical Hiſtorie of *Hamlet*, Prince of *Denmarke*. By *William Shakeſpeare*. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almoſt as much againe as it was, according

cording to the true and perfect Coppie. At *London:* Printed by *J. R.* for *N. L.* and are to be sold at his Shoppe under St. *Dunstons* Church in *Fleetstreet*, 1605. *(Quarto.)*

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The Tragœdy of *Othello*, the Moore of *Venice*. As it hath beene diverse times acted at the *Globe*, and at the *Black Friers*, by his Majesties Servants. Written by *William Shakespeare*. *London*, Printed by *N. O.* for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the Eagle and Child in *Brittan's Bursse*, 1622. *(Quarto.)*

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The Merry Wives of *Windsor*. With the Humours of Sir *John Falstaffe*; as also the swaggering Vaine of Ancient *Pistoll*, and Corporal *Nym*. Written by *William Shakespeare*, newly corrected. *London:* Printed by *T. H.* for *R. Meighen*, and are to be sold at his Shop, next to the *Middle Temple* Gate, and in St. *Dunstan's* Churchyard in *Fleetstreet*, 1630. *(Quarto.)*

The excellent History of the Merchant of *Venice*. With the extream Cruelty of *Shylock* the Jew; and the obtaining of *Portia* by the Choice of three Caskets. As it hath been sundry times publikely acted by the King's Majesties Servants at the Globe. Written by *W. Shakespeare*. Newly corrected, augmented, and amended. *London:* printed by *R. Young* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be sold at his Shop in St. *Dunstans* Churchyard in *Fleet-street*, under the Dyall, 1637. *(Quarto.)*

Love's

Love's Labour's Loſt. A wittie and pleaſant Comedie; as it was acted by his Majeſties Servants at the *Black-Friers* and the *Globe.* Written by *William Shakeſpeare. London:* Printed by *W. S.* for *John Smethwicke,* and are to be ſold at his Shop in Saint *Dunſtones* Churchyard under the Diall, 1631. *(Quarto)*

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The Tragedy of *Hamlet*, Prince of *Denmark*. Newly imprinted and inlarged, according to the true and perfect Copy last printed. By *William Shakespeare*. *London*, printed by *R. Younge* for *John Smethwicke*, &c. 1637. (*Quarto.*)

The Tragœdy of *Othello*, the Moore of *Venice*. As it hath beene diverse times acted at the *Globe*, and at the *Black-Friers*, by his Majesties Servants. Written by *William Shakespeare*. *London*, printed by *A. M.* for *Richard Hawkins*, and are to be sold at his Shoppe in *Chancery-Lane*, neere Serjeants-Inne, 1630. (*Quarto.*)

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THE Works of Mr. *William Shakespeare*, in Six Volumes, adorned with Cuts. Revis'd and corrected, with an Account of the Life and Writings of the Author, by N. ROWE Esq; *London*, printed for *Jacob*

cob Tonson within *Grays*-Inn Gate, next *Grays*-Inn Lane, 1709. *Octavo.*

The Same. in 12*mo.* 1714.

The Works of *Shakespeare*, in Six Volumes. Collated and corrected by the former Editions, by Mr. POPE. *London*, printed for *Jacob Tonson* in the Strand, 1725. *Quarto.*

The Same, in 12*mo.* 1728.

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- - - ill effects of.	ibid.		374	*Burg.*
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- - - item.	*Richard 3.*	5	291	*Stan.*
- - - item.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*	1	114	*Puck.*
- - - item.	*M. A. abt. Noth.*	2	80	*Pedro.*
- - - item.	*Tro.* and *Creſ.*	7	382	*Tro.*
- - - item.	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8	66	
- - - item.	*Hamlet.*		108	*Hor.*
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